CLASSICAL POETRY.

O thou that shalt presume to tread
This Mansion of the mighty dead,
Come with a free, untainted mind;
The Nurse, the pedant leave behind
Has fair Philosophy thy love?
Behold she lives in yonder Grove.
If the sweet Muse thy pleasure gives,
With her in yonder Grove she lives
And if Religion claims thy care,
Religion fled from Books is there.

Langhorn

CLASSICAL
ENGLISH POETRY

FOR THE

726

USE OF SCHOOLS,

AND YOUNG PERSONS IN GENERAL.

A NEW EDITION.

COLLECTED BY

DR. MAVOR AND MR. PRATT.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

Although there have been two or three partial Selections of English Poetry for the use of Schools and young persons, there was still wanted an appropriate and comprehensive volume for the use of Schools, calculated to infuse into young persons a taste for the various beauties of poetical composition.

Whatever has hitherto been published in a form like that of the present work, has consisted chiefly of pieces taken from a few favourite authors, whose writings have been served up in endless repetition, with little judgment, and with as little regard to propriety. Long poems have frequently occupied the greatest part of these works, and the minor ones have often been ill adapted either for recitation or retention.

The present offering to youth of both sexes, is a wreath of flowers, culled from many a garden; and if all the pieces are not equally beautiful, it is hoped the most severe judge, and the most fastidious moralist, will not find any piece that contains a particle of poison.

In splendour of colouring, in sweetness of perfume, and in delicacy of structure, the pieces must of course differ, according to the genius and the soil that originally produced them; but they are all innoxious, and their sources warrant them to possess merit of the highest estimation.

The Poems in this volume are generally short, in order to give the utmost possible variety, and that they may be the better suited for juvenile minds and memories. They exhibit models of affectionate regard, of tender recollection, of elegant description, of moral truth, and well-turned compliment, on general subjects. They awake, however, no passion, except what the purest heart may feel; and they fan no flame which youthful innocence need blush to own.

W. MAVOR.
May, 1813. S. J. PRATT.

N. B. To this edition, some pieces have been introduced from the works of several modern poets of deserved eminence.

INTRODUCTION.

SECT. I.

THE NATURE, ORIGIN, AND PROGRESS OF POETRY.

THOUGH many names of the first eminence have sanctioned the idea, that the essence of poetry consists in fiction, perhaps it would be better defined "as the language of passion, or of "enlivened imagination, formed most commonly into regular "numbers, according to the genius of every respective language, or its legitimate laws of versification."

The primary aim of the poet is to please and to move. It is to the imagination and the passions that he addresses himself; and through them leads to amusement, instruction, or information.

It has been contended, and perhaps with truth, that poetry was antecedent to prose composition. Certain it is, that in the very beginning of society, men used occasionally to assemble at feasts and sacrifices, when the song and the dance constituted their chief entertainment. Indeed in the infancy of all nations, there are found traces of poetic composition; it is natural to the simplest and the purest minds, and forms the relish of the most cultivated and civilized.

Apollo, Orpheus, and Amphion, first tamed the ferocity of the Greeks by their music and poetry. The Gothic nations had their scalders, or poets; and the Celtic tribes their bards. The meetings of the North American savages are still distinguished by music and song. By these, all rude nations celebrated their gods, their heroes, and their victories. Both their music and poetry abound in fire and enthusiasm; they are wild, irregular, and glowing, like the genius of the people from which they flow.

As mankind advances in civilization, poetry assumes a new character, and is diversified into different species. An appropriate end, a peculiar merit, and certain rules, are assigned to each variety. The principal are PASTORAL, LYRIC, DIDACTIC, DESCRIPTIVE, ELEGIAC, EPIC, and DRAMATIC, poetry. The two last do not fall within our present plan to elucidate: the others will be briefly characterized in order. The subsequent pages furnish numerous examples under each head, and therefore it may gratify and instruct the student to compare the execution with the design.

SECT. II.

PASTORAL POETRY.

THOUGH pastoral poetry probably was as ancient as separate property, and the business of tending flocks and herds, it was not till cities were built, and mankind collected under laws, that this species of composition assumed its present form. From the tumult and bustle of crowded cities, men began to look back with complacency and delight to the innocent amusements of rural life. In the court of Ptolemy, Theocritus wrote the first pastorals that have descended to posterity; and in the court of Augustus, the divine Virgil improved on the models he had left.

The pastoral irretistibly wins the heart, by recalling the objects of childhood and youth, and painting the gay scenes of uncorrupt nature. It wakes the image of a life to which we associate the ideas of innocence, peace, and ease: it transports us into the loveliest regions: it lays hold on objects in which nature appears in her primitive beauty and simplicity.

The pastoral poet is careful to exhibit whatever is most pleasing in the pastoral state. He paints its simple manners, its tranquil repose, its enviable happiness ; but it is his study to conceal its rudeness and misery. His pictures are from real life, but he rejects whatever may disgust.

The scene must invariably be laid in the country, and the pastoral poet must possess a talent for rural description. To succeed, he must paint with distinctness, and give appropriate imagery. His landscape must resemble what a good painter would figure on canvas.

In his allusions to natural objects, as well as in professed descriptions of scenery, he should endeavour to be clear and various, and even to diversify the face of nature. The scenery should also be suited to the subject of the pastoral, in order to preserve unity of design.

In regard to characters, which form the most prominent objects in pastorals, they must be actually shepherds, or persons wholly engaged in rural occupations. The shepherd must be plain and unaffected, without being dull and insipid. He must have good sense and vivacity, delicacy and feeling; but he should confine himself to subjects with which he may naturally be supposed to be conversant, and avoid refinement and conceit.

With respect to the subjects of pastorals, much taste is necessary. It is not enough that the poet should engage his shepherds in general conversation: there must be an interesting topic, adapted to their situations. The passions of mankind are nearly the same in every sphere; but they are modified by situation and character. The shepherd has his ambition and his pride, his disquiet and his felicity, his rivalries, his successes, and miscarriages, all which are proper topics for the pastoral muse.

At the head of this kind of writing stand Theocritus and Virgil. The former, however, displays a simplicity bordering on rudeness: the latter, with infinite simplicity and grace, sometimes touches the verge of affected refinement.

The modern pastoral poets have generally imitated or blended those two great prototypes. We shall advert only to those of our own country. Pope and Phillips have chiefly *distinguished* themselves in this line of composition. Pope is principally *distinguished* for smoothness of versification and harmony of numbers. His incidents are few, and his shepherds, like his lines, have an uniform equality. Phillips attempted to copy nature more closely ; but he had not genius to render her attractive. Low images offend as much in his characters, as affected refinement in those of Pope.

Perhaps Shenstone's PASTORAL BALLAD is one of the most perfect poems in this species of writing in our language ; if

we except Allan Ramsay's Gentle Shepherd, which is without a parallel for tenderness of sentiment, affecting incident and justness and propriety of painting. The Doric dialect in which it is written, sets off its other graces; and gives it a charm which no other pastoral poem will ever attain. Some beautiful short pastorals will be found interspersed in this volume.

SECT. III.

LYRIC POETRY.

THE ode is a very ancient and dignified species of poetic composition, and means a song or hymn; while lyric poetry, in its general acceptation, indicates verses which may be accompanied by the lyre, or some other musical instrument.

The ode still retains its original form and designation. In spirit and execution lie its principal beauties: it admits of a happy irregularity, and a high degree of enthusiasm on subjects of sentiment rather than of action.

Blair classes odes under four denominations.—I. Hymns to the Supreme Being, and relating to religious subjects. II. Heroic Odes, in celebration of heroes and splendid actions. III. Moral and Philosophical Odes, which refer chiefly to virtue, friendship, and humanity. IV. Festive and amatory Odes, which are written and applied to promote conviviality, or to paint the passions of love and the enchantments of beauty.

Enthusiasm is justly allowed as being characteristic of the ode; but numbers have erred from taking this privilege in too great latitude; and hence have thought themselves at liberty to indulge in any eccentricities, and to become irregular and obscure. It is not necessary indeed that the structure of the ode should be raised on principles of measured exactness; but in every work of genius, whether short or long, the parts should bear an intimate relation to the whole, and a visible bond of connexion should be preserved. The transition from thought to thought may be rapid and vivid, but the chain of ideas should nevertheless be unbroken.

Pindar, the father of lyric poetry, by the daring flights of his genius has led his imitators into wildness and rant. They catch his disorder, without the spirit. Horace, on the other hand, is correct, harmonious, and happy. Grace and elegance appear in all his compositions. He treats a moral sentiment with dignity, touches a gay one with felicity, and is even agreeable when he trifles. In short, he is the most perfect model for lyric poets.

In our own language, we have numerous odes of exquisite beauty. Dryden, Gray, Collins, Scott, Langhorne, and many others, need only be named to prove how successfully lyric poetry has been cultivated in this country. Yet it must be confessed, more silly pieces are published under the name of odes, than of any other species of poetry. Every person, who can rhyme, thinks himself qualified to write a song, or complimentary ode; but the general failure shows, that this is not so easy as many are led to imagine.

SECT. IV.

DIDACTIC POETRY.

THE express design of didactic poetry is to convey knowledge and instruction. This species of composition admits of considerable variety in the mode of execution, the length, the style, the measure, and other qualities: but the intention must be uniformly to make us wiser and better.

In the higher classes of didactic poetry, stand the books of Lucretius on the Nature of Things; the Georgics of Virgil; the Pleasures of Imagination, by Akenside; Armstrong on Health, and Horace, Vida, Boileau, and Pope, on Criticism.

In all these works instruction is the avowed object; yet the poet must not forget to enliven his lessons by figures, incidents, and poetical delineations. Virgil is peculiarly happy in this respect. Instead of tamely informing us that a farmer must begin his labours in the spring, he expresses himself in the following animated manner.

While yet the spring is young, while earth unbinds
Her frozen bosom to the western winds;
While mountain snows dissolve against the sun,
And streams yet new from precipices run;
Ev'n in this early dawning of the year,
Produce the plough, and yoke the sturdy steer,
And goad him till he groans beneath his toil,
Till the bright share is buried in the soil.

Didactic poetry requires method and arrangement, so that the precepts it enforces may follow in connected order, and mutually strengthen each other. Episodes and embellishments may, however, be freely used, when a co-relative to the primary design. The digressions in the Georgics, such as the happiness of a rural life, the fable of Aristeus, and the tale of Orpheus and Eurydice, are above all praise.

Among modern didactic poets, who have done honour to Britain, Akenside and Armstrong rank very high. The former possessed a rich poetical imagination, and a pomp of diction equal to the sublimity of the ideas it clothes. The latter is more equable, and chiefly remarkable for a chaste and correct elegance.

Under didactic poetry, satires and epistles are naturally classed. Without adverting to the ancients who have distinguished themselves in this walk, Pope furnishes the most perfect models in both lines of composition. Nor is Young to be passed over without notice. He possessed an exuberance of fancy, but his genius was not always under the control of taste and judgment. His Universal Passion has much merit, and there are many passages in his Night Thoughts which would do honour to any poet.

Of short didactic poems, we have furnished some delightful specimens, which it cannot be necessary to particularize.

SECT. V.

DESCRIPTIVE POETRY.

DESCRIPTIVE poetry, taken in a limited and local sense, according to the correct definition of Dr. Johnson, "is a species

"of composition, of which the fundamental subject is some "particular landscape to be poetically described, with the ad- "dition of such embellishments as may be supplied by histo- "rical retrospection, or incidental meditation." Of this kind are Denham's Cooper's Hill, and Pope's Windsor Forest.

Descriptive poetry, however, without relation to place, is among the higher efforts of genius, and is frequently mixed with every other species. It is the test of poetic imagination, and distinguishes an original genius from a mere copyist. A true poet places the object he would paint before our eyes. He gives it the genuine colours of life, and affords subjects from which the painter may draw.

The great art of picturesque description lies in the selection of suitable circumstances, properly applied. In describing a grand object, every circumstance should tend to raise and ennoble: in depicting a gay object, all the circumstances should conspire to beautify.

The most capital descriptive poem in our own, and perhaps in any language, ancient or modern, is Thomson's Seasons. Possessed of a feeling heart, and a warm imagination, Thomson, enamoured of nature, painted her with the enthusiasm of a lover who had been admitted to the enjoyment of her beauties. His work is replete with picturesque imagery, and in such a galaxy of glowing charms, it is difficult to select one more captivating than another. Take, however, the following passage, which displays the hand of a master in an exquisite degree. It is founded on the general mortality which seized the English Fleet, under Admiral Vernon, lying before Carthagena:

——————You, gallant Vernon, saw
The miserable scene: you pitying saw
To infant weakness sunk the warrior's arm;
Saw the deep-racking pang: the ghastly form;
The lip pale quiv'ring, and the beamless eye
No more with ardour bright; you heard the groans
Of agonizing ships from shore to shore;
Heard nightly plung'd amid the sullen waves,
The frequent corse.

All the circumstances which this great poet has selected on the occasion, heighten the dismal scene: the last admits of nothing beyond it.

Parnell's Tale is a fine example of descriptive narrative; and Milton's Allegro and Penseroso leave us satisfied, that the effect of this species of poetry can be carried no farther What vivid colouring shines in these lines from Penseroso!

————————I walk, unseen,
On the dry, smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wandering moon
Riding near her highest noon;
And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
Oft on a plat of rising ground,
I hear the far-off curfew sound,
Over some wide-water'd shore,
Swinging slow with solemn roar:

Or if the air will not permit,
Some still removed place will fit,
Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom;
Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or the bellman's drowsy charm,
To bless the doors from nightly harm;
Or let my lamp at midnight hour
Be seen, in some high lonely tow'r,
Exploring Plato, to unfold
What worlds, or what vast regions, hold
Th' immortal mind that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshy nook;
And of those demons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground.

Both Homer and Virgil, among the ancients, excel in poetical description, and hence the charm of their compositions. Ossian too paints in colours of fire, and opens every avenue to the heart: "I have seen the walls of Balclutha; but they are de-"solate. The fire hath resounded within the walls; and the "voice of the people is now heard no more. The stream of "Clutha was removed from its place by the fall of the walls; "the thistle shook there its lonely head; the moss whistled to "the wind. The fox looked out of the window; the rank grass "waved round his head. Desolate is the dwelling of Moina; "silence is in the house of her fathers."

Much of the beauty of descriptive poetry depends on a proper choice of epithets; but no rules can teach their application: "A poet is born, not made."

Sect. VI.

ELEGIAC POETRY.

The Elegy is a mixed species of poetic composition. In its character it is mournful and plaintive, yet sweet and engaging. It was first used to bewail the loss of friends and relations; and afterwards employed to express the complaints of lovers, or any other melancholy subject. In process of time, not only grief, but joy, wishes, prayers, expostulations, reproaches, admonitions, and almost every subject were admitted into Elegy. Its chief end, however, is well defined in the following lines from Boileau:

The plaintive Elegy, in mournful state,
Dishevell'd weeps the stern decrees of fate.
Now paints the lover's torments and delights;
Now the nymph flatters, threatens, or invites;
But he who would these passions well express,
Must more of love than poesy possess.

In the Elegy, all must be solemn and dignified. No epigrammatic points or conceits can be admitted. Nature and the passions alone should prevail · the language ought to be pure, flowing, and impressive: and the sentiments reach the heart, while the melody of the verse strikes the ear.

Gray's Elegy in a country church-yard is a master-piece in this species of poetry. Hammond's love elegies are elegant, but too much on the model of Tibullus; they possess affected ornaments, which genuine passion disclaims. Shenstone's Elegies are deservedly admired; but they are frequently disfigured by point and antithesis.

To enumerate all the beautiful Elegies in our own language, would be impossible. Scarcely an author of reputation but has written one or more; and several, giving way to the impulse of tender passions, have succeeded in classic composition, who have failed in more elaborate attempts.

Sect. VII.

ENGLISH VERSIFICATION,

AND THE MANNER OF READING IT.

To adopt all the distinctions of feet, or long and short syllables, used by the Greeks and Romans, would only confound, nor do they accord with the genius of our language. Mere quantity, indeed, has very little effect in English versification. The only perceptible difference among our syllables, is occasioned by a stronger percussion of the voice on some of them, which is termed accent. This accent, however, does not lengthen the syllable: it communicates only additional force of sound. It is upon a certain order and succession of accented and unaccented syllables, more than upon their being long and short, that the melody of our verse depends.

Measure is various, according to the nature of the subject, and the taste of the poet. In lyric poetry, verses of eight and six syllables, alternately rhyming, and sometimes only the second and fourth lines, are not uncommon; as,

When all thy mercies, O my God!
  My rising soul surveys;
Transported with the view, I'm lost
  In wonder, love, and praise.

Verses of eight syllables in a line, alternately rhyming, partake something of the Elegy, and are sweetly plaintive:

In yonder grave a Druid lies,
  Where slowly winds the stealing wave;
The year's best sweets shall duteous rise
  To deck its poet's sylvan grave.

Verses of eight syllables, rhyming in couplets, are also used in lyric composition:

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.

Heroic verse, as it is called, consists of ten syllables, rhyming in couples:

Ye sons of men! with satisfaction know
God's own right hand dispenses all below;
Nor good nor evil does by chance befall;
He reigns supreme, and he directs it all.

Elegy is likewise in heroic measure; but here the first and third, and the second and fourth, lines correspond in the closing syllable:

Let others boast their heaps of shining gold,
  And view their fields with waving plenty crown'd,
When neighb'ring foes in constant terror hold,
  And trumpets break their slumbers, never sound.

Blank verse again, which is best adapted for the higher species of poetry and tragedy, preserves the heroic measure, but without rhyme:

These, as they change' Almighty Father, these
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of thee.

We have also verses of eleven syllables, rhyming in couplets; and lyric poetry allows different intermixtures of all the above, when written in stanzas.

In reading or reciting verse, the unexperienced frequently find a difficulty in pausing with propriety, and giving a melodious cadence to the lines. Regarding rules for reading, nearly as inefficient as rules for dancing or fencing, which no one ever learned from written precepts, we shall be concise on this head. The oral instruction of a person of taste, can alone communicate the mode of graceful enunciation, whether in prose or verse. Example too is more powerful than any directions can give; yet some general observations may be productive of utility.

We have already mentioned pauses: these are of two kinds, one near the middle of the line, and the other at the termination. Rhyme always renders the latter suitable; and it is impossible to neglect its observance in the pronunciation. In blank verse, however, it is less marked; and where there is no suspension of the sense, it may perhaps be questioned whether any pause should be made at the close of the line. On the stage, indeed, every appearance of speaking in verse should be avoided, and the sense alone should direct the performer; but in reading or reciting, it is not amiss, for the sake of melody, to make every line sensibly distinct. All sing-song, however, should be cautiously avoided; and where there is no pause in the sense, it will be sufficient to mark the close of the line by a slight suspension of sound.

The pause in the middle of lines in heroic verse, must of necessity fall after the fourth, fifth, sixth, or seventh syllable. In varying these judiciously, consist the art of the poet and the harmony of his numbers. Regular pauses always tire the ear; and if they frequently occur too near the beginning, or too near the close of a verse, the melody will be weakened or destroyed.

Sometimes it happens that the central pause corresponds in some degree with the verse; and in this case it is impossible to read wrong. The two first lines of Pope's Messiah are of this kind:

Ye nymphs of Solyma! begin the song;
To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong.

Occasionally we meet with lines where the words have such an intimate connexion, as not to admit even of a momentary separation, and yet the pause seems to demand it. In this case, the sense must never be sacrificed to the sound. In the one, this part may appear inartificial; but in the other, the reader would appear ridiculous. Take an example of this discrepancy between the pause and the sense from Milton:

———— ———— ————What in me is dark,
Illumine; what is low, raise and support.

Here the sense evidently dictates the pause after "illumine;" but if melody alone was to be regarded, no pause should be made till after the fourth or the sixth syllable.—So in this line of Pope,

I sit, with sad civility I read,

The ear would naturally indicate the pause after "sad," but to separate "sad" and "civility," would be a flagrant want of regard to the sense.

Such pauses, however, are not frequent in good poets; and are only pointed out as exceptions. Pope, whose monotonous pauses sometimes tire the ear, will supply likewise examples of a happy variation in this respect.

We have remarked that the pause should never take place but between the fourth and the seventh syllable. When it falls on the fourth it gives a spirited air to the line:

On her white breast | a sparkling cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss | and Infidels adore.

When the pause falls after the fifth syllable, the melody is sensibly altered. The verse gains in smoothness and flowing, what it loses in briskuess.

Eternal sunshine | of the spotless mind,
Each prayer accepted, | and each wish resign'd.

The melody grows still more grave, and the march of the verse more solemn and measured, when the pause follows the sixth syllable:

The wrath of Peleus son, | the direful spring
Of all the Grecian woes, | O goddess! sing.

When the pause takes place after the seventh syllable, which is not very common, the cadence becomes still more sensibly grave. It is sometimss employed with advantage to diversify the melody of long poems.

And in the smooth'd description | murmur still.
Long lov'd, ador'd ideas, | all adieu.

With regard to the pauses in lyric verse, no precise rules can be given. In some measure they depend, according to their proportionate length, on the same laws as heroic verse; but a good ear, a correct taste, and a judicious instructor, can alone supply what we have candidly confessed no written rules can give.

CLASSICAL ENGLISH POETRY.

THE VIOLET.

SHELTER'D from the blight ambition,
  Fatal to the pride of rank,
See me in my low condition,
  Laughing on the tufted bank.

On my robes (for emulation)
  No variety's imprest;
Suited to an humble station,
  Mine's an unembroider'd vest.

Modest though the maids declare me,
  May, in her fantastic train,
When Pastora deigns to wear me,
  Has no flow'ret half so vain.

CUNNINGHAM.

TO THE CUCKOO.

HAIL, beauteous stranger of the grove!
  Thou messenger of spring!
Now Heaven repairs thy rural seat,
  And woods thy welcome sing.

What time the daisy decks the green
  Thy certain voice we hear;
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
  Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful visitant! with thee
  I hail the time of flowers,
And hear the sound of music sweet
  From birds among the bowers.

The school-boy, wandering thro' the wood
  To pull the primrose gay,
Starts, the new voice of spring to hear,
  And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom
Thou fly'st thy vocal vale,
An annual guest in other lands,
Another Spring to hail.

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No Winter in thy year!

O could I fly, I'd fly with thee!
We'd make, with joyful wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Companions of the Spring.

LOGAN.

THE NARCISSUS.

AS pendant o'er the limpid stream
I bow'd my snowy pride,
And languish'd in a fruitless flame,
For what the Fates deny'd:

The fair Pastora chanc'd to pass,
With such an angel air,
I saw her in the wat'ry glass,
And lov'd the rival fair.

Ye Fates, no longer let me pine,
A self-admiring sweet,
Permit me, by your grace divine,
To kiss the fair one's feet:

That if by chance the gentle maid
My fragrance should admire,
I may, upon her bosom laid,
In sister sweets expire.

CUNNINGHAM.

YOUTH.

YOUTH is the vision of a morn,
That flies the coming day:
It is the blossom on the thorn,
Which rude winds sweep away.

'Tis like the charming hue that glows
Upon a virgin's face;
Till care hath nipp'd her fading rose,
And wither'd every grace.

It is the image of the sky
  In glassy waters seen;
When not a cloud appears to fly
  Across the blue serene.

But when the waves begin to roar,
  And lift their foaming head,
The mimic stars appear no more,
  And all the Heaven is fled.

'Tis fleeting as the passing rays
  Of bright electric fire;
That gild the pole with sudden blaze,
  And in that blaze expire.

And tender as the filmy threads
  Which in the dewy dawn,
From flow'r to flow'r Arachne spreads
  Wide o'er the gentle lawn.

It is the morning's verdant gale,
  That, as it softly blows,
Scarce seems to sigh across the vale,
  Or bend the blushing rose.

But soon the gath'ring tempests pour,
  And all the sky deform;
The gale becomes the whirlwind's roar;
  The sigh, a raging storm.

For Care and Sorrow's morbid gloom,
  And heart-corroding Strife,
And Sickness, pointing to the tomb,
  Await the noon of life! ANON.

TO A LITTLE GIRL.

FAIREST flower, all flowers excelling,
  Which in Milton's page we see:
Flowers of Eve's embowered dwelling
  Are, my fair one, types of thee.

Mark, my Polly, how the roses
  Emulate thy damask cheek;
How the bud its sweets discloses—
  Buds thy opening bloom bespeak.

Lilies are by plain direction
Emblems of a double kind;
Emblems of thy fair complexion,
Emblems of thy fairer mind.
But, dear girl, both flowers and beauty
Blossom, fade, and die away;
Then pursue good sense and duty
Evergreens, which ne'er decay! COTTON.

TO A REDBREAST.

LITTLE bird, with bosom red,
Welcome to my humble shed!
Courtly domes of high degree
Have no room for thee and me;
Pride and Pleasure's fickle throng
Nothing mind an idle song.
Daily near my table steal,
While I pick my scanty meal;
Doubt not, little tho' there be,
But I'll cast a crumb to thee;
Well rewarded, if I spy
Pleasure in thy glancing eye:
See thee, when thou'st eat thy fill,
Plume thy breast, and wipe thy bill.
Come, my feather'd friend, again,
Well thou know'st the broken pane;
Ask of me thy daily store;
Go not near Avaro's door:
Once within his iron hall,
Woful end shall thee befall.
Savage!—He would soon divest
Of its rosy plumes thy breast;
Then, with solitary joy,
Eat thee, bones and all, my boy. LANGHORNE.

THE COMMON LOT.

ONCE in the flight of ages past
There liv'd a man—and *who* was he?
Mortal! howe'er thy lot be cast,
That man resembl'd thee!

Unknown the region of his birth,
The land in which he died unknown,
His name hath perish'd from the earth,
This truth survives alone—

That joy, and grief, and hope, and fear,
Alternate triumph in his breast,
His bliss and woe, a smile, a tear!
Oblivion hides the rest.

The bounding pulse, the languid limb,
The changing spirits' rise and fall,
We know that these were felt by him,
For *these* are felt by all.

He suffer'd—but his pangs are o'er,
Enjoy'd—but his delights are fled,
Had friends—his friends are now no more,
And foes—his foes are dead.

He lov'd—but whom he lov'd, the grave
Hath lost in its unconscious womb;
O she was fair! but nought could save
Her beauty from the tomb.

The rolling seasons, day and night,
Sun, moon, and stars, the earth and main,
Ere while his portion, life and light,
To him exist—in vain.

He saw whatever thou hast seen,
Encounter'd all that troubles thee,
He was—whatever thou hast been,
He is—what thou shalt be!

The clouds and sunbeams o'er his eye
That once their shade and glory threw,
Have left, in yonder silent sky,
No vestige where they flew!

The annals of the human race,
Their ruin since the world began,
Of *him* afford no other trace
Than this—THERE LIV'D A MAN.

MONTGOMERY.

DAY: A PASTORAL.

MORNING.

IN the barn the tenant cock,
  Close to Partlet perch'd on high,
Briskly crows, (the shepherd's clock!)
  Jocund that the morning's nigh.

Swiftly from the mountain's brow,
  Shadows, nurs'd by Night, retire;
And the peeping sun-beam, now,
  Paints with gold the village spire.

Philomel forsakes the thorn,
  Plaintive where she prates at night:
And the lark, to meet the morn,
  Soars beyond the shepherd's sight.

From the low-roof'd cottage ridge
  See the chatt'ring swallow spring;
Darting thro' the one-arch'd bridge,
  Quick she dips her dappled wing.

Now the pine-tree's waving top
  Gently greets the morning gale!
Kidlings, now, begin to crop
  Daisies in the dewy vale.

From the balmy sweets, uncloy'd,
  (Restless till her task be done,)
Now the busy bee's employ'd
  Sipping dew before the sun.

Trickling thro' the crevic'd rock,
  Where the limpid stream distils,
Sweet refreshment waits the flock
  When 'tis sun-drove from the hills.

Colin, for the promis'd corn
  (Ere the harvest hopes are ripe)
Anxious, hears the huntsman's horn,
  Boldly sounding, drown his pipe.

Sweet, O sweet, the warbling throng,
  On the white emblossom'd spray!
Nature's universal song
  Echoes to the rising day.

NOON.

FERVID on the glitt'ring flood,
  Now the noon-tide radiance glows,
Dropping o'er its infant bud,
  Not a dew-drop's left the rose.

By the brook the shepherd dines;
  From the fierce meridian heat
Shelter'd by the branching pines,
  Pendant o'er his grassy seat.

Now the flock forsakes the glade,
  Where, uncheck'd, the sun-beams fall:
Sure to find a pleasing shade
  By the ivy'd abbey-wall.

Echo, in her airy round,
  O'er the river, rock, and hill,
Cannot catch a single sound,
  Save the clack of yonder mill.

Cattle court the zephyrs bland,
  Where the streamlet wanders cool;
Or with languid silence stand
  Midway in the marshy pool.

But from mountain, dell, or stream,
  Not a flutt'ring zephyr springs;
Fearful lest the noon-tide beam
  Scorch its soft, its silken wings.

Not a leaf has leave to stir,
  Nature's lull'd, serene and still!
Quiet e'en the shepherd's cur,
  Sleeping on the heath-clad hill.

Languid is the landscape round,
  'Till the fresh descending shower,
Grateful to the thirsty ground,
  Raises ev'ry fainting flower.

Now the hill, the hedge is green,
  Now the warbler's throat's in tune!
Blithsome is the verdant scene,
  Brighten'd by the beams of noon!

EVENING.

O'ER the heath the heifer strays
  Free—(the furrow'd task is done)—
Now the village windows blaze,
  Burnish'd by the setting sun.

Now he hides behind the hill,
  Sinking from a golden sky:
Can the pencil's mimic skill
  Copy the refulgent dye?

Trudging as the ploughmen go
  (To the smoking hamlet bound)
Giant-like their shadows grow,
  Lengthen'd o'er the level ground.

Where the rising forest spreads
  Shelter for the lordly dome,
To their high-built airy beds,
  See the rooks returning home!

As the lark with varied tune
  Carols to the evening loud,
Mark the mild resplendent moon
  Breaking thro' a parted cloud!

Now the hermit owlet peeps
  From the barn, or twisted brake;
And the blue mist slowly creeps,
  Curling on the silver lake.

As the trout in speckled pride,
  Playful from its bosom springs,
To the banks a ruffled tide
  Verges in successive rings.

Tripping thro' the silken grass,
  O'er the path-divided dale,
Mark the rose-complexion'd lass,
  With her well-pois'd milking pail.

Linnets, with unnumber'd notes,
  And the cuckoo bird with two,
Tuning sweet their mellow throats,
  Bid the setting sun adieu.

CUNNINGHAM.

THE ANT, OR EMMET.

THESE Emmets, how little they are in our eyes!
We tread them to dust, and a troop of them dies
Without our regard or concern:
Yet, as wise as we are, if we went to their school,
There's many a sluggard, and many a fool,
Some lessons of wisdom might learn.

They don't wear their time out in sleeping or play,
But gather up corn in a sun-shiny day,
And for winter they lay up their stores:
They manage their work in such regular forms,
One would think they foresaw all the frosts and the storms,
And so brought their food within doors.

But I have less sense than a poor creeping Ant,
If I take not due care for the things I shall want,
Nor provide against dangers in time:
When death or old age shall stare me in my face,
What a wretch shall I be in the end of my days,
If I trifle away all their prime!

Now, now, while my strength and my youth are in bloom,
Let me think what will serve me when sickness shall come,
And pray that my sins be forgiv'n:
Let me read in good books, and believe and obey,
That when death turns me out of this cottage of clay,
I may dwell in a palace in heaven. WATTS

THE DRUM.

I HATE the Drum's discording sound,
Parading round, and round, and round:
To thoughtless youth it pleasure yields,
And lures from cities and from fields,
To sell their liberty for charms
Of tawdry lace and glitt'ring arms;
And when Ambition's voice commands,
To march, and fight, and fall, in foreign lands.

I hate that drum's discording sound,
Parading round, and round, and round:
To me it talks of ravag'd plains,
And burning towns, and ruin'd swains.

And mangled limbs, and dying groans,
And widows' tears, and orphans' moans;
And all that Misery's hand bestows
To fill the catalogue of human woes. SCOTT.

THE DYING KID.

A TEAR bedews my Delia's eye,
To think yon playful kid must die;
From crystal spring, and flowery mead,
Must in his prime of life recede!

Erewhile, in sportive circles round,
She saw him wheel, and frisk, and bound;
From rock to rock pursue his way,
And on the fearful margin play.

Pleas'd on his various freaks to dwell,
She saw him climb my rustic cell:
Thence eye my lawns with verdure bright,
And seem all ravish'd at the sight.

She tells with what delight he stood,
To trace his features in the flood:
Then skipp'd aloof with quaint amaze;
And then drew near again to gaze.

She tells me how, with eager speed,
He flew to hear my vocal reed;
And how, with critic face profound,
And steadfast ear, devour'd the sound.

His every frolic, light as air,
Deserves the gentle Delia's care;
And tears bedew her tender eye,
To think the playful kid must die.

But knows, my Delia, timely wise,
How soon this blameless era flies;
While violence and craft succeed,
Unfair design, and ruthless deed!

Soon would the vine his wounds deplore,
And yield her purple gifts no more;
Ah! soon, eras'd from every grove
Were Delia's name and Strephon's love.

No more these bowers might Strephon see,
Where first he fondly gaz'd on thee;
No more these beds of flow'rets find,
Which for thy charming brows he twin'd.

Each wayward passion soon would tear
His bosom now so void of care;
And, when they left his ebbing vein,
What but insipid age remain?

Then mourn not the decrees of fate,
That gave his life so short a date:
And I will join thy tenderest sighs,
To think that youth so swiftly flies! SHENSTONE.

PROVIDENCE.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant;
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary wand'ring steps he leads:
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still:
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile:
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around. ADDISON.

THE WISH.

HOW short is life's uncertain space!
Alas! how quickly done!
How swift the wild precarious chace!
And yet how difficult the race,
How very hard to run!

Youth stops at first its wilful ears
To wisdom's prudent voice;
Till now arriv'd to riper years,
Experienc'd age, worn out with cares,
Repents its earlier choice.

What though its prospects now appear
So pleasing and refin'd;
Yet groundless hope and anxious fear
By turns the busy moments share,
And prey upon the mind.

Since then false joys our fancy cheat
With hopes of real bliss;
Ye guardian Pow'rs that rule my fate!
The only wish that I create
Is all compris'd in this:

May I through life's uncertain tide
Be still from pain exempt;
May all my wants be still supply'd,
My state too low t' admit of pride,
And yet above contempt.

But should your Providence divine
A greater bliss intend;
May all those blessings you design
(If e'er those blessings shall be mine)
Be centred in a friend.

MERRICK.

VIRTUE AND ORNAMENT.

THE diamond's and the ruby's rays
Shine with a milder, finer flame,
And more attract our love and praise,
Than Beauty's self, if lost to fame.

But the sweet tear in Pity's eye
  Transcends the diamond's brightest beams;
And the soft blush of Modesty
  More precious than the ruby seems.

The glowing gem, the sparkling stone,
  May strike the sight with quick surprise;
But Truth and Innocence alone
  Can still engage the good and wise.

No glitt'ring ornament or show
  Will aught avail in grief or pain:
Only from inward worth can flow
  Delight that ever shall remain.

Behold, ye fair, your lovely Queen!
  'Tis not her jewels, but her mind;
A meeker, purer, ne'er was seen;
  It is her virtue charms mankind! FORDYCE.

REFLECTIONS.

  AH! who has power to say,
To-morrow's sun shall warmer glow,
And o'er this gloomy vale of woe
  Diffuse a brighter ray?

  Ah! who is ever sure,
Though all that can the soul delight,
This hour enchants the wond'ring sight,
  These raptures will endure?

  Is there in Life's dull toil
One certain moment of repose,
One ray to dissipate our woes,
  And bid reflection smile?

  What is the mind of man?
A chaos where the passions blend,
Unconscious where the mass will end,
  Or when it first began!

  In childhood's thoughtless hours
We frolic through the sportive day;
Each path enchanting, sunny, gay,
  All deck'd with gaudy flow'rs!

In Life's maturer prime
We wander still in search of Peace;
And, as our weary toils increase,
Fade in the glooms of Time.

From scene to scene we stray,
Still courting Pleasure's fickle smile,
While she, delighting to beguile,
Still farther glides away.

We seek Hope's gentle aid,
We think the lovely Phantom pours
Her balmy incense on those flow'rs,
Which blossom but to fade!

We pant for glitt'ring Fame;
And when pale Envy blots the page
That might have charm'd a future age,
We find 'tis but a name.

We toil for paltry ore,
And when we gain the golden prize,
And Death appears!—with aching eyes
We view the useless store.

We bask in Friendship's beam;
But when malignant cares assail,
And Fortune's fickle favours fail,
We find 'tis but a dream.

We pine for idle Joy;
Intemp'rance leads to sure decay;
The brightest prospects fade away,
The sweetest—soonest cloy!

How frail is Beauty's bloom!
The dimpled cheek—the sparkling eye,
Scarce seen, before their wonders fly
To decorate a tomb!

Then, since this fleeting breath
Is but the zephyr of a day,
Let conscience make each minute gay,
And brave the shafts of death;

And let the gen'rous mind
With Pity view the erring throng,
Applaud the right, forgive the wrong,
And feel for all mankind. MRS. ROBINSON.

PLEASURES OF SENSIBILITY.

LET not the vulgar read this pensive strain,
Their jests the tender anguish would profane;
Yet these some deem the happiest of their kind,
Whose low enjoyments never reach'd the mind:
Who ne'er a pain but for themselves have known,
Nor ever felt a sorrow but their own:
Who call romantic every finer thought,
Conceiv'd by pity, or by friendship wrought.
Ah! wherefore happy? where's the kindred mind?
Where the large soul that takes in human kind?
Where the best passions of the mortal breast?
Where the warm blessing when another's blest?
Where the soft lenitives of others' pain,
The social sympathy—the sense humane?
The sigh of rapture and the tear of joy,
Anguish that charms, and transports that destroy?
For tender sorrow has her pleasures too,
Pleasures which prosperous dulness never knew!
She never knew in all her coarser bliss
The sacred rapture of a pain like this!
Nor thinks the cautious only are the just,
Who never was deceiv'd, I would not trust:
Then take, ye happy vulgar! take your part
Of sordid joy that never touch'd the heart.
Benevolence which seldom stays to choose,
Lest pausing Prudence teach her to refuse;
Friendship, which once determin'd, never swerves,
Weighs ere it trusts, but weighs not ere it serves.
And soft-ey'd Pity and Forgiveness bland,
And melting Charity with open hand,
And artless Love believing and believ'd,
And generous Confidence which ne'er deceiv'd,
And Mercy stretching out ere want can speak,
To wipe the tear from pale Affliction's cheek.
These ye have never known! then take your part
Of sordid joy which never touch'd th heart. H. MORE.

TO THE FEATHERED RACE.

AGAIN the balmy zephyr blows,
Fresh verdure decks the grove;
Each bird with vernal rapture glows
And tunes his notes to love.

Ye gentle warblers, hither fly
  And shun the noon-tide heat;
My shrubs a cooling shade supply,
  My groves a safe retreat.

Here freely hop from spray to spray,
  Or weave the mossy nest;
Here rove and sing the livelong day,
  At night here sweetly rest.

Amidst this cool, translucent rill,
  That trickles down the glade,
Here bathe your plumes, here drink your fill,
  And revel in the shade.

No school-boy rude, to mischief prone,
  E'er shows his ruddy face,
Or twangs his bow, or hurls a stone,
  In this sequester'd place.

Hither the vocal thrush repairs,
  Secure the linnet sings;
The goldfinch dreads no slimy snares,
  To clog her painted wings.

Sad Philomel! ah! quit thy haunt,
  Yon distant woods among,
And round my friendly grotto chant
  Thy sweetly plaintive song.

Let not the harmless redbreast fear,
  Domestic bird, to come
And seek a sure asylum here,
  With one that loves his home.

My trees for you, ye artless tribe,
  Shall store of fruit preserve!
O let me thus your friendship bribe!
  Come, feed without reserve.

For you these cherries I protect,
  To you these plums belong;
Sweet is the fruit that you have peck'd,
  But sweeter far your song.

Let then this league betwixt us made,
  Our mutual interest guard;
Mine be the gift of fruit and shade,
  Your songs be my reward.

GRAVES.

IGNORANCE OF MAN.

BEHOLD yon new-born infant, griev'd
With hunger, thirst, and pain;
That asks to have the wants reliev'd,
It knows not to complain.

Aloud the speechless suppliant cries,
And utters, as it can,
The woes that in its bosom rise,
And speak its nature—Man.

That infant, whose advancing hour
Life's various sorrows try,
(Sad proof of Sin's transmissive pow'r!)
That infant, Lord! am I.

A childhood yet my thoughts confess,
Tho' long in years mature,
Unknowing whence I feel distress,
And where, or what, its cure.

Author of Good! to thee I turn:
Thy ever-wakeful eye
Alone can all my wants discern,
Thy hand alone supply.

O let thy fear within me dwell,
Thy love my footsteps guide;
That love shall vainer loves expel,
That fear all fears beside.

And O! by Error's force subdu'd,
Since oft my stubborn will,
Prepost'rous, shuns the latent good,
And grasps the specious ill;

Not to my wish, but to my want,
Do thou thy gifts apply:
Unask'd, what good thou knowest grant;
What ill, tho' ask'd, deny. MERRICK.

RURAL LIFE.

HAPPY the man, whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
  Whose flocks supply him with attire!
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
          In winter fire.

Blest who can unconcern'dly find
  Hours, days, and years, slide soft away,
In health of body, peace of mind,
          Quiet by day.

Sound sleep by night; study and ease
  Together mix'd; sweet recreation,
And innocence, which most does please,
          With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown!
  Thus unlamented let me die,
Steal from the world, and not a stone
          Tell where I lie.

POPE.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame!
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame:
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

Hark! they whisper; angels say,
Sister spirit, come away.
What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my Soul, can this be Death?

The world recedes! it disappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears
          With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount, I fly!
O Grave! where is thy victory?
          O Death! where is thy sting?

POPE.

FALSE GREATNESS.

MYLO, forbear to call him blest
  That only boasts a large estate,
Should all the treasures of the West
  Meet and conspire to make him great:

I know thy better thoughts, I know
Thy reason can't descend so low.

Let a broad stream with golden sands
Thro' all his meadows roll,
He's but a wretch with all his lands,
That wears a narrow soul.

He swells amidst his wealthy store,
And proudly poising what he weighs,
In his own scale he fondly lays
Huge heaps of shining ore.

He spreads the balance wide to hold
His manors and his farms,
And cheats the beam with loads of gold
He hugs between his arms.

So might the plough-boy climb a tree,
When Crœsus mounts his throne,
And both stand up, and smile to see
How long their shadows grown.
Alas! how vain their fancies be,
To think that shade their own!

Thus mingled still with wealth and state,
Crœsus himself can never know;
His true dimensions and his weight
Are far inferior to their show.

Were I so tall to reach the pole,
Or grasp the ocean with my span,
I must be measur'd by my soul:
The mind's the standard of the man. WATTS.

OMNIPOTENCE.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim.
Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to ev'ry land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly, to the list'ning earth,
Repeats the story of her birth:
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What tho' in solemn silence, all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball;
What tho' no real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found;
In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing as they shine,
"The hand that made us is Divine." ADDISON.

DIVINE GRACE.

CREATOR Spirit! by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come, visit every pious mind;
Come, pour thy joys on human kind;
From sin and sorrows set us free,
And make thy temples worthy thee.

O source of uncreated light,
The Father's promis'd Paraclete!
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
Come, and thy sacred unction bring
To sanctify us, while we sing.
Plenteous of grace! descend from high,
Rich in thy sevenfold energy;
Thou strength of his Almighty hand,
Whose power does heaven and earth command!
Proceeding Spirit, our defence,
Who dost the gifts of tongues dispense,
And crown'st the gift with eloquence.

Refine and purge our earthly parts;
But, oh! inflame and fire our hearts;
Our frailties help, our vice controul,
Submit the senses to the soul:

And when rebellious they are grown,
Then lay thy hand, and hold them down

Chase from our minds th' infernal foe,
And peace, the fruits of love, bestow;
And, lest our feet should step astray,
Protect and guide us in the way.

Make us eternal truths receive,
And practise all that we believe:
Give us thyself, that we may see
The Father, and the Son, by thee.

Immortal honour, endless fame,
Attend th' Almighty Father's name:
The Saviour Son be glorify'd,
Who for lost man's redemption dy'd:
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Paraclete, to thee!

DRYDEN.

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

FATHER of all! in every age,
In every clime ador'd,
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou great First Cause, least understood,
Who all my sense confin'd
To know but this, that thou art good,
And that myself am blind;

Yet gave me in this dark estate,
To see the good from ill;
And, binding Nature fast in Fate,
Left free the human will.

What Conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than hell to shun,
That, more than heaven pursue.

What blessings thy free bounty gives,
Let me not cast away,
For God is paid when man receives:
To enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span
 Thy goodness let me bound,
Or think thee Lord alone of man,
 When thousand worlds are round.

Let not this weak unknowing hand
 Presume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land
 On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart,
 Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, oh! teach my heart
 To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish pride,
 Or impious discontent,
At aught thy wisdom has deny'd,
 Or aught thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
 To hide the faults I see;
That mercy I to others show,
 That mercy show to me.

Mean tho' I am, not wholly so,
 Since quicken'd by thy breath;
O lead me wheresoe'er I go,
 Thro' this day's life or death.

This day be bread and peace my lot;
 All else beneath the sun,
Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not,
 And let thy will be done.

To thee whose temple is all space,
 Whose altar, earth, sea, skies,
One chorus let all beings raise.
 All Nature's incense rise.

POPE.

GRATITUDE.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God!
 My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
 In wonder, love, and praise.

O how shall words, with equal warmth,
  The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravish'd heart?
  But thou canst read it there.

Thy Providence my life sustain'd,
  And all my wants redrest,
When in the silent womb I lay,
  And hung upon the breast.

To all my weak complaints and cries,
  Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
  To form themselves in pray'r.

Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
  Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
  From whom those comforts flow'd.

When in the slipp'ry paths of youth,
  With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
  And led me up to man.

Thro' hidden dangers, toils, and death,
  It gently clear'd my way;
And thro' the pleasing snares of vice,
  More to be fear'd than they.

When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
  With health renew'd my face,
And when in sin and sorrow sunk,
  Reviv'd my soul with grace.

Thy bounteous hand, with worldly bliss,
  Has made my cup run o'er;
And, in a kind and faithful friend,
  Has doubled all my store.

Ten thousand, thousand precious gifts,
  My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least, a cheerful heart,
  That tastes those gifts with joy.

Thro' ev'ry period of my life,
  Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
  The glorious theme renew.

When Nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever-grateful heart, O Lord!
Thy mercy shall adore.

Thro' all eternity, to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
For O! Eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

DDISON.

HOPE AND FEAR.

WHERE shall our Hope and Fear their objects find?
Must dull suspense corrupt the stagnant mind?
Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate,
Fall darkling down the torrent of his fate?
Must no dislike alarm—no wishes rise?
No cries invoke the mercies of the skies?
Inquirer cease—petitions yet remain,
Which heav'n may hear, nor deem religion vain.
Still raise for good the supplicating voice,
But leave to heav'n the measure and the choice,
Safe in his pow'r whose eyes discern afar,
The secret ambush of a specious pray'r!
Implore his aid—in his decisions rest
Secure—whate'er he gives he gives the best:
Yet when the sense of sacred presence fires,
And strong devotion to the sky aspires,
Pour forth thy fervours for a healthful mind,
Obedient passions and a will resign'd:
For Love, which scarce collective man can fill,
For Patience, sovereign o'er transmuted ill:
For Faith, that panting for a happier seat,
Counts Death kind Nature's signal for retreat.
These goods for man the laws of heav'n ordain,
These goods he grants who grants the power to gain.
With these celestial Wisdom calms the mind,
And makes the happiness she does not find!

JOHNSON.

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY ALEXANDER SELKIRK,

During his solitary abode in the Island of Juan Fernandez.

I AM monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute;
From the centre all round to the sea,
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.

O Solitude! where are the charms
  That sages have seen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
  Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of Humanity's reach,
  I must finish my journey alone;
Never hear the sweet music of speech;
  I start at the sound of my own.
The beasts that roam over the plain
  My form with indifference see:
They are so unacquainted with man,
  Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, friendship, and love,
  Divinely bestow'd upon man,
O had I the wings of a dove,
  How soon would I taste you again!
My sorrows I then might assuage
  In the way of Religion and Truth;
Might learn from the wisdom of age,
  And be cheer'd by the sallies of youth.

Religion! what treasure untold
  Resides in that heavenly word!
More precious than silver or gold,
  Or all that this earth can afford.
But the sound of the church-going bell
  These valleys and rocks never heard,
Ne'er sigh'd at the sound of a knell,
  Or smil'd when a Sabbath appear'd.

Ye winds that have made me your sport,
  Convey to this desolate shore
Some cordial endearing report
  Of a land I shall visit no more.
My friends, do they now and then send
  A wish or a thought after me?
O tell me I yet have a friend,
  Tho' a friend I am never to see!

How fleet is a glance of the mind!
  Compar'd with the speed of its flight,
The tempest itself lags behind,
  And the swift-winged arrows of light.

When I think of my own native land,
In a moment I seem to be there;
But, alas! recollection at hand
Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the sea-fowl is gone to her nest,
The beast is laid down in his lair;
Ev'n here is a season of rest,
And I to my cabin repair.
There's mercy in every place;
And mercy (encouraging thought!)
Gives even affliction a grace,
And reconciles man to his lot. COWPER.

THE SOLAR SYSTEM.

YE citadels of light and seats of gods,
Perhaps my future home, from whence the soul
Revolving periods past may oft look back
With recollected tenderness on all
The various busy scenes she left below,
Its deep-laid projects, and its strange events,
As on some fond and doating tale that sooth'd
Her infant hours.—O! be it lawful now
To tread the hallow'd circle of your courts,
And with mute wonder and delighted awe,
Approach your burning confines. Seiz'd in thought
On fancy's wild and roving wing, I sail
From the green borders of the peopled Earth,
And the pale Moon her duteous fair attendant;
From solitary Mars, from the vast orb
Of Jupiter, whose huge gigantic bulk
Dances in ether like the lightest leaf
To the dim verge the suburbs of the system,
Where cheerless Saturn, 'mid his wat'ry moons,
Girt with a lucid zone, majestic sits
In gloomy grandeur, like an exil'd queen
Amongst her weeping handmaids: fearless thence
I launch into the trackless deeps of space,
Where burning round ten thousand suns appear
Of elder beam, which ask no leave to shine
Of our terrestrial star, nor borrow light
From the proud regent of our scanty day.
Sons of the morning! first born of creation!

And only less than Him who marks their track
And guides their fiery wheels. Here must I stop—
Or, is there aught beyond? What hand unseen
Impels me onward thro' the glowing orbs
Of habitable nature far remote,
To the dread confines of eternal night;
To solitudes of vast unpeopled space,
The deserts of creation wide and wild;
Where embryo systems and unkindled suns
Sleep in the womb of Chaos? Fancy droops:
And Thought, astonished, stops her bold career!
But O! thou mighty Mind! whose powerful word
Said—"Thus let all things be, and thus they were!"
Where shall I seek thy presence? how unblam'd
Invoke thy dread perfection?
Have the broad eye-lids of the morn beheld thee?
Or does the beamy shoulder of Orion
Support thy throne? O look with pity down
On erring guilty man!—not in thy names
Of terror clad—not with those thunders arm'd
That conscious Sinai felt when fear appall'd
The scatter'd tribes! Thou hast a gentler voice
That whispers comfort to the swelling heart,
Abash'd, yet longing to behold her Maker!
But now my soul unus'd to stretch her pow'rs
In flights so daring, drops her weary wing,
And seeks again the known accustom'd spot,
Drest up with sun and shade, and lawns and streams,
A mansion fair, and spacious for its guest,
And full replete with wonders! Let me here
Content and grateful wait the appointed time,
And ripen for the skies:—the hour will come
When all these splendours bursting on my sight,
Shall stand unveil'd, and to my ravish'd sense
Unlock the glories of the World unknown!

MRS. BARBAULD.

THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

FAINTLY bray'd the battle's roar,
  Distant down the hollow wind;
Panting Terror fled before,
  Wounds and Death were left behind.

The war-fiend curs'd the sunken day,
That check'd his fierce pursuit too soon;
While, scarcely lighting to the prey,
Low hung, and lour'd, the bloody moon.

The field, so late the hero's pride,
Was now with various carnage spread;
And floated with a crimson tide,
That drench'd the dying and the dead.

O'er the sad scene of dreariest view,
Abandon'd all to horrors wild,
With frantic step Maria flew—
Maria, Sorrow's early child

By duty led, for every vein
Was warm'd by Hymen's purest flame!
With Edgar, o'er the wint'ry main,
She, lovely, faithful wanderer, came.

For well she thought, a friend so dear
In darkest hours might joy impart;
Her warrior, faint with toil, might cheer,
Or soothe her bleeding warrior's smart.

Tho' look'd for long—in chill affright,
(The torrent bursting from her eye,)
She heard the signal for the fight—
While her soul trembled in a sigh:

She heard, and clasp'd him to her breast,
Yet scarce could urge th' inglorious stay;
His manly heart the charm confest—
Then broke the charm, and rush'd away.

Too soon, in few but deadly words,
Some flying straggler breath'd to tell,
That in the foremost strife of swords
The young, the gallant Edgar fell.

She press'd to hear—she caught the tale—
At every sound her blood congeal'd;
With terror bold—with terror pale,
She sprung to search the fatal field.

O'er the sad scene in dire amaze
She went—with courage not her own—
On many a corpse she cast her gaze—
And turn'd her ear to many a groan.

Drear anguish urged her to press
Full many a hand, as wild she mourn'd;—
Of comfort glad, the drear caress
The damp, chill, dying hand return'd.

Her ghastly hope was well nigh fled—
When late pale Edgar's form she found,
Half-bury'd with the hostile dead,
And bor'd with many a grisly wound.

She knew—she sunk—the night-bird scream'd,—
The moon withdrew her troubled light,
And left the fair—tho' fall'n she seem'd—
To worse than death—and deepest night?

PENROSE.

TRUE WISDOM.

O HAPPY is the man who hears
Instruction's warning voice,
And who celestial Wisdom makes
His early, only choice!

For she has treasures greater far
Than east or west unfold,
And her reward is more secure
Than is the gain of gold.

In her right hand she holds to view
A length of happy years;
And in her left, the prize of fame
And honour bright appears.

She guides the young, with innocence,
In Pleasure's path to tread;
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.

According as her labours rise,
So her rewards increase;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

LOGAN.

ODE ON THE SPRING.

LO! where the rosy-bosom'd hours,
Fair Venus' train, appear,
Disclose the long-expected flowers,
And wake the purple year!

The Attic warbler pours her throat,
Responsive to the cuckoo's note,
The untaught harmony of Spring;
While, whispering pleasure as they fly,
Cool zephyrs thro' the clear blue sky
Their gather'd fragrance fling.

Where'er the oak's thick branches stretch
A broader, browner shade;
Where'er the rude and moss-grown beech
O'er-canopies the glade;
Beside some water's rushy brink
With me the muse shall sit, and think
(At ease reclin'd in rustic state)
How vain the ardour of the crowd!
How low, how little are the proud!
How indigent the great!

Still is the toiling hand of Care,
The panting herds repose;
Yet, hark, how thro' the peopled air
The busy murmur glows!
The insect youth are on the wing,
Eager to taste the honey'd Spring,
And float amid the liquid noon:
Some lightly o'er the current skim;
Some show their gaily gilded trim
Quick glancing to the sun.

To Contemplation's sober eye
Such is the race of man;
And they that creep, and they that fly,
Shall end where they began.
Alike the busy and the gay
But flutter thro' life's little day,
In Fortune's varying colours drest:
Brush'd by the hand of rough mischance,
Or chill'd by age, their airy dance
They leave, in dust to rest.

Methinks I hear in accents low
The sportive kind reply;
Poor moralist! and what art thou?
A solitary fly!
Thy joys no glittering female greets,
No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,

No painted plumage to display:
On hasty wings thy youth is flown,
Thy sun is set, thy spring is gone—
We frolic while 'tis May. GRAY.

LINES FROM SENECA.

THE dizzy dome be his who will:
Be mine the shade, obscure and still.
Here while the great in public pine,
Be dulcet rest and leisure mine.
Unknown to all the sons of pride,
Smooth may my hours in silence glide.
So, when the close of life draws near,
Without a trouble or a fear,
Unnotic'd by the world, may I
An aged but a poor man die!
Heavy the stroke of death must fall
On him who, conversant with all,
Where'er he turns his anxious eyes,
Yet to himself a stranger, dies! POLWHELE.

THE HERMITAGE.

A LITTLE lowly Hermitage it was,
Down in a dale, hard by a forest side,
Far from resort of people that did pass
In travel to and fro! a little wide
There was a little chapel edified,
Wherein the hermit duty went to say
His holy things, each morn and even-tide:
Thereby a crystal stream did gently play,
Which from a sacred fountain welled forth away.

He thence led me into this Hermitage,
Letting his steeds to graze upon the green;
Small was his house, and like a little cage
For his own turn; yet inly neat and clean,
Deck'd with green boughs, and flowers gay beseeme;
Therein he them full fair did entertain,
Not with such forged shows as fitter beene
For courtly fools, that courtesies would feign,
But with entire affection, and appearance plain.

SPENSER.

THE BOY AND THE RAINBOW.

DECLARE, ye sages, if ye find
'Mongst animals of ev'ry kind,
Of each condition, sort, and size,
From whales and elephants to flies,
A creature that mistakes his plan,
And errs so constantly as Man?
Each kind pursues his proper good,
And seeks for pleasure, rest, and food
As Nature points, and never errs
In what it chooses and prefers;
Man only blunders, tho' possest
Of talents far above the rest.

The happiness of human kind
Consists in rectitude of mind,
A will subdu'd to Reason's sway,
And passions practis'd to obey;
An open and a gen'rous heart,
Refin'd from selfishness and art;
Patience which mocks at Fortune's pow'r,
And Wisdom never sad nor sour:
In these consists our proper bliss,
Else Plato reasons much amiss.
But foolish mortals still pursue
False happiness in place of true:
Ambition serves us for a guide,
Or lust, or avarice, or pride;
While Reason no assent can gain,
And Revelation warns in vain.
Hence, thro' our lives, in ev'ry stage
From infancy itself to age,
A happiness we toil to find,
Which still avoids us like the wind;
Ev'n when we think the prize our own,
At once 'tis vanish'd, lost and gone.
You'll ask me why I thus rehearse
All Epictetus in my verse,
And if I fondly hope to please
With dry reflections such as these,
So trite, so hackney'd, and so stale?—
I'll take the hint and tell a tale.

One ev'ning as a simple swain
His flock attended on the plain,
The shining Bow he chanc'd to spy,
Which warns us when a show'r is nigh;
With brightest rays it seem'd to glow,
Its distance eighty yards or so.
This bumpkin had, it seems, been told
The story of the cup of gold,
Which Fame reports is to be found
Just where the Rainbow meets the ground;
He therefore felt a sudden itch
To seize the goblet, and be rich!
Hoping (yet hopes are oft but vain)
No more to toil thro' wind and rain,
But sit indulgent by the fire,
'Midst ease and plenty, like a squire.
He mark'd the very spot of land
On which the Rainbow seem'd to stand,
And stepping forwards at his leisure,
Expected to have found the treasure.
But as he mov'd, the colour'd ray
Still chang'd its place, and slipt away
As seeming his approach to shun.
From walking he began to run;
But all in vain, it still withdrew
As nimbly as he could pursue.
At last, thro' many a bog and lake,
Rough craggy rock, and thorny brake,
It led the easy fool till night
Approach'd, then vanish'd in his sight,
And left him to compute his gains,
With nought but labour for his pains. WILKIE.

CHARITY SCHOOLS.

LET not a form which bears your Maker's image
Defeat the end of being:—know 'tis yours
In heav'nly tints to dip the infant soul—
To raise the new idea—lift it high,
Ev'n to JEHOVAH's throne: the ductile mind,
Pliant as wax, shall wear the mould you give.
Sharp gratitude you've call'd to life shall cut
In ciphers deep the new expanded heart;
And ev'n beyond the chambers of the grave

The joyous spirit shall your records bear,
To meet your eyes when trembling worlds expire!
What then shall live or stand in that dread hour
But acts like these, when panting spirits call
For every little test to aid their plea?
May yours resound, supported in the blast
By grateful infants and by ripen'd man,
To whom you gave perfection! Angels smile,
And songs of glory shake the vault of heaven!

ANN YEARSLEY.

THE ROSE.

THE Rose had been wash'd, just wash'd in a show'r,
Which Mary to Anna convey'd,
The plentiful moisture incumber'd the flower,
And weigh'd down its beautiful head.

The cup was all fill'd, and the leaves were all wet,
And it seem'd to a fanciful view,
To weep for the buds it had left with regret,
On the flourishing bush where it grew.

I hastily seiz'd it, unfit as it was
For a nosegay, so dripping and drown'd,
And swinging it rudely (too rudely, alas!)
I snapp'd it,—it fell to the ground.

And such, I exclaim'd, is the pitiless part
Some act by the delicate mind,
Regardless of wringing and breaking a heart
Already to sorrow resign'd.

This elegant Rose, had I shaken it less,
Might have bloom'd with its owner awhile;
And the tear that is wip'd, with a little address,
May be follow'd, perhaps, by a smile. COWPER.

LIFE.

O WHY do wretched men so much desire
To draw their days into the utmost date,
And do not rather wish them soon expire,
Knowing the misery of their estate,

And thousand perils which them still await,
  Tossing them like a boat amid the main,
  That every hour they knock at death's gate?
And he that happy seems at least in pain,
Is yet as nigh his end as he that most doth plain.

The whiles some one did chaunt their lovely lay,
  Ah see, who so fair thing dost fain to see,
In springing flower the image of thy day;
  All see the virgin rose how sweetly she
  Doth first peep forth with bashful modesty,
That fairer seems, the less you see her may;
  Lo! see soon after, how more bold and free
Her bared bosom she doth broad display!
Lo! see, soon after, how she fades and falls away.

So passeth, in the passing of a day,
  Of mortal Life the leaf, the bud, the flower,
No more doth flourish after first decay,
  That erst was sought to deck both bed and bower
  Of many a lady, and many a paramour:
Gather the rose of love whilst yet is time,
While loving thou may'st loved be without a crime.

SPENSER.

THE HAMLET.

THE hinds how blest, who ne'er beguil'd
To quit their Hamlet's hawthorn-wild,
Nor haunt the crowd, nor tempt the main,
For splendid care and guilty gain!

  When morning's twilight-tinctur'd beam
Strikes their low thatch with slanting gleam,
They rove abroad in ether blue,
To dip the sithe in fragrant dew;
The sheaf to bind, the beech to fell,
That, nodding, shades a craggy dell.

  'Midst gloomy glades, in warbles clear,
While Nature's sweetest notes they hear,
On green untrodden banks they view
The hyacinth's neglected hue.
In their lone haunts, and woodland rounds,
They spy the squirrel's airy bounds;

And startle from her ashen spray,
Across the glen, the screaming jay.
Each native charm their steps explore
Of Solitude's sequester'd store.

For them the moon, with cloudless ray,
Mounts to illume their homeward way;
Their weary spirits to relieve,
The meadows incense breathe at eve.
No riot mars the simple fare
That o'er a glimmering hearth they share;
But when the curfew's measur'd roar
Duly, the darkening valleys o'er,
Has echoed from the distant town,
They wish no beds of cygnet-down,
No trophied canopies, to close
Their drooping eyes in quick repose.

Their little sons, who spread the bloom
Of health around the clay-built room,
Or thro' the primros'd coppice stray,
Or gambol in the new-mown hay,
Or quaintly braid the cowslip-twine,
Or drive afield the tardy kine:
Or hasten from the sultry hill
To loiter at the shady rill;
Or climb the tall pine's gloomy crest,
To rob the ancient raven's nest.

Their humble porch with honey'd flowers
The curling woodbine's shade embowers:
From the small garden's thymy mound
Their bees in busy swarms resound:
Nor fell Disease, before his time,
Hastes to consume Life's golden prime:
But when their temples long have wore
The silver crown of tresses hoar;
As studious still calm peace to keep,
Beneath a flowery turf they sleep. WARTON.

THE WINTER NOSEGAY.

WHAT Nature, alas! has denied
To the delicate growth of our Isle,
Art has in a measure supplied,
And Winter is deck'd with a smile.

'Tis a bower of Arcadian sweets,
Where Flora is till in her prime,
A fortress to which she retreats
From the cruel assaults of the clime.

While earth wears a mantle of snow,
The pinks are as fresh and as gay
As the fairest and sweetest that blow
On the beautiful bosom of May.

See how they have safely surviv'd
The frowns of a sky so severe;
Such Mary's true love, that has liv'd
Thro' many a turbulent year.

The charms of the late-blowing rose
Seem pac'd with a livelier hue,
And the winter of sorrow but shows
The truth of a friend such as you. COWPER.

THE YOUNG LADY AND THE LOOKING-GLASS.

THERE was a little stubborn dame
Whom no authority could tame;
Restive by long indulgence grown,
No will she minded but her own:
At trifles oft she'd scold and fret,
Then in a corner take a seat,
And sourly moping all the day,
Disdain alike to work or play.
Papa all softer arts had try'd,
And sharper remedies apply'd;
But both were vain, for every course
He took still made her worse and worse.
'Tis strange to think how female wit
So oft should make a lucky hit,
When man, with all his high pretence
To deeper judgment, sounder sense,
Will err, and measures false pursue!
'Tis very strange, I own, but true.
Mamma observ'd the rising lass
By stealth retiring to the glass,
To practise little airs unseen,
In the true genius of thirteen:
On this a deep design she laid
To tame the humour of the maid;

Contriving, like a prudent mother,
To make one folly cure another.
Upon the wall against the seat,
Which Jessy us'd for her retreat,
Whene'er by accident offended,
A Looking-glass was straight suspended,
That it might show her how deform'd
She look'd and frightful when she storm'd;
And warn her, as she priz'd her beauty,
To bend her humour to her duty:
All this the Looking-glass achiev'd,
Its threats were minded and believ'd.

The maid, who spurn'd at all advice,
Grew tame and gentle in a trice:
So when all other means had fail'd,
The silent monitor prevail'd.

Thus, fable to the human kind
Presents an image of the mind:
It is a mirror, where we spy
At large our own deformity,
And learn, of course, those faults to mend,
Which but to mention would offend. WILKIE.

THE SHRUBBERY.

O HAPPY shades! to me unblest;
Friendly to peace, but not to me;
How ill the scene that offers rest,
And heart that cannot rest, agree!

This glassy stream, that spreading pine,
Those alders quiv'ring to the breeze,
Might soothe a soul less hurt than mine,
And please, if any thing could please.

But fix'd, unalterable Care,
Foregoes not what she feels within;
Shows the same sadness every where,
And slights the season and the scene.

For all that pleas'd in wood or lawn,
While peace possest these silent bowers,
Her animating smile withdrawn,
Hath lost its beauties and its powers.

The saint or moralist should tread
  This moss-grown alley, musing slow;
They seek, like me, the secret shade,
  But not, like me, to nourish woe.

My fruitful scenes, and prospects waste,
  Alike admonish not to roam;
These tell me of enjoyments past,
  And those of sorrows yet to come. COWPER.

FAREWELL TO LIFE.

Now spring returns—but not to me returns
  The vernal joy my better years have known;
Dim in my breast life's dying taper burns,
  And all the joys of life with health are flown:

Starting and shiv'ring in th' inconstant wind,
  Meagre and pale the ghost of what I was;
Beneath some blasted tree I lie reclin'd,
  And count the silent moments as they pass;

The winged moments, whose unstaying speed
  No art can stop, or in their course arrest;
Whose flight shall shortly count me with the dead,
  And lay me down in peace with them that rest!

Oft morning-dreams presage approaching fate,
  And morning-dreams, as poets tell, are true:
Led by pale ghosts I enter death's dark gate,
  And bid the realms of light and life adieu!

I hear the helpless wail, the shriek of woe;
  I see the muddy wave, the dreary shore,
The sluggish streams that slowly creep below,
  Which mortals visit and return no more!

Farewell ye blooming fields! ye cheerful plains!
  Enough for *me* the church-yard's lonely mound,
Where Melancholy, with still Silence reigns,
  And the rank grass waves o'er the cheerless ground!

There let me wander at the shut of eve,
  When sleep sits heavy on the labourer's eyes;
The world and all its busy follies leave,
  And talk with Wisdom where my Daphnis lies!

There let me sleep forgotten in the clay,
  When Death shall shut these weary-aching eyes;
Rest in the hopes of an—Eternal Day,
  Till the long night is gone, and the last morn arise!

BRUCE.

THE RAVEN.

A RAVEN, while with glossy breast
Her new-laid eggs she fondly press'd,
And on her wicker-work high mounted,
Her chickens prematurely counted,
(A fault philosophers might blame,
If quite exempted from the same,)
Enjoy'd at ease the genial day:
'Twas April, as the bumpkins say:
But suddenly a wind as high
As ever swept a winter sky,
Shook the young leaves about her ears,
And fill'd her with a thousand fears,
Lest the rude blast should snap the bough,
And spread her golden hopes below.

  But just at eve the blowing weather,
And all her fears were hush'd together:
"And now," quoth poor unthinking Ralph,
"'Tis over, and the brood is safe."
(For Ravens, tho' as birds of omen,
They teach both conj'rors and old women
To tell us what is to befal,
Can't prophesy themselves at all.)
The morning came, when neighbour Hodge,
Who long had mark'd his airy lodge,
And destin'd all the treasure there
A gift to his expecting fair,
Climb'd like a squirrel to his prey,
And bore the worthless prize away.

MORAL.

'Tis Providence alone secures,
In every change, both mine and yours.
Safety consists not in escape
From dangers of a frightful shape:
An earthquake may be bid to spare
The man that's strangled by a hair.

Fate steals along with silent tread,
Found oft'nest in what least we dread;
Frowns in the storm with angry brow,
But in the sunshine strikes the blow. COWPER.

TO A SNOW-DROP.

POETS still, in graceful numbers,
May the glowing roses choose;
But the Snow-drop's simple beauty
Better suits an humble Muse.

Earliest bud that decks the garden,
Fairest of the fragrant race,
First-born child of vernal Flora,
Seeking mild thy lowly place;

Tho' no warm or murmuring zephyr
Fan thy leaves with balmy wing,
Pleas'd we hail thee, spotless blossom,
Herald of the infant Spring.

Thro' the cold and cheerless season
Soft thy tender form expands,
Safe in unaspiring graces,
Foremost of the bloomy bands.

White-rob'd flower, in lonely beauty,
Rising from a wintry bed;
Chilling winds, and blasts ungenial,
Rudely threat'ning round thy head.

Silv'ry bud, thy pensile foliage
Seems the angry blasts to fear;
Yet secure, thy tender texture
Ornaments the rising year.

No warm tints, or vivid col'ring,
Paint thy bells with gaudy pride;
Mildly charm'd, we seek thy fragrance,
Where no thorns insidious hide.

'Tis not thine, with flaunting beauty
To attract the roving sight;
Nature, from her varied wardrobe,
Chose thy vest of purest white.

White, as falls the fleecy shower,
  Thy soft form in sweetness grows;
Not more fair the valley's treasure,
  Not more sweet her lily blows.

Drooping harbinger of Flora,
  Simply are thy blossoms drest;
Artless as the gentle virtues
  Mansion'd in the blameless breast.

When to pure and timid virtue
  Friendship twines a votive wreath,
O'er the fair selected garland
  Thou thy perfume soft shall breathe.

LANGHORNE.

THE MUSE; OR, POETICAL ENTHUSIASM.

THE Muse! whate'er the Muse inspires,
My soul the tuneful strain admires.
The Poet's birth I ask not where,
His place, his name, they're not my care.
Nor Greece, nor Rome, delight me more
Than Tagus' bank, or Thames's shore.
From silver Avon's flowery side,
Tho' Shakspeare's numbers sweetly glide,
As sweet from Morven's desert hills
My ear the voice of Ossian fills.

The Muse! whate'er the Muse inspires,
My soul the tuneful strain admires.
Nor bigot zeal, nor party rage,
Prevail, to make me blame the page.
I scorn not all that Dryden sings,
Because he flatters Courts and Kings;
And from the master-lyre of Gray
When pomp of music breaks away,
Not less the sound my notice draws,
For that is heard in Freedom's cause.

The Muse! whate'er the Muse inspires,
My soul the tuneful strain admires.
Where Wealth's bright sun propitious shines,
No added lustre marks the lines;
Where Want extends her chilling shades,
No pleasing flower of fancy fades

A scribbling Peer's applauding lays
Might claim, but claim in vain, my praise,
From that poor youth, whose tales relate
Sad Juga's fears, and Bawdin's fate.

The Muse! whate'er the Muse inspires,
My soul the tuneful strain admires.
When Fame her wreaths well-earn'd bestows,
My breast no latent envy knows;
My Langhorne's verse I love to hear,
And Beattie's song delights my ear;
And his whom Athens' tragic maid
Now leads thro' Scarning's lonely glade;
While he for British nymphs bids flow
Her notes of terror and of woe.

The Muse; whate'er the Muse inspires,
My soul the tuneful strain admires:
Or be the verse, or blank, or rhyme,
The theme, or humbler, or sublime;
If Pastoral's hand my journey leads
Thro' harvest-fields, or new-mown meads;
If Epic's voice sonorous calls
To Œta's cliffs, or Salem's walls;
Enough—the Muse, the Muse inspires!
My soul the tuneful strain admires.

SCOTT.

THE ONEYDA'S DESCANT.

And I could weep (th' Oneyda chief,
His descant wildly thus begun),
But that I may not stain with grief
The death song of my father's son!
Or bow this head in woe;
For, by my wrongs, and by my wrath!
To-morrow Areouski's breath
(That fires yon heav'n with storms of death)
Shall light us to the foe:
And we shall share, my Christian boy!
The foe-man's blood, th' avenger's joy!

But thee, my flow'r, whose breath was giv'n
By milder Genii o'er the deep,
The spirits of the white man's heav'n
Forbid not thee to weep;

Nor will the Christian host;
Nor will thy father's spirit grieve
To see thee on the battle eve,
Lamenting, take a mournful leave
Of her who lov'd thee most:
She was the rainbow to thy sight,
Thy sun, thy heaven of lost delight.

To-morrow, let us do or die!
But, when the bolt of Death is hurl'd,
Oh! whither then with thee to fly
Shall Outalissi roam the world?
Seek we thy once lov'd home?
The hand is gone that cropt its flow'rs!
Unheard their clock repeats its hours!
Cold is the hearth within their bow'rs!
And should we thither roam,
Its echoes, and its empty tread,
Would sound like voices from the dead!

Or shall we cross yon mountains blue,
Whose streams my kindred nation quaff'd,
And by my side, in battle true,
A thousand warriors drew the shaft?
Ah! there, in desolation cold,
The desert serpent dwells alone,
Where grass o'ergrows each mould'ring bone,
And stones themselves to ruin grown,
Like me, are deathlike old.
Then seek we not their camp—for there
The silence dwells of my despair.

But hark, the trump! to-morrow thou
In glory's fires shalt dry thy tears:
Even from the land of shadows now
My father's awful ghost appears,
Amidst the clouds that round us roll;
He bids my soul for battle thirst,
He bids me dry the last—the first—
The only tears that ever burst
From Outalissi's soul;
Because I may not stain with grief
The death-song of an Indian chief.

CAMPBELL.

CHILDHOOD.

CHILDHOOD, happiest stage of life!
Free from care, and free from strife;
Free from Memory's ruthless reign,
Fraught with scenes of former pain;
Free from Fancy's cruel skill,
Fabricating future ill:
Time, when all that meets the view,
All can charm for all is new,
How thy long-lost hours I mourn,
Never, never to return!

Then to toss the circling ball,
Caught rebounding from the wall;
Then the mimic ship to guide
Down the kennel's dirty tide;
Then the hoop's revolving pace
Through the dirty street to chase:
O what joy!—it once was mine,
Childhood, matchless boon of thine!
How thy long-lost hours I mourn,
Never, never to return! SCOTT.

THE CURATE.

O'ER the pale embers of a dying fire,
His little lampe fed with but little oile,
The Curate sate (for scantie was his hire),
And ruminated sad the morrowe's toil.

'Twas Sunday's eve, meet season to prepare
The stated lectures of the coming tyde;
No day of rest to him, but day of care,
At manie a church to preach with tedious ride.

Before him sprede his various sermons lay,
Of explanation deepe, and sage advice;
The harvest gain'd from manie a thoughtful daye,
The fruit of learninge, bought with heavy price.

On these he cast a fond, but tearful eye,
Awhile he paus'd, for sorrowe stopp'd his throte;
Arrous'd at lengthe, he heav'd a bitter sighe,
And thus complainde, as well indeed he mote:

" Hard is the scholar's lot, condemn'd to sail
" Unpatroniz'd o'er Life's tempestuous wave;
" Clouds blind his sight, nor blows a friendly gale,
" To waft him to one port—except the grave.

" Big with presumptive hope, I launch'd my keele,
" With youthful ardour, and bright science fraughte;
" Unanxious of the pains long doom'd to feel,
" Unthinking that the voyage might end in noughte.

" Pleas'd, on the summer sea I daunc'd awhile,
" With gay companions, and with views as fair;
" Outstripp'd by these, I'm left to humble toil,
" My fondest hope abandon'd in despair.

" Had my ambitious mind been led to rise
" To highest flights, to crossier and to pall,
" Scarce could I mourn the missinge of the prize,
" For soaring wishes well deserve their fall.

" No tow'ring thoughts like these engag'd my breast,
" I hop'd (nor blame, ye proud, the lowly plan)
" Some little cove, some parsonage of rest,
" The scheme of duty suited to the man.

" Where, in my narrow sphere secure, at ease,
" From vile dependence free, I might remain;
" The guide to good, the counsellor of peace,
" The friend, the shepherd, of the village swain.

" Yet cruel Fate denied the small request,
" And bound me fast, in one ill-omen'd hour,
" Beyond the chance of remedie, to reste
" The slave of wealthie pride and priestlie pow'r.

" Oft, as in russet weeds I scour along,
" In distant chappels hastilie to pray;
" By nod scarce notic'd of the passinge thronge;
" 'Tis but the Curate, every childe will say.

" Nor circumscrib'd in dignitie alone,
" Do I my rich superior's vassal ride;
" Sad penurie, as was in cottage known,
" With all its frowns, does o'er my roof preside.

"Ah! not for me the harvest yields its store,
"The bough-crown'd shock in vain attracts mine eye;
"To labour doom'd, and destin'd to be poor,
"I pass the field, I hope not envious, by.

"When at the altar, surplice-clad, I stand,
"The bridegroom's joy draws forth the golden fee;
"The gift I take, but dare not close my hand;
"The splendid present centres not in me."

PENROSE.

ON A SHADOW.

HOW are deluded human kind
By empty shows betray'd!
In all their hopes and schemes they find
A nothing, or a shade.

The prospects of a truncheon cast
A soldier on the wars;
Dismiss'd with shatter'd limbs at last,
Brats, poverty, and scars.

The fond philosophers for gain
Will leave unturn'd no stone;
But tho' they toil with endless pain,
They never find their own.

By the same rock the chemists drown,
And find no friendly hold;
But melt their ready specie down,
In hopes of fancy'd gold.

What is the mad projector's care,
In hopes elate and swelling?
He builds his castles in the air;
Yet wants a house to dwell in.

At court the poor dependants fail,
And damn their fruitless toil,
When complimented thence to jail,
And ruin'd with a smile.

How too philosophers will sound
So strange a truth display'd?
"There's not a substance to be found;
"But every where a shade."

PITT.

HUMAN FRAILTY.

WEAK and irresolute is man;
The purpose of to-day,
Woven with pains into his plan,
To-morrow rends away.

The bow well bent, and smart the spring;
Vice seems already slain!
But passion rudely snaps the string,
And it revives again.

Some foe to his upright intent
Finds out his weaker part,
Virtue engages his assent,
But Pleasure wins his heart.

'Tis here the folly of the wise,
Thro' all his heart we view;
And while his tongue the charge denies,
His conscience owns it true.

Bound on a voyage of awful length,
And dangers little known,
A stranger to superior strength,
Man vainly trusts his own.

But oars alone can ne'er prevail
To reach the distant coast;
The breath of Heav'n must swell the sail,
Or all the toil is lost. COWPER.

THE DEBTOR.

CHILDREN of affluence, hear a poor man's pray'r.
O haste, and free me from this dungeon's gloom!
Let not the hand of comfortless Despair
Sink my gray hairs with sorrow to the tomb!

Unus'd Compassion's tribute to demand,
With clamorous din wake Charity's dull ear,
Wring the slow aid from Pity's loit'ring hand,
Weave the feign'd tale, or drop the ready tear.

Far different thoughts employ'd my early hours,
To views of bliss, to scenes of affluence born;
The hand of Pleasure strew'd my path with flow'rs
And ev'ry blessing hail'd my youthful morn.

But, ah! how quick the change: the morning gleam,
  That cheer'd my fancy with her magic ray,
Fled like the gairish pageant of a dream,
  And sorrow clos'd the evening of my day.

Such is the lot of human bliss below!
  Fond Hope awhile the trembling flow'ret rears;
Till unforeseen descends the blight of Woe,
  And withers in an hour the pride of years.

In evil hour, to specious wiles a prey,
  I trusted; (who from fault is ever free?)
And the short progress of one fatal day,
  Was all the space 'twixt wealth and poverty.

Where could I seek for comfort, or for aid?
  To whom the ruins of my state commend?
Left to myself, abandon'd, and betray'd,
  Too late I found, the wretched have no friend!

E'en he, amid the rest, the favour'd youth,
  Whose vows had met the tenderest warm return,
Forgot his oaths of constancy and truth,
  And left my child in solitude to mourn,

Pity in vain stretch'd forth her feeble hand
  To guard the sacred wreath that Hymen wove;
While pale-ey'd Avarice, from his sordid stand,
  Scowl'd o'er the ruins of neglected love.

Tho' deeply hurt, yet sway'd by decent pride
  She hush'd her sorrows with becoming art;
And faintly strove, with sickly smiles to hide
  The canker-worm that prey'd upon her heart.

Nor blam'd his cruelty, nor wish'd to hate
  Whom once she lov'd, but pitied, and forgave!
Then, unrepining, yielded to her fate,
  And sunk in silent anguish to the grave.

Children of affluence, hear a poor man's pray'r!
  O haste and free me from this dungeon's gloom!
Let not the hand of comfortless Despair
  Sink my gray hairs with sorrow to the tomb.

MORE.

THE PATRIOT AND WARRIOR.

LET laurels, drench'd in pure Parnassian dews,
Reward his memory dear to every muse,

Who, with a courage of unshaken root,
In honour's field advancing his firm foot,
Plants it upon the line that justice draws,
And will prevail or perish in her cause!
'Tis to the virtues of such men man owes
His portion in the good that heav'n bestows:
And when recording history displays
Feats of renown, tho' wrought in ancient days;
Tells of a few stout hearts that fought and died,
Where duty plac'd them at their country's side;
The man who is not mov'd with what he reads,
That takes not fire at their heroic deeds,
Unworthy of the blessings of the brave,
Is base in kind, and born to be a slave!
But let eternal infamy pursue
The wretch to nought but his ambition true;
Who, for the sake of filling with one blast
The post-horns of all Europe, lays her waste!
Think yourself station'd on a tow'ring rock,
To see a people scatter'd like a flock;
Some bloody mastiff panting at their heels,
With all the savage thirst a tiger feels;
Then view him self-proclaim'd in a Gazette,
Chief monster that has plagu'd the nations yet!
The globe and sceptre in such hands misplac'd,
Those ensigns of dominion how disgrac'd!
The glass that bids man mark the fleeting hour,
And death's own scythe would better speak his power;
Then grace the bony phantom in their stead,
With the gay shoulder-knot and gay cockade;
Clothe the twin-brethren in each other's dress,
The same—their occupation and success! COWPER.

THE BEE-FLOWER.

COME, let us leave this painted plain,
  This waste of flowers that palls the eye;
The walks of Nature's wilder reign
  Shall please in plainer majesty.

Thro' those fair scenes, where yet she owes
  Superior charms to Brockman's art;
Where, crown'd with elegant repose,
  He cherishes the social heart.

Thro' those fair scenes we'll wander wild,
And on yon pasture-mountains rest;
Come, brother dear! come, Nature's child!
With all her simple virtues blest.

The sun, far seen on distant towers,
And clouding groves, and peopled seas;
And ruins pale of princely bowers,
On Beachborough's airy heights shall please.

Nor lifeless there the lonely scene;
The little labourer of the hive,
From flower to flower, from green to green,
Murmurs, and makes the wild alive.

See, on that flow'ret's velvet breast,
How close the busy vagrant lies!
His thin-wrought plume, his downy breast,
Th' ambrosial gold that swells his thighs.

Regardless, whilst we wander near,
Thrifty of time, his task he plies;
Or sees he no intruder near,
And rests in sleep his weary eyes.

Perhaps his fragrant load may bind
His limbs;—we'll set the captive free.
I sought the living Bee to find,
And found the picture of a Bee.

Attentive to our trifling selves,
From thence we plan the rule of all;
Thus Nature with the fabled elves
We rank, and these her *sports* we call.

Be far, my friends, from you, from me,
Th' unhallow'd term, the thought profane,
That *Life's majestic source* may be
In idle Fancy's trifling vein.

Remember still, 'tis Nature's plan,
Religion in your love to find;
And know, for this, she first in man
Inspir'd the imitative mind.

As conscious that affection grows,
Pleas'd with the pencil's mimic power;
That power with leading hand she shows,
And paints a Bee upon a flower.

Mark, how that rooted mandrake wears
His human feet, his human hands!
Oft, as his shapely form he rears,
Aghast the frighted plowman stands.

See where, in yonder orient stone,
She seems e'en with herself at strife;
While fairer from her hand is shown
The pictur'd, than the native life.

Helvetia's rocks, Sabrina's waves,
Still many a shining pebble bear;
Where oft her studious hand engraves
The perfect form, and leaves it there.

LANGHORNE.

THE ATHEIST AND THE ACORN.

METHINKS the world seems oddly made,
And every thing amiss;
A dull complaining Atheist said,
As stretch'd he lay beneath the shade,
And instanced in this:

"Behold," quoth he, "that mighty thing,
"A Pumpkin, large and round,
"Is held but by a little string,
"Which upwards cannot make it spring,
"Nor bear it from the ground.

"While on this oak an Acorn small,
"So disproportion'd grows,
"That whosoe'er surveys this all,
"This universal casual ball,
"Its ill-contrivance knows.

"My better judgment would have hung
"The Pumpkin on the tree,
"And left the Acorn slightly strung,
"'Mong things that on the surface sprung,
"And weak and feeble be."

No more the caviller could say,
No further faults descry;
For upwards gazing as he lay,
An Acorn loosen'd from its spray,
Fell down upon his eye.

The wounded part with tears ran o'er;
As punish'd for the sin:
Fool! had that bough a Pumpkin bore,
Thy whimsies would have work'd no more,
Nor scull have kept them in. WATTS.

THE MORALIST.

HARK! the hollow-moaning Wind
Sweeps along the midnight air,
Sullen as the guilty mind;
Hidden source of dark DESPAIR.

See the death-wing'd Lightning fly!
Desolation marks its way;
Fatal as the VENGEFUL eye,
Fixing on its destin'd prey.

Dreadful Thunders threat'ning roll,
Viewless, 'midst the turbid clouds!
So the fierce relentless soul
HATE's empoison'd arrows shrouds.

See the billowy Ocean's breast,
Sway'd by ev'ry wav'ring wind;
Rises, foams, and sinks to rest,
FICKLE as the human mind!

Sweetly blooms the Rose of May,
Glitt'ring with the tears of Morn;
So insidious smiles betray,
While they hide the TREACH'ROUS thorn.

Mark gay Summer's glowing prime,
Shadow'd by the twilight gloom;
So the ruthless wing of TIME
Bends the fairest to the tomb.

MORALIST! where'er you move
O'er vast Nature's varying plan;
Ev'ry changing scene shall prove
A SAD EPITOME OF MAN! MRS. ROBINSON.

THERON; OR, THE PRAISE OF RURAL LIFE.

FAIR Spring o'er Nature held her gentlest sway,
Fair Morn diffus'd around her brightest ray;

Thin mists hung hovering on the distant trees,
Or roll'd from off the fields before the breeze.
The shepherd Theron watch'd his fleecy train,
Beneath a broad oak, on the grassy plain:
A heath's green wild lay pleasant to his view,
With shrubs and field-flowers deck'd of varied hue:
There hawthorns tall their silver bloom disclos'd,
Here flexile broom's bright yellow interpos'd;
There purple orchis, here pale daisies spread,
And sweet May lilies richest odours shed.
From many a copse and blossom'd orchard near,
The voice of birds melodious charm'd the ear;
There shrill the lark, and soft the linnet sung,
And loud through air the throstle's music rung.
The gentle swain the cheerful scene admir'd;
The cheerful scene the song of joy inspir'd.
" Chant on!" he cried, " ye warblers on the spray!
" Bleat on, ye flocks, that in the pastures play!
" Low on, he herds, that range the dewy vales!
" Murmur, ye rills, and whisper soft ye gales!
" How blest my lot, in these sweet fields assign'd,
" Where peace and leisure soothe the tuneful mind;
" Where yet some pleasing vestiges remain
" Of unperverted Nature's golden reign,
" When Love and Virtue rang'd Arcadian shades,
" With undesigning youths and artless maids!
" For us, tho' destin'd to a later time,
" A less luxuriant soil, less genial clime;
" For as the country boasts enough to charm,
" In the wild woodland or the cultur'd farm.
" Come, Cynthia, come! in town no longer stay;
" From crowds, and noise, and folly, haste away!
" The fields, the meads, the trees, are all in bloom,
" The vernal showers awake a rife perfume,
" Where Damon's mansion, by the glassy stream,
" Rears its white walls that thro' green willows gleam,
" Annual the neighbours hold their shearing-day,
" And blithe youths come, and nymphs in neat array;
" Those shear the sheep, upon the smooth turf laid,
" In the broad plane's, or trembling poplar's shade:
" These for their friends th' unexpected feast provide,
" Beneath cool bowers along th' enclosure's side.
" To view the toil, the glad repast to share,
" Thy Delia, my Melania, shall be there;

"Each, kind and faithful to her faithful swain,
"Loves the calm pleasure of the pastoral plain.
"Come, Cynthia, come! If towns and crowds invite,
"And noise and folly promise high delight,
"Soon the tir'd soul disgusted turns from these—
'The rural prospect, only, long can please." SCOTT.

INSCRIPTION IN A HERMITAGE.

BENEATH this stony roof reclin'd,
I soothe to peace my pensive mind:
And while, to shade my lowly cave,
Embow'ring elms their umbrage wave;
And while the maple dish is mine,
The beechen cup unstain'd with wine;
I scorn the gay licentious crowd,
Nor heed the toys that deck the proud.

Within my limits lone and still,
The blackbird pipes in artless trill;
Fast by my couch, congenial guest,
The wren has wove her mossy nest;
From busy scenes, and brighter skies,
To lurk with Innocence, she flies;
Here hopes in safe repose to dwell,
Nor aught suspects the sylvan cell.

At morn I take my custom'd round,
To mark how buds yon shrubby mound:
And every opening primrose count,
That trimly paints my blooming mount;
Or o'er the sculptures, quaint and rude,
That grace my gloomy solitude,
I teach, in winding wreaths, to stray
Fantastic ivy's gadding spray.

At eve, within yon studious nook,
I ope my brass-embossed book,
Pourtray'd with many a holy deed
Of martyrs, crown'd with heavenly meed;
Then, if my taper waxes dim,
Chant, ere I sleep, my measur'd hymn:
And, at the close, the gleams behold
Of parting wings bedropt with gold.

While such pure joys my bliss create,
Who but would smile at guilty state?
Who but would wish his holy lot
In calm Oblivion's humble grot?
Who but would cast his pomp away,
To take my staff, and amice gray;
And to the world's tumultuous stage
Prefer the blameless hermitage? WARTON.

REMEMBRANCES.

ALAS! the hospitable hall,
Where youth and friendship play'd,
Wide to the winds a ruin'd wall,
Projects a death-like shade!
The charm is vanish'd from the vales,
No voice with virgin-whisper hails
A stranger to his native bow'rs;
No more Arcadian mountains bloom,
Nor Enna valleys breathe perfume,
The fancied Eden fades with all its flowers!

Companions of the youthful scene,
Endear'd from earliest days!
With whom I sported on the green,
Or rov'd the woodland maze!
Long exil'd from your native clime,
Or by the thunderstroke of Time,
Snatch'd to the shadows of despair;
I hear your voices in the wind,
Your forms in every walk I find,
I stretch my arms: ye vanish into air!

My steps, when innocent and young,
These fairy paths pursu'd;
And, wand'ring o'er the wild, I sung
My fancies to the wood.
I mourn'd the linnet-lover's fate,
Or turtle, from her murder'd mate,
Condemn'd the widow'd hours to wail:
Or while the mournful vision rose,
I sought to weep for imag'd woes,
Nor real life believ'd a tragic tale! LOGAN

THE PLEASANT EVENING.

DELIGHTFUL looks this clear, calm sky,
With Cynthia's orb on high!
Delightful looks this smooth-grain ground,
With shadows cast from cots around;
  Quick-twinkling lustre decks the tide;
And cheerful radiance gently falls
On that white town, and castle walls,
  That crown the spacious river's further side.

And now, along the echoing hills,
The night-bird's strain melodious trills;
And now, the echoing dale along,
Soft flows the shepherd's tuneful song;
  And now, wide o'er the water borne,
And cities, mingled murmur swells,
And lively change of distant bells,
  And varied warbling of the deep-ton'd horn.

Their influence calms the soften'd soul,
And passions feel their strong controul;
While Fancy's eye, where'er it strays,
A scene of happiness surveys;
  Through all the various walks of life
No natural ill or moral sees,
No famine fell, nor dire disease,
  Nor War's infernal unrelenting strife.

For these, behold a heavenly band,
Their white wings waving o'er the land!
Sweet Innocence, a cherub fair,
And Peace, and Joy, a sister-pair;
  And Kindness mild, their kindred grace,
Whose brow serene complacence wears,
Whose hand her liberal bounty bears
  O'er the vast range of animated space!

Blest vision! O for ever stay!
O far be Guilt and Pain away!
And yet, perhaps, with Him, whose view
Looks at one glance creation through,
  To general good our partial ill
Seems but a sand upon the plain,
Seems but a drop amid the main,
  And some wise unknown purpose may fulfil.

SCOTT.

THE TEMPESTUOUS EVENING.

THERE'S grandeur in the sounding storm,
That drives the hurrying clouds along,
That on each other seem to throng,
And mix in many a varied form;
While, bursting now and then between,
The moon's dim misty orb is seen,
And casts faint glimpses on the green.

Beneath the blast the forests bend,
And thick the branchy ruin lies,
And wide the shower of foliage flies;
The lake's black waves in tumult blend;
Revolving o'er, and o'er, and o'er,
And foaming on the rocky shore,
Whose caverns echo to their roar.

The sight sublime enrapts my thought,
And swift along the past it strays,
And much of strange event surveys,
What History's faithful tongue has taught;
Or Fancy form'd, whose plastic skill
The page with fabled change can fill,
Of ill to good, or good to ill.

But can my soul the scene enjoy,
That rends another's breast with pain?
O hapless he, who, near the main,
Now sees its billowy rage destroy!
Beholds the foundering bark descend,
Nor knows but what its fate may end
The moments of his dearest friend.

SCOTT.

MAN MADE TO MOURN.

A FEW seem favourites of state,
In pleasure's lap carest,
Yet think not all the rich and great,
Are likewise truly blest;
But oh! what crowds in ev'ry land
Are wretched and forlorn;
Thro' weary life this lesson learn,
That man was made to mourn!

Many and sharp the num'rous ills
 Inwoven with our frame;
More pointed still we make ourselves
 Regret—remorse and shame.
And Man, whose heav'n-erected face
 The smiles of love adorn:
Man's inhumanity to man,
 Makes countless thousands mourn!

See yonder poor o'er-labour'd wight,
 So abject, mean, and vile,
Who begs a brother of the earth
 To give him leave to toil;
And see his lordly fellow-worm
 The poor petition spurn,
Unmindful, tho' a weeping wife
 And helpless offspring mourn!

If I'm design'd yon lordling's slave
 By nature's law design'd,
Why was an independent wish
 E'er planted in my mind?
If not—why am I subject to
 His cruelty or scorn?
Or why has man the will or pow'r
 To make his fellow mourn?

Yet let not this too much, my son,
 Disturb thy youthful breast;
This partial view of human kind
 Is surely not the last:
The poor oppressed honest man
 Had never sure been born,
Had there not been some recompence
 To comfort those that mourn!

O Death! the poor man's dearest friend,
 The kindest and the best:
Welcome the hour my aged limbs
 Are laid with thee at rest!
The great and wealthy fear thy blow,
 From pomp and pleasure torn;
But oh! a blest relief to those
 That weary-laden mourn! BURNS.

THE MESSIAH.

YE Nymphs of Solyma! begin the song,
To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong.
The mossy fountains, and the sylvan shades,
The dreams of Pindus, and th' Aonian maids,
Delight no more.—O Thou my voice inspire,
Who touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd lips with fire!

Rapt into future times the Bard begun:
A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a son!
From Jesse's root behold a branch arise,
Whose sacred flow'r with fragrance fills the skies;
Th' ethereal Spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
And on its top descends the mystic dove.
Ye heavens! from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in soft silence shed the kindly show'r!
The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,
From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.
All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail,
Returning Justice lift aloft her scale;
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-rob'd Innocence from heaven descend.
Swift fly the years, and rise th' expected morn!
Oh, spring to light, auspicious Babe! be born.
See Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
With all the incense of the breathing spring:
See lofty Lebanon his head advance,
See nodding forests on the mountains dance:
See spicy clouds from lowly Sharon rise,
And Carmel's flow'ry top perfumes the skies!

Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers;
Prepare the way! a God, a God appears!
A God, a God! the vocal hills reply,
The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.
Lo, earth receives him from the bending skies!
Sink down, ye mountains! and ye valleys rise!
With heads declin'd, ye cedars, homage pay;
Be smooth, ye rocks! ye rapid floods, give way!
The Saviour comes! by ancient Bards foretold:
Hear him, ye deaf! and all ye blind, behold!
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day:

'Tis he th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
And bid new music charm th' unfolding ear:
The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear,
From ev'ry face he wipes off ev'ry tear.
In adamantine chains shall Death be bound,
And hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.
As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freshest pasture, and the purest air,
Explores the lost, the wandering sheep directs,
By day o'ersees them, and by night protects;
The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms;
Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,
The promis'd father of the future age.
No more shall nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes:
Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad faulchion in a ploughshare end:
Then palaces shall rise; the joyful son
Shall finish what his short-liv'd sire begun;
Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
And the same hand that sow'd, shall reap the field.
The swain in barren deserts, with surprise,
Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise;
And starts amidst the thirsty wilds to hear
New falls of water murm'ring in his ear.
On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods;
Waste sandy valleys, once perplex'd with thorn,
The spiry fir and stately box adorn;
To leafless shrubs the flow'ring palms succeed,
And od'rous myrtle to the noisome weed;
The lambs with wolves shall grace the verdant mead
And boys in flow'ry bands the tiger lead.
The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
The smiling infant in his hand shall take
The crested basilisk, and speckled snake;
Pleas'd, the green lustre of their scales survey,
And with their forky tongues shall innocently play.

Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise!
Exalt thy tow'ry head, and lift thy eyes;
See a long race thy spacious courts adorn;
See future sons, and daughters, yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on ev'ry side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies!
See barb'rous nations at thy gate attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temples bend;
See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,
And heap'd with products of Sabæan springs!
For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
See Heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day.
No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,
Nor ev'ning Cynthia fill her silver horn;
But lost, dissolv'd in thy superior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze,
O'erflow thy courts: the Light himself shall shine
Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine!
The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away:
But fix'd his word, his saving power remains;
Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns!

POPE.

THE NEGRO'S COMPLAINT.

FORC'D from home and all its pleasures,
  Afric's coast I left forlorn;
To increase a stranger's treasures,
  O'er the raging billows borne.
Men from England bought and sold me,
  Paid my price in paltry gold;
But, though their's they have enroll'd me,
  Minds are never to be sold.

Still in thought as free as ever,
  What are England's rights, I ask,
Me from my delights to sever,
  Me to torture, me to task?
Fleecy locks and black complexion
  Cannot forfeit Nature's claim;
Skins may differ, but affection
  Dwells in white and black the same

Why did all-creating Nature,
  Make the plant for which we toil?
Sighs must fan it, tears must water,
  Sweat of ours must dress the soil.
Think, ye masters, iron-hearted,
  Lolling at your jovial boards;
Think how many backs have smarted
  For the sweets your cane affords,

Is there, as ye sometimes tell us,
  Is there ONE, who reigns on high?
Has he bid you buy and sell us,
  Speaking from his throne, the sky?
Ask him, if your knotted scourges,
  Matches, blood-extorting screws,
Are the means which duty urges,
  Agents of his will to use?

Hark! he answers—Wild tornadoes,
  Strewing yonder sea with wrecks;
Wasting towns, plantations, meadows,
  Are the voice with which he speaks.
He, foreseeing what vexations
  Afric's sons should undergo,
Fix'd their tyrants' habitations
  Where his whirlwinds answer—No.

By our blood in Afric wasted,
  Ere our necks receiv'd the chain;
By the miseries we have tasted,
  Crossing in your barks the main:
By our sufferings, since ye brought us
  To the man-degrading mart;
All sustain'd by patience, taught us
  Only by a broken heart!

Deem our nation brutes no longer,
  Till some reason ye shall find,
Worthier of regard, and stronger,
  Than the colour of our kind.
Slaves of gold, whose sordid dealings
  Tarnish all your boasted powers,
Prove that you have human feelings,
  Ere you proudly question ours! COWPER.

MONODY.——SUNG BY A REDBREAST.

THE gentle pair that in these lonely shades,
Wandering at eve or morn, I oft have seen,
Now all in vain I seek at eve or morn,
With drooping wing, forlorn
Along the grove, along the daisied green:
For them I've warbled many a Summer's day,
Till the light dews impearled all the plain,
And the glad shepherd shut his nightly fold;
Stories of love, and high adventures old,
Were the dear subjects of my tuneful strain.
Ah! where is now the hope of all my lay?
Now they, perchance, that heard them all are dead,
With them the meed of melody is fled,
And fled with them the listening ear of praise.
Vainly I dreamt, that when the win'try sky
Scatter'd the white flood on the wasted plain,
When not one berry, not one leaf was nigh,
To soothe keen hunger's pain,
Vainly I dreamt my songs might not be vain.
That oft within the hospitable hall
Some scatter'd fragments haply I might find,
Some friendly crumb, perchance, for me design'd,
When seen despairing on the neighbouring wall.
Deluded bird! those hopes are now no more!
Dull Time has blasted the despairing year,
And Winter frowns severe,
Wrapping his wan limbs in his mantle hoar,
Yet not within the hospitable hall
The cheerful sound of human voice I hear;
No piteous eye is near
To see me drooping on the lonely wall. LANGHORNE.

EDWIN AND ANGELINA.

"TURN, gentle Hermit of the dale,
"And guide my lonely way,
"To where yon taper cheers the vale
"With hospitable ray.

"For here forlorn and lost I tread,
"With fainting steps and slow;
"Where wilds immeasurably spread
"Seem lengthening as I go."

" Forbear, my son," the Hermit cries,
" To tempt the dangerous gloom;
" For yonder phantom only flies
" To lure thee to thy doom.

" Here, to the houseless child of want
" My door is open still:
" And though my portion is but scant,
" I give it with good will.

" Then turn to-night, and freely share
" Whate'er my cell bestows;
" My rushy couch and frugal fare,
" My blessing and repose.

" No flocks, that range the valley free,
" To slaughter I condemn;
" Taught by that power that pities me,
" I learn to pity them.

" But from the mountain's grassy side
" A guiltless feast I bring;
" A scrip, with herbs and fruits supply'd,
" And water from the spring.

" Then, Pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego;
" All earth-born cares are wrong:
" Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."

Soft as the dew from Heav'n descends,
His gentle accents fell;
The modest stranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderness obscure,
The lonely mansion lay;
A refuge to the neighbouring poor,
And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch
Requir'd a master's care;
The wicket, opening with a latch,
Receiv'd the harmless pair.

And now, when busy crowds retire,
To take their evening rest,
The Hermit trimm'd his little fire,
And cheer'd his pensive guest:

And spread his vegetable store,
  And gaily press'd and smil'd;
And, skill'd in legendary lore,
  The lingering hours beguil'd.

Around, in sympathetic mirth,
  Its tricks the kitten tries;
The cricket chirrups in the hearth,
  The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart,
  To soothe the stranger's woe;
For grief was heavy at his heart,
  And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the Hermit spy'd,
  With answering care opprest:
" And whence, unhappy youth," he cry'd,
  " The sorrows of thy breast?

" From better habitations spurn'd,
  " Reluctant dost thou rove?
" Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,
  " Or unregarded love?

" Alas! the joys that fortune brings
  " Are trifling and decay;
" And those who prize the paltry things
  " More trifling still than they.

" And what is friendship but a name?
  " A charm that lulls to sleep!
" A shade that follows wealth or fame,
  " And leaves the wretch to weep!

" And love is still an emptier sound,
  " The modern fair-one's jest;
" On earth unseen, or only found
  " To warm the turtle's nest.

" For shame, fond youth, thy sorrow's hush,
  " And spurn the sex," he said:
But while he spoke, a rising blush
  His love-lorn guest betray'd.

Surpris'd, he sees new beauties rise,
  Swift mantling to the view,
Like colours o'er the morning skies,
  As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,
  Alternate spread alarms;
The lovely stranger stands confest
  A maid in all her charms.

"And ah! forgive a stranger rude,
  "A wretch forlorn," she cry'd,
"Whose feet unhallow'd thus intrude,
  "Where heaven and you reside.

"But let a maid thy pity share,
  "Whom love has taught to stray;
"Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
  "Companion of her way.

"My father liv'd beside the Tyne,
  "A wealthy lord was he;
"And all his wealth was mark'd as mine;
  "He had but only me.

"To win me from his tender arms,
  "Unnumber'd suitors came;
"Who prais'd me for imputed charms,
  "And felt, or feign'd, a flame.

"Each hour a mercenary crowd
  "With richest proffers strove;
"Amongst the rest young Edwin bow'd,
  "But never talk'd of love.

"In humblest, simplest, habit clad,
  "No wealth nor power had he;
"Wisdom and worth were all he had;
  "But these were all to me.

"The blossom opening to the day,
  "The dews of Heaven refin'd,
"Could nought of purity display,
  "To emulate his mind.

"The dew, the blossoms of the tree,
  "With charms inconstant shine;
"Their charms were his; but, woe to me,
  "Their constancy was mine.

"For still I try'd each fickle art,
  "Importunate and vain;
"And while his passion touch'd my heart,
  "I triumph'd in his pain.

" Till quite dejected with my scorn,
" He left me to my pride;
" And sought a solitude forlorn,
" In secret, where he died!

" But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
" And well my life shall pay:
" I'll seek the solitude he sought,
" And stretch me where he lay.

" And there, forlorn, despairing, hid,
" I'll lay me down and die:
" 'Twas so for me that Edwin did,
" And so for him will I."

" Forbid it, Heaven!" the Hermit cry'd,
And clasp'd her to his breast:
The wondering fair-one turn'd to chide:
'Twas Edwin's self that prest!

" Turn, Angelina, ever dear,
" My charmer, turn to see,
" Thy own, thy long-lost, Edwin here,
" Restor'd to love and thee.

" Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
" And ev'ry care resign;
" And shall we never, never part,
" My life—my all that's mine?

" No, never from this hour to part,
" We'll live and love so true;
" The sigh that rends thy constant heart,
" Shall break thy Edwin's too." GOLDSMITH.

MENTAL IMPROVEMENT.

..............................The time was once
When Love and Happiness went hand in hand;
In that blest era of the infant world,
Ere man had learnt to bow the knee to man.
Was there a youth whom warm affection fill'd,
He spake his honest heart: the earliest fruits
His toil produc'd. the sweetest flowers that deck'd
The sunny bank, he gather'd for the maid;
Nor she disdain'd the gift; for Vice not yet
Had burst the dungeons of her hell, and rear'd

Those artificial bounds that divide
Man from his species—State of blessedness!
Till that ill-omen'd hour when Cain's stern son
Delv'd into the bowels of the earth for gold—
Accursed bane of virtue! of such force
As poets feign dwelt in the gorgon locks,
Which, whoso saw, felt instant the life-blood
Cold curdle in his veins: the creeping flesh
Grew stiff with horror, and the heart forgot
To beat. Accursed hour! for man no more
To Justice paid his homage, but forsook
Her altars, and bow'd down before the shrine
Of Wealth and Power, the idols he had made!
Then Hell enlarg'd herself—her gates flew wide—
Her legion fiends rush'd forth! Oppression came,
Whose frown is desolation, and whose breath
Blasts like a pestilence: and Poverty,
A meagre monster, who, with with'ring touch
Makes barren all the better part of man—
Mother of Miseries!—then the goodly Earth
Which God had fram'd for happier purposes, became
One theatre of woe; and all that God
Had given to bless freemen, these tyrant fiends
His bitterest curses made! Yet for the best
Hath he ordain'd all things—the All-Wise!
For by experience rous'd shall Man at length
Dash down his Moloch-gods Samson-like,
And burst his fetters—only strong whilst strong
Believ'd—then in the bottomless abyss
Oppression shall be chain'd and Poverty
Die, and with her—her brood of miseries;
And Virtue and Equality preserve
The reign of Love, and Earth shall once again
Be Paradise, whilst Wisdom shall secure
The state of bliss which Ignorance betrayed!

SOUTHEY.

ODE TO WISDOM.

THE solitary bird of night
Thro' the pale shades now wings his flight,
And quits the time-shook tow'r;
Where, shelter'd from the blaze of day,
In philosophic gloom he lay,
Beneath his ivy bow'r.

With joy I hear the solemn sound,
Which midnight echoes waft around,
And sighing gales repeat:
Fav'rite of Pallas! I attend,
And, faithful to thy summons, bend
At Wisdom's awful seat.

She loves the cool, the silent eve,
Where no false shows of life deceive,
Beneath the lunar ray:
Here Folly drops each vain disguise,
Nor sports her gaily-colour'd dyes,
As in the glare of day.

O Pallas! queen of ev'ry art
"That glads the sense, or mends the heart,"
Blest source of purer joys;
In ev'ry form of beauty bright,
That captivates the mental sight
With pleasure and surprise:

To thy unspotted shrine I bow:
Assist thy modest suppliant's vow,
That breathes no wild desires;
But, taught by thy unerring rules,
To shun the fruitless wish of fools,
To nobler views aspires.

Nor Fortune's gem, Ambition's plume,
Not Cytherea's fading bloom,
Be objects of my pray'r:
Let Av'rice, Vanity, and Pride,
Those glitt'ring, envied toys, divide;
The dull rewards of care.

To me thy better gifts impart,
Each moral beauty of the heart,
By studious thought refin'd;
For wealth, the smiles of glad content;
For pow'r, its amplest, best extent,
An empire o'er my mind.

When Fortune drops her gay parade,
When Pleasure's transient roses fade,
And wither in the tomb;
Unchang'd is thy immortal prize,
Thy ever-verdant laurels rise
In undecaying bloom.

By thee protected, I defy
The coxcomb's sneer, the stupid lie,
  Of ignorance and spite;
Alike contemn the leaden fool,
And all the pointed ridicule
  Of undiscerning wit.

From envy, hurry, noise, and strife,
The dull impertinence of life,
  In thy retreat I rest;
Pursue thee to the peaceful groves,
Where Plato's sacred spirit roves,
  In all thy graces drest.

He bids Ilissus' tuneful stream
Convey the philosophic theme
  Of perfect, fair, and good;
Attentive Athens caught the sound,
And all her list'ning sons around
  In awful silence stood.

Reclaim'd, her wild licentious youth
Confess'd the potent voice of truth,
  And felt its just control:
The passions ceas'd their loud alarms,
And virtue's soft persuasive charms
  O'er all their senses stole.

Thy breath inspires the poet's song,
The patriot's free unbiass'd tongue,
  The hero's generous strife:
Thine are retirement's silent joys,
And all the sweet endearing ties
  Of still domestic life.

No more to fabl'd names confin'd,
To Thee, SUPREME ALL-PERFECT MIND,
  My thoughts direct their flight:
Wisdom's thy gift, and all her force
From thee deriv'd, Unchanging Source
  Of intellectual light!

O send her sure, her steady ray,
To regulate my doubtful way,
  Through life's perplexing road;
The mists of error to control,
And through its gloom direct my soul
  To happiness and good!

Beneath her clear discerning eye
The visionary shadows fly
Of folly's painted show;
She sees, thro' ev'ry fair disguise,
That all, but virtue's solid joys,
Is vanity and woe.

CARTER.

OSSIAN'S HYMN TO THE SUN.

O THOU whose beams the sea-girt earth array,
King of the sky, and father of the day!
O Sun! what fountain, hid from human eyes,
Supplies thy circle round the radiant skies,
For ever burning and for ever bright,
With Heaven's pure fire and everlasting light?
What awful beauty in thy face appears!
Immortal youth beyond the power of years!

When gloomy darkness to thy reign resigns,
And from the gates of Morn thy glory shines,
The conscious stars are put to sudden flight,
And all the planets hide their heads in night;
The Queen of Heaven forsakes th' ethereal plain,
To sink inglorious in the western main.
The clouds refulgent deck thy golden throne,
High in the Heavens, immortal and alone!
Who can abide the brightness of thy face,
Or who attend thee in thy rapid race?
The mountain-oaks, like their own leaves, decay;
Themselves, the mountains, wear with age away;
The boundless main that rolls from land to land,
Lessens at times and leaves a waste of sand;
The silver moon, refulgent lamp of night,
Is lost in Heaven, and emptied of her light;
But thou for ever shalt endure the same,
Thy light eternal and unspent thy flame.

When tempests with their train impend on high,
Darken the day, and load the labouring sky;
When Heaven's wide convex glows with lightnings dire,
All ether flaming, and all earth on fire;
When loud and long the deep-mouth'd thunder rolls,
And peals on peals redoubled rend the poles;
If from the opening clouds thy form appears,
Her wonted charm the face of nature wears;
Thy beauteous orb restores departed day,
Looks from the sky and laughs the storm away.

LOGAN

ODE TO THE GLOW-WORM.

BRIGHT stranger, welcome to my field;
Here feed in safety, here thy radiance yield;
To me, oh, nightly be thy splendour giv'n!
O, could a wish of mine the skies command,
How would I gem thy leaf with lib'ral hand,
With ev'ry sweetest dew of heav'n!

Say, dost thou kindly light the fairy train,
Amid the gambols on the stilly plain,
Hanging thy lamp upon the moisten'd blade?
What lamp so fit, so pure as thine,
Amid the gentle elfen band to shine,
And chase the horrors of the midnight shade!

Oh! may no feather'd foe disturb thy bow'r,
And with barbarian beak thy life devour!
Oh! may no ruthless torrent of the sky,
O'erwhelming, force thee from thy dewy seat;
Nor tempests tear thee from thy green retreat,
And bid thee 'mid the humming myriads die!

Queen of the insect world, what leaves delight!
Of such these willing hands a bow'r shall form,
To guard thee from the rushing rains of night,
And hide thee from the wild wing of the storm.

Sweet child of stillness! 'mid the awful calm
Of pausing Nature thou art pleas'd to dwell;
In happy silence to enjoy thy balm,
And shed through life a lustre round thy cell.

How diff'rent man, the imp of noise and strife,
Who courts the storm that tears and darkens life;
Blest when the passions wild the soul invade!
How nobler far to bid those whirlwinds cease;
To taste, like thee, the luxury of peace,
And, silent, shine in solitude and shade!

WOLCOTT.

A BOTANY BAY ECLOGUE.

WHY, stern Remembrance, must thine iron hand
Harrow my soul? why calls thy cruel pow'r
The fields of England to my exil'd eyes,
The joys which once were mine? E'en now I see

The lowly lovely dwelling! even now
Behold the woodbine clasping its white walls,
And hear the fearless redbreasts chirp around
To ask their morning meal.—For I was wont,
With friendly hand, to give their morning meal;
Was wont to love their song, when ling'ring morn
Streak'd o'er the chilly landscape the dim light,
And thro' the open lattice hung my head
To view the snow-drops bud; and thence at eve,
When mildly fading sunk the summer sun,
Oft have I lov'd to mark the rook's slow course,
And hear his hollow croak, what time he sought
The church-yard elm, whose wide-embow'ring boughs,
Full foliag'd, half conceal'd the house of God.
There, my dear Father, often have I heard
Thy hallow'd voice explain the wond'rous works
Of heav'n to sinful men. Ah, little deem'd
Thy virtuous bosom, that thy shameless child
So soon should spurn the lesson! sink the slave
Of vice and infamy! the hireling prey
Of brutal appetite! At length worn out
With famine, and th' avenging scourge of guilt,
Should dare dishonesty—yet dread to die. SOUTHEY.

EARLY IMPRESSIONS.

DOWN by yon hazel copse, at ev'ning blaz'd
The gipsy's fagot—there we stood and gaz'd;
Gaz'd on her sun-burnt face with silent awe,
Her tatter'd mantle, and her hood of straw;
Her moving lips, her caldron brimming o'er;
The drowsy brood that on her back she bore;
Imps, in the barn with mousing owlet bred,
From rifled roost at nightly revel fed;
Whose dark eyes flash'd through locks of blackest shade,
When in the breeze the distant watch-dog bay'd:
And heroes fled the sybil's mutter'd call,
Whose elfen prowess scal'd the orchard-wall.
And o'er my palm the silver piece she drew,
And trac'd the line of life with searching view:
How throbb'd my flutt'ring pulse with hopes and fears,
To learn the colour of my future years!

Ah, then, what honest triumph flush'd my breast
This truth once known—To bless is to be blest.
We led the bending beggar on his way;
(Bare were his feet, his tresses silver-gray)
Sooth'd the keen pangs his aged spirit felt,
And on his tale with mute attention dwelt.
As in his scrip we dropt our little store,
And wept to think that little was no more,
He breath'd his pray'r; "Long may such goodness live!"
'Twas all he gave, 'twas all he had to give.

But hark! thro' those old firs, with sullen swell
The church-clock strikes! ye tender scenes, farewell!
It calls me hence, beneath their shade to trace
The few fond lines that time may soon efface.

On yon gray stone, that fronts the chancel-door,
Worn smooth by busy feet now seen no more,
Each eve we shot the marble through the ring,
When the heart danc'd, and life was in its spring;
Alas! unconscious of the kindred earth,
That faintly echoed to the voice of mirth. ROGERS.

HAPPINESS.

OH Happiness! our being's end and aim:
Good, pleasure, ease, content! whate'er thy name;
That something still which prompts th' eternal sigh,
For which we dare to live, or dare to die!
Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies,
O'erlook'd, seen double, by the fool and wise!
Plant of celestial seed! if dropt below,
Say, in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow?
Fair op'ning to some court's propitious shrine,
Or deep with diamonds in the flaming mine?
Twin'd with the wreaths Parnassian laurels yield,
Or reap'd in iron harvests of the field?
Where grows—where grows it not? If vain our toil,
We ought to blame the culture, not the soil.
Fix'd to no spot is happiness sincere,
'Tis no where to be found, or ev'ry where;
'Tis never to be bought, but always free,
And fled from monarchs, ST. JOHN, dwells with thee.

Ask of the learn'd the way:—the learn'd are blind;
This bids to serve, and that to shun, mankind.

Some place the bliss in action, some in ease:
Those call it pleasure, and contentment these:
Some, sunk to beasts, find pleasure end in pain;
Some, swell'd to gods, confess ev'n virtue vain:
Or indolent, to each extreme they fall,
To trust in every thing, or doubt of all.

Who thus define it, say they more or less
Than this, that happiness is happiness?

Take nature's path, and mad opinions leave,
All states can reach it, and all heads conceive;
Obvious her goods, in no extreme they dwell;
There need but thinking right, and meaning well:
And, mourn our various portions as we please,
Equal are common sense and common ease.

Remember, man, "The Universal Cause
"Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws;"
And makes what happiness we justly call,
Subsist not in the good of one, but all.
There's not a blessing individuals find,
But some way leans and hearkens to the kind:
No bandit fierce, no tyrant mad with pride,
No cavern'd hermit, rests self-satisfied.
Who most to shun or hate mankind pretend,
Seek an admirer, or would fix a friend.
Abstract what others feel, what others think,
All pleasures sicken, and all glories sink:
Each has his share; and who would more obtain,
Shall find the pleasure pays not half the pain.

Order is Heaven's first law; and this confest,
Some are, and must be, greater than the rest;
More rich, more wise; but who infers from hence
That such are happier, shocks all common sense.
Heaven to mankind impartial we confess,
If all are equal in their happiness:
But mutual wants this happiness increase,
All nature's difference keeps all nature's peace.
Condition, circumstance, is not the thing;
Bliss is the same in subject or in king;
In who obtain defence, or who defend;
In him who is, or him who finds, a friend:
Heaven breathes through every member of the whole,
One common blessing as one common soul.

But fortune's gifts, if each alike possest,
And each were equal, must not all contest?
If then, to all men happiness was meant,
God in externals could not place content.

Fortune her gifts may variously dispose,
And these be happy call'd, unhappy those;
But Heaven's just balance equal will appear,
Whilst those are plac'd in hope, and these in fear;
Not present good or ill, the joy or curse,
But future views of better or of worse.
Oh sons of earth! attempt ye still to rise,
By mountain's pil'd on mountains, to the skies?
Heaven still with laughter the vain toil surveys,
And buries madmen in the heaps they raise.
Know, all the good that individuals find,
Of God and nature meant to mere mankind,
Reason's whole pleasures, all the joys of sense,
Lie in three words—health, peace, and competence.

POPE.

THE BRITISH POETS FROM CHAUCER TO JOHNSON.

AS amid the gloom of night,
When no star emits its light,
Swift the meteor's sudden ray
Gleams a momentary day;
Thus gay CHAUCER's mirthful rhymes
Glitter'd amid barb'rous times.
Next descriptive SPENSER shrouds
Truth in allegory's clouds,
And in Gloriana's name
Sings Eliza's matchless fame,
Peerless SHAKSPEARE brightly shone
With a splendour all his own:
While with eloquence divine
Nature speaks thro' ev'ry line;
Scorning frigid rules of art,
He enchants the yielding heart,
O'er the subject passion reigns,
Reason charms, and judgment chains,
And with unresisted sway,
Steals each captive sense away.
JONSON's labour'd scenes impart
Less of genius, more of art.

Join'd with BEAUMONT's friendly name,
FLETCHER gain'd dramatic fame:
One for brighter wit renown'd,
One for judgment more profound.
Loyal COWLEY's virtuous mind
Copious wit to learning join'd.
DENHAM in more measur'd lines
British poesy refines,
Teaching in his nervous page,
Skill to the succeeding age,
Strong description, thoughts sublime
Soaring beyond place or time,
Scenes of wonder, terror, pain,
Glow thro' MILTON's lofty strain.
Whether his aspiring flight
Joins the dazzling sons of light,
Or amid th' infernal reign
Meets the fall'n angelic train,
Or in Eden's blissful groves
With the first of mortals roves,
Awful grandeur still is shown
Unexampled, and alone,
Lavish wit and humour gay
Crown sarcastic BUTLER's lay,
Form'd to humble and deride
Zealots' hypocritic pride.
Bending with impassion'd mien
O'er pathetic OTWAY's scene,
Sympathy with streaming eye
Mourns fictitious misery;
For such touching woes are shown
As each breast must feel its own.
Courtly WALLER's polish'd strain
Sacharissa woo'd in vain;
Nor his genius nor his love
Could the scornful beauty move.
High amid the sons of fame
View exhaustless DRYDEN's name,
DRYDEN whose expansive mind
Strength with harmony combin'd:
But chill Poverty's controul,
Oft depress'd his vigorous soul;
And indignant we survey
Adulation stain his lay.

PHILIPS in majestic strain
Sings Pomona's cultur'd reign.
Wit and learning blushing boast
SMITH, by vile intemp'rance lost.
Easy numbers, smooth and gay,
Sweetly flow thro' PARNEL's lay.
Fascinating beauties glow
In the graceful lines of ROWE.
Warmest praises GARTH attend,
Poverty's and Merit's friend.
ADDISON's enlighten'd page
Charm'd while it reform'd the age;
There philosophy portray'd
Frown'd in no forbidding shade,
And mid each perplexing care
Virtue shines divinely fair.
PRIOR shows how mental worth,
Far excels the pride of birth;
For by talents only rais'd,
Courtiers sought him, monarchs prais'd.
Sparkling wit's incessant blaze
CONGREVE crown'd with early bays.
Pensive GAY repin'd to see
Human hope's uncertainty;
Hope, whose visions, bright as vain,
Still delude, yet still enchain.
In despairing HAMMOND's lines,
With new grace Tibullus shines.
Constant friendship's sacred flame
Still illumines TICKELL's name,
Which thro' life conspicuous shone,
Join'd with taste and ADDISON.
Bright was SWIFT's meridian pride,
Harley's friend, and Ireland's guide:
Horrid o'er his closing scene
Gloom'd pale frenzy's haggard mien.
Thus, like beauty's fragile prime,
Stronger wit must yield to time,
Where does fleeting bliss then rest?
Only in religion's breast.—
Brilliant fancy, judgment clear,
Melody beyond compeer,
Quick intelligence of mind,
Reason strong, and thought refin'd,

All that genius, all that art
Can of magic force impart,
Varied beauties to display
Meet in POPE's enchanting lay.
Listening to the tuneful strain
Livid Envy frowns in vain,
While warm Admiration pays
Tributes of ecstatic praise.
By luxuriant Thomson led
Fancy climbs the mountains head;
Wanders by pale Cynthia's light
Mid the polar half year's night,
Where refulgent meteors glow
O'er perpetual hills of snow;
Shuddering from th' impending steep
Views th' unfathomable deep:
Or, recoiling from the sight,
Turns where softer scenes invite;
Mid the forest's cool retreat
Shuns the noontide's scorching heat;
Or in the translucent wave
Seems the fervid limbs to lave,
Or mid Afric's sunny vales
Breathes the aromatic gales,
While the dazzl'd eyes survey
Scenes, exuberantly gay,
SHENSTONE mid his lov'd retreat
Sung Alcides' lofty fate;
How in early youth his mind
Pleasure's faithless lures declin'd,
And by hardy virtue train'd,
Deathless bliss, and glory gain'd.
Sweetly flow the solemn strains
When desponding YOUNG complains,
Mourning, midnight's deepest gloom,
Fair Narcissa's early doom:
YOUNG, who erst severe and gay
Shone in satire's daring lay.
AKENSIDE in colours warm
Paints imagination's charm,
Careless CHURCHILL's vigorous mind,
Pours his satire unconfin'd.
GOLDSMITH's winning lines impart
Soft benevolence of heart.

Where the moon with glimmering ray
Lights the church-yard's lonely way,
By pale contemplation led,
Moral GRAY delights to tread.
MASON with instructive lay,
Warns th' ambitious, fair, and gay,
While o'er beauty's sable bier
Admiration drops a tear.
Sense, by studious thought refin'd,
Critic taste with candour join'd,
Strong discernment, just, and clear,
Graceful diction, truth severe,
Piety's seraphic flame
Mark enlighten'd JOHNSON'S name!

LADY MANNERS.

ON THE DEATH OF LADY COVENTRY.

THE midnight clock has toll'd! and hark! the bell
Of death beats slow! Heard ye the note profound?
It pauses now; and now, with rising knell,
Flings to the hollow gale its sullen sound.

Yes—Coventry is dead. Attend the strain,
Daughters of Albion! ye that, light as air,
So oft have tripp'd in her fantastic train,
With hearts as gay, and faces half as fair.

For she was fair beyond your brightest bloom;
(This envy own, since now her bloom is fled;)
Fair as the forms that, wove in Fancy's loom,
Float in light vision round the poet's head.

Whene'er with soft serenity she smil'd,
Or caught the orient blush of quick surprise,
How sweetly mutable, how brightly wild,
The liquid lustre darted from her eyes!

Each look, each motion, wak'd a new-born grace,
That o'er her form its transient glory cast:
Some lovelier wonder soon usurp'd the place,
Chas'd by a charm still lovelier than the last.

That bell again! it tells us what she is;
On what she was, no more the strain prolong:—
Luxuriant fancy, pause! an hour like this
Demands the tribute of a serious song.

Maria claims it from the sable bier,
  Where, cold and wan, the slumb'rer rests her head:
In still small whispers, to Reflection's ear,
  She breathes the solemn dictates of the dead.

O catch the awful notes, and lift them loud!
  Proclaim the theme by sage, by fool, rever'd!
Hear it, ye young, ye vain, ye great, ye proud!
  'Tis Nature speaks—and Nature will be heard.

Yes—ye shall hear, and tremble as you hear,
  While, high with health, your hearts exulting leap;
E'en in the midst of pleasure's mad career
  The mental monitor shall wake and weep.

For say, than Coventry's propitious star
  What brighter planet on your births arose?
Or gave of fortune's gifts an ampler share,
  In life to lavish, or by death to lose!

Early to lose! While borne on busy wing,
  Ye sip the nectar of each varying bloom;
Nor fear, while basking in the beams of spring,
  The wintry storm that sweeps you to the tomb.

Think of her fate! revere the heav'nly hand
  That led her hence, tho' soon, by steps so slow;
Long at her couch Death took his patient stand,
  And menac'd oft, and oft withheld the blow;

To give reflection time, with lenient art,
  Each fond delusion from her soul to steal;
Teach her from folly peaceably to part,
  And wean her from a world she lov'd so well.

Say, are ye sure his mercy shall extend
  To you so long a span? Alas, ye sigh!
Make then, while yet ye may, your God your friend,
  And learn with equal ease to sleep or die!

Nor think the Muse, whose sober voice ye hear,
  Contracts with bigot frown her sullen brow;
Casts round religion's orb the mists of fear,
  Or shades with horrors what with smiles should glow.

No; she would warm you with seraphic fire,
  Heirs as you are of Heav'n's eternal day;
Would bid you boldly to that Heav'n aspire,
  Not sink to slumber in your cells of clay.

Know, ye were form'd to range yon azure field,
In yon ethereal founts of bliss to lave:
For then, secure in faith's protecting shield,
The sting from Death, the vict'ry from the grave!

Is this the bigot's rant? Away, ye vain;
Your hopes, your fears, in doubt, in dulness steep:
Go soothe your souls, in sickness, grief, or pain,
With the sad solace of eternal sleep.

Yet will I praise you, triflers as ye are,
More than those preachers of your fav'rite creed;
Who proudly swell the brazen throat of war,
Who form the phalanx, bid the battle bleed:

Nor wish for more; who conquer, but who die,
Hear folly, hear! and triumph in the tale!
Like you they reason, not like you enjoy
The breeze of bliss that fills your silken sail.

On pleasure's glitt'ring stream ye gaily steer
Your little course to old Oblivion's shore;
They dare the storm, and, thro' th' inclement year,
Stem the rough surge, and brave the torrent's roar.

Is it for glory?—that just Fate denies!
Long must the warrior moulder in his shroud,
Ere from her trump the heav'n-breath'd accents rise,
That lift the hero from the fighting crowd!

Is it his grasp of empire to extend?
To curb the fury of exulting foes?
Ambition, cease! the idle contest end:
'Tis but a kingdom thou canst win or lose.

And why must murder'd myriads lose their all
(If life be all)?—why desolation low'r,
With famish'd frown, on this affrighted ball,
That thou may'st flame the meteor of an hour?

Go, wiser ye, that flutter life away,
Crown with the mantling juice the goblet high!
Weave the light dance, with festive freedom gay,
And live your moment, since the next ye die!

Yet know, vain sceptics! know, th' almighty Mind,
Who breath'd on man a portion of his Sire;
Bade his free soul, by earth nor time confin'd,
To Heav'n, to immortality, aspire.

Nor shall the pile of hope, his mercy rear'd,
By vain philosophy be e'er destroy'd:
Eternity, by all or wish'd or fear'd,
Shall be by all or suffer'd or enjoy'd! MASON.

ELEGY TO THE MEMORY OF AN UNFORTUNATE LADY.

WHAT beck'ning ghost along the moonlight shade
Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade?
'Tis she!—But why that bleeding bosom gor'd?
Why dimly gleams the visionary sword?
Oh, ever beauteous, ever friendly! tell,
Is it in Heaven a crime to love too well?
To bear too tender, or too firm a heart,
To act a lover's, or a Roman's part?
Is there no bright reversion in the sky,
For those who greatly think, or bravely die?

Why bade ye else, ye Pow'rs! her soul aspire
Above the vulgar flight of low desire?
Ambition first sprung from your blest abodes;
The glorious fault of angels and of gods.
Thence to their images on earth it flows,
And in the breasts of kings and heroes glows.
Most souls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age,
Dull sullen pris'ners in the body's cage:
Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years
Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres;
Like eastern kings, a lazy state they keep,
And close confin'd to their own palace sleep.

From these perhaps (ere Nature bade her die)
Fate snatch'd her early to the pitying sky.
As into air the purer spirits flow,
And sep'rate from their kindred dregs below;
So flew the soul to its congenial place,
Nor left one virtue to redeem her race.

But thou, false guardian of a charge too good,
Thou mean deserter of thy brother's blood!
See on these ruby lips the trembling breath,
The cheeks now fading at the blast of death;
Cold is that breast which warm'd the world before,
And those love-darting eyes must roll no more.
Thus, if eternal justice rules the ball,
Thus shall your wives, and thus your children, fall:

On all the line a sudden vengeance waits,
And frequent hearses shall besiege your gates;
There passengers shall stand, and pointing say,
(While the long fun'rals blacken all the way,)
" Lo! these were they whose souls the Furies steel'd,
And curs'd with hearts unknowing how to yield.
Thus unlamented pass the proud away,
The gaze of fools, and pageants of a day!
So perish all whose breast ne'er learn'd to glow
For others' good, or melt at others' woe."
  What can atone, (oh ever-injur'd shade!)
Thy fate unpity'd, and thy rites unpaid?
No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear,
Pleas'd thy pale ghost, or grac'd thy mournful bier:
By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
By strangers honour'd, and by strangers mourn'd!
What though no friends in sable weeds appear,
Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,
And bear about the mockery of woe
To midnight dances, and the public show;
What though no weeping Love thy ashes grace,
Nor polish'd marble emulate thy face;
What though no sacred earth allow thee room,
Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb;
Yet shall thy grave with rising flowers be dress'd,
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast:
There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow,
There the first roses of the year shall blow;
While angels with their silver wings o'ershade
The ground, now sacred by thy relics made.
  So peaceful rests, without a stone, a name,
What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame.
How lov'd, how honour'd once, avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot;
A heap of dust alone remains of thee;
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be!
  Poets themselves must fall, like those they sung,
Deaf the prais'd ear, and mute the tuneful tongue.
E'en he whose soul now melts in mournful lays,
Shall shortly want the generous tear he pays;
Then from his closing eyes thy form shall part,
And the last pang shall tear thee from his heart;

Life's idle bus'ness at one gasp be o'er,
The muse forgot, and thou belov'd no more! POPE.

MEMORY.

HAIL, Memory hail! in thy exhaustless mine,
From age to age unnumber'd treasures shine!
Thought and her shadowy brood thy call obey,
And Place and Time are subject to thy sway!
Thy pleasures most we feel when most alone,
The only pleasures we can call our own!
Lighter than air Hope's summer-visions die,
If but a fleeting cloud obscure the sky;
If but a beam of sober reason play,
Lo! Fancy's fairy frost-work melts away!
But can the wiles of Art, the grasp of Pow'r,
Snatch the rich relics of a well-spent hour?
These, when the trembling spirit wings her flight,
Pour round her path a stream of living light,
And gild those pure and perfect realms of rest,
Where Virtue triumphs, and her sons are blest!

ROGERS.

A COMPARISON.

THE lapse of time and rivers is the same,
Both speed their journey with a restless stream:
The silent pace with which they steal away,
No wealth can bribe, no pray'rs persuade to stay:
Alike irrevocable both when past,
And a wide ocean swallows both at last.
Though each resemble, each in ev'ry part,
A diff'rence strikes, at length, the musing heart:
Streams never flow in vain; where streams abound,
How laughs the land, with various plenty crown'd!
But time, that should enrich the nobler mind,
Neglected, leaves a dreary waste behind. COWPER.

TO A YOUNG GENTLEMAN LEAVING THE UNIVERSITY.

ERE yet, ingenuous Youth, thy steps retire
From Cam's smooth margin, and the peaceful vale;
Where Science call'd thee to her studious quire,
And met thee musing in her cloisters pale;

O! let thy friend (and may he boast the name)
  Breathe from his artless reed one parting lay!
A lay like this thy early virtues claim,
  And this let voluntary friendship pay.

Yet know, the time arrives, the dangerous time,
  When all those virtues, opening now so fair,
Transplanted to the world's tempestuous clime,
  Must learn each passion's boisterous breath to bear.

There if Ambition, pestilent and pale,
  Or Luxury, should taint their vernal glow;
If cold Self-interest, with her chilling gale,
  Should blast th' unfolding blossoms ere they blow:

If mimic hues, by Art or Fashion spread,
  Their genuine simple colouring should supply;
O! with them may these laureate honours fade;
  And with them (if it can) my friendship die.

——And do not blame, if, tho' thyself inspire,
  Cautious I strike the panegyric string;
The Muse full oft pursues a meteor fire,
  And, vainly vent'rous, soars on waxen wing.

Too actively awake at Friendship's voice,
  The poet's bosom pours the fervent strain;
Till sad reflection blames the hasty choice,
  And oft invokes Oblivion's aid in vain.

Go then, my friend, nor let thy candid breast
  Condemn me, if I check the plausive string;
Go to the wayward world; complete the rest;
  Be what the purest Muse would wish to sing.

Be still thyself; that open path of Truth
  Which led thee here, let Manhood firm pursue;
Retain the sweet simplicity of Youth,
  And all thy virtue dictates, dare to do.

Still scorn, with conscious pride, the mask of Art,
  On Vice's front let fearful Caution lour;
And teach the diffident, discreeter part
  Of knaves that plot, and fools that fawn for power.

So, round thy brow, when Age's honours spread,
  When Death's cold hand unstrings thy Mason's lyre,
When the green turf lies lightly on his head,
  Thy worth shall some superior bard inspire.

He to the amplest bounds of Time's domain,
On Rapture's plume shall give thy name to fly;
For trust, with rev'rence trust, this Sabine strain:
"The Muse forbids the virtuous man to die."

MASON.

AN ODE.

WHAT constitutes a state?
Not high-rais'd battlement and labour'd mound,
Thick wall, or moated gate:
Not cities proud, with spires and turrets crown'd:
Not bays and broad-arm'd ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride:
Not starr'd and spangled courts,
Where low-bred baseness wafts perfume to pride:
No—men, high-minded men,
With powers as far above dull brutes endu'd,
In forest, brake, or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude:
Men, who their duties know,
But know their rights; and, knowing, dare maintain,
Prevent the long-aim'd blow,
And crush the tyrant, while they rend the chain.
These constitute a state:
And sovereign Law, that state's collected will,
O'er thrones and globes elate,
Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill.
Smit by her sacred frown,
The fiend Dissension like a vapour sinks;
And e'en th' all-dazzling Crown
Hides his faint rays, and at her bidding shrinks.
Such was this heaven-lov'd Isle,
Than Lesbos fairer, and the Cretan shore.
No more shall Freedom smile?
Shall Britons languish, and be men no more?
Since all must life resign,
Those sweet rewards, that decorate the brave,
'Tis folly to decline,
And sink inglorious to a silent grave.

JONES.

LIFE.

WHAT are all thy boasted treasures,
Tender sorrows, transient pleasures?

Anxious hopes, and jealous fears,
Laughing hours, and mourning years!
Deck'd with brightest tints at morn,
At twilight, with'ring on a thorn;
Like the gentle rose of spring,
Chill'd by ev'ry Zephyr's wing:
Ah! how soon its colour flies,
Blushes, trembles, falls, and dies.
What is youth?—a smiling sorrow,
Blithe to-day, and sad to-morrow;
Never fix'd, for ever ranging,
Laughing, weeping, doating, changing;
Wild, capricious, giddy, vain,
Cloy'd with pleasure, nurs'd with pain:
Age steals on with wintry face,
Ev'ry rapt'rous hope to chase;
Like a wither'd, sapless tree,
Bow'd to chilling Fate's decree;
Stripp'd of all its foliage gay,
Drooping at the close of day;
What of tedious Life remains?
Keen regrets and cureless pains;
Till Death appears, a welcome friend,
To bid the scene of sorrow end.

MRS. ROBINSON.

ELEGY.

WHY mourns my friend? Why weeps his downcast eye?
That eye where Mirth, where Fancy us'd to shine!
Thy cheerful meads reprove that swelling sigh;
Spring ne'er enamell'd fairer meads than thine.

Art thou not lodg'd in Fortune's warm embrace?
Wert thou not form'd by Nature's partial care?
Bless'd in thy song, and bless'd in every grace,
That wins the friend, or that enchants the fair?

'Damon,' said he, 'thy partial praise restrain;
'Not Damon's friendship can my peace restore:
'Alas! his very praise awakes my pain,
'And my poor wounded bosom bleeds the more.

'For, oh! that Nature on my birth had frown'd!
'Or Fortune fix'd me to some lowly cell!
'Then had my bosom 'scap'd this fatal wound,
'Nor had I bid these vernal sweets farewell.

'But led by Fortune's hand, her darling child,
'My youth her vain licentious bliss admir'd;
'In Fortune's train the Syren Flattery smil'd,
'And rashly hallow'd all her queen inspir'd.

'Of folly studious, e'en of vices vain;
'Ah, vices! gilded by the rich and gay!
'I chas'd the guileless daughters of the plain;
'Nor dropp'd the chase, till Jessy was my prey.

'Poor, artless maid! to stain thy spotless name,
'Expense, and art, and toil, united strove;
'To lure a breast that felt the purest flame,
'Sustain'd by virtue, but betray'd by love.

'School'd in the science of love's mazy wiles,
'I cloth'd each feature with affected scorn;
'I spoke of jealous doubts, and fickle smiles,
'And, feigning, left her anxious and forlorn.

'Then while the fancy'd rage alarm'd her care,
'Warm to deny, and zealous to disprove;
'I bade my words their wonted softness wear,
'And seiz'd the minute of returning love.

'To thee, my Damon, dare I paint the rest?
'Will, yet, thy love a candid ear incline?
'Assur'd that virtue, by misfortune press'd,
'Feels not the sharpness of a pang like mine.

'Nine envious moons matur'd her growing shame;
'Erewhile to flaunt it in the face of day:
'When scorn'd by virtue, stigmatiz'd by fame,
'Low at my feet desponding Jessy lay.'

"Henry," she said, "by thy dear form subdu'd,
"See the sad relics of a nymph undone!
"I find, I find, each rising sob renew'd;
"I sigh in shades, and sicken at the sun.

"Amid the dreary gloom of night, I cry
"When will the morn's once pleasing scenes return?
"Yet what can morn's returning ray supply,
"But foes that triumph—or, but friends that mourn?

"Alas! no more the joyous morn appears,
"That led the tranquil hours of spotless fame;
"For I have steep'd a father's couch in tears,
"And ting'd a mother's glowing cheek with shame.

" The vocal birds that raise their matin strain,
  " The sportive lambs increase my pensive moan!
" All seem to chase me from the cheerful plain,
  " And talk of truth and innocence alone.

" If thro' the garden's flow'ry tribes I stray,
  " Where bloom the jasmines that could once allure"—
' Hope not to find delight in us,' they say,
  ' For we are spotless, Jessy, we are pure.'

" Ye flowers! that well approach a nymph so frail,
  " Say, could ye with my virgin fame compare?
" The brightest bud that scents the vernal gale,
  " Was not so fragrant, and was not so fair.

" Now the grave old alarm the gentler young;
  " And all my fame's abhorr'd contagion flee:
" Trembles each lip, and falters every tongue,
  " That bids the morn propitious smile on me.

" Thus, for your sake, I shun each human eye;
  " I bid the sweets of blooming youth adieu:
" To die I languish: but I dread to die,
  " Lest my sad fate should nourish pangs for you.

" Raise me from earth, the pangs of want remove,
  " And let me silent seek some friendly shore;
" There only, banish'd from the form I love,
  " My weeping virtue shall relapse no more.

" Be but my friend! I ask no dearer name;
  " Be such the meed of some more artful fair:
" Nor could it heal my peace, or chase my shame
  " That pity gave what love refus'd to share.

" Force not my tongue to ask its scanty bread;
  " Nor hurl thy Jessy to the vulgar crew;
" Not such the parent's board at which I fed;
  " Not such the precept from his lips I drew!

" Haply, when age has silver'd o'er my hair,
  " Malice may learn to scorn so mean a spoil;
" Envy may slight a face no longer fair,
  " And Pity welcome to my native soil!"

' She spoke—nor was I born of savage race!
  ' Nor could these hands a niggard boon assign:
' Grateful she clasp'd me in a last embrace,
  ' And vow'd to wast her life in pray'rs for mine.

'I saw her foot the lofty bark ascend;
'I saw her breast, with every passion heave;
'I left her—torn from every earthly friend:
'Oh! my hard bosom, which could bear to leave!

'Brief let me be—the fatal storm arose;
'The billows rag'd; the pilot's art was vain.
'O'er the tall mast the circling surges close;
'My Jessy—floats upon the wat'ry plain!

'And see, my youth's impetuous fires decay!
'Seek not to stop reflection's bitter tear'
'But warn the frolic, and instruct the gay,
'From Jessy, floating on her wat'ry bier.'

SHENSTONE.

ADAM'S MORNING HYMN.

THESE are Thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty! Thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair; Thyself how wondrous then!
Unspeakable, who sitt'st above these heav'ns,
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these Thy lowest works; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and pow'r divine
Speak ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
Angels! for ye behold him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne rejoicing; ye in heaven,
On earth, join all ye creatures to extol
Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.
Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
Thou sun, of this great world both eye and soul,
Acknowledge him thy greater; sound his praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
And when high noon hast gain'd, and when thou fall'st.
Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun, now fly'st
With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that flies;
And ye five other wand'ring fires that move
In mystic dance, not without song, resound
His praise, who out of darkness call'd up light.
Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth

Of nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform, and mix
And nourish all things; let your ceaseless change
Vary to our great Maker's still new praise.
Ye mists and exhalations that now rise
From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray,
Till the sun paints your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honour to the world's great author rise;
Whether to deck with clouds th' uncolour'd sky,
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
Rising or falling, still advance his praise.
His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines,
With every plant, in sign of worship, wave.
Fountains, and ye that warble as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs warbling, tune his praise.
Join voices, all ye living souls: ye birds,
That singing, up to heaven's gate ascend,
Bear on your wings, and in your notes, his praise.
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, or stately tread, or lowly creep,
Witness, if I be silent, morn or even,
To hill or valley, fountain or fresh shade,
Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise,
Hail, universal Lord! be bounteous still
To give us only good; and if the night
Have gather'd aught of evil, or conceal'd,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

MILTON.

THE HERMIT.

AT the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove;
When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,
And nought but the nightingale's song in the grove;
'Twas then by the cave of the mountain reclin'd,
A Hermit his nightly complaint thus began:
Tho' mournful his numbers, his soul was resign'd;
He thought as a sage, tho' he felt as a man.

"Ah! why, thus abandon'd to darkness and woe?
"Why thus, lonely Philomel, flows thy sad strain?
"For Spring shall return, and a lover bestow,
"And thy bosom no trace of misfortune retain.

"Yet, if pity inspire thee, O cease not thy lay!
"Mourn, sweetest companion, man calls thee to mourn:
"O soothe him whose pleasures, like thine, pass away!
"Full quickly they pass—but they never return!

"Now, gilding remote on the verge of the sky,
"The moon, half-extinct, a dim crescent displays;
"But lately I mark'd, when majestic on high
"She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze.
"Roll on then, fair orb, and with gladness pursue
"The path that conducts thee to splendour again:
"But man's faded glory no change shall renew;
"Ah, fool! to exult in a glory so vain!

"'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more:
"I mourn; but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you;
"For morn is approaching, your charms to restore,
"Perfum'd with fresh fragrance, and glitt'ring with dew.
"Nor yet for the ravage of Winter I mourn;
"Kind Nature the embryo-blossom shall save:
"But when shall Spring visit the mouldering urn?
"O when shall it dawn on the night of the grave?"

BEATTIE.

THE SLAVE TRADE.

THERE are, gloomy Ocean! a brotherless clan,
Who traverse thy banishing waves,
The poor disinherited outcasts of Man,
Whom Avarice coins into Slaves!
From the homes of their kindred, their forefathers' graves,
Love, Friendship, and Conjugal Bliss,
They are bragg'd on the hoary abyss;
The shark hears their shrieks, and ascending to-day
Demands of the spoiler his share of the prey!

Then joy to the tempest that whelms them beneath,
And makes their destruction its sport;
But woe to the winds that propitiously breathe,
And waft them in safety to port,
Where the vultures and vampires of Mammon resort;
Where Europe exultingly drains
The life-blood from Africa's veins;
Where the image of God is accounted a base,
And the image of Cæsar set up in its place.

The hour is approaching—a terrible hour!
And Vengeance is bending her bow;
Already the clouds of the hurricane lour,
And rock-rending whirlwinds blow;
Back rolls the huge Ocean—Hell opens below;
The floods return headlong—they sweep
The slave-cultur'd lands to the deep;
In a moment entomb'd in the horrible void,
By their Maker himself, in his anger destroy'd.

Shall this be the fate of the cane-planted isles,
More lovely than clouds in the west,
When the sun o'er the ocean descending in smiles,
Sinks softly and sweetly to rest?
No!—Father of Mercy! befriend the opprest—
At the voice of thy Gospel of Peace,
May the sorrows of Africa cease,
And the Slave and his Master devoutly unite
To walk in thy Freedom, and dwell in thy Light!

MONTGOMERY.

THE WORST OF ILLS.

WHAT wounds more deep than arrows keen
Piercing the heart subdu'd?
What renders life a dreary scene?
Thy sting, INGRATITUDE!

For ev'ry pain that man can know
Has still an antidote for woe;
Save where INGRATITUDE is found,
Giving its deep and deadly wound.

Does Love neglected, pining sad,
On ev'ry joy obtrude?
Does Pleasure fly the bosom glad,
Stung by INGRATITUDE?

Oh, yes! for what is life to those
Who find no hour of soft repose?
Who trace in ev'ry path that weed,
Which bids the feeling bosom bleed?

Thou fiend INGRATITUDE! to thee
All lesser evils bend;
Thou potent shaft of destiny,
Where will thy poisons end?

The wretch who smarts beneath thy fang,
Day after day endures the pang;
And finds there is no balm to cure
Thy wound, for ever deep and sure!

Where'er in life's precarious scene
My weary feet have stray'd,
Thou hast my taunting follower been
In sunshine and in shade.

In poverty I found thee ever
The bonds of social feelings sever;
And when I sunk, by grief subdu'd,
I felt thy wound, INGRATITUDE!

I found thee in the smile of Love,
In Friendship's sacred vest,
In rustic meekness saw thee move,
Pois'ning the untaught breast.

When Fortune, often dull and blind,
Heap'd splendour on the vulgar mind,
Scattering on pride and vice her favour,
INGRATITUDE, I found thee ever.

MRS. ROBINSON.

INDIFFERENCE.

FLY, Indifference, hated maid,
Seek Spitzbergen's horrid shade;
Where old Winter keeps his court,
There, fit guest, do thou resort,
And thy frosty breast repose
Amidst congenial ice and snows,
There reside, insipid maid,
But ne'er infest my Emma's head.

Or else seek the cloister's pale,
Where reluctant virgin's veil,
In the corner of whose heart
Earth with heaven still keeps apart;
There thy fullest influence shower,
Free poor grace from passion's power;
Give fond Eloisa rest,
But shun, O shun, my Emma's breast.

Or on Lycé, wanton maid,
Be thy chilling finger laid;

Quench the frolic beam that flies
From her bright, fantastic eyes:
Teach the sweet coquette to know
Heart of ice in breast of snow;
Give peace to her, give peace to me,
But leave, O leave, my Emma free!

But if thou, in grave disguise,
Seek'st to make that nymph thy prize;
If that nymph, deceiv'd by thee,
Listens to thy sophistry;
If she courts thy cold embraces,
And to thee resigns her graces;
What, alas! is left for me,
But to fly, myself, to thee?

PENNANT.

THE AFRICAN.

FAINT-GAZING on the burning orb of day,
When Afric's injur'd son expiring lay;
His forehead cold, his labouring bosom bare,
His dewy temples, and his sable hair,
His poor companions kiss'd, and cried aloud,
Rejoicing, whilst in peace his head he bow'd:
"Now thy long, long task is done,
"Swiftly, brother, wilt thou run,
"Ere to-morrow's golden beam
"Glitters on thy parent-stream,
"Swiftly the delights to share
"The feast of joy which waits thee there!
"Swiftly, brother, wilt thou ride,
"O'er the long and stormy tide,
"Fleeter than the hurricane,
"Till thou view those scenes again,
"Where thy father's hut was rear'd,
"Where thy mother's voice was heard!
"Where thy infant brother's play'd
"Beneath the fragrant citron's shade;
"Where thro' green savannahs wide
"Cooling rivers silent glide;
"Or the shrill sigarras sing
"Ceaseless to their murmuring;
"Where the dance, the festive song,
"Of many a friend divided long,

"Doom'd thro' stranger lands to roam,
"Shall bid thy spirit welcome home!

"Fearless o'er the foaming tide,
"Again thy light canoe shall ride;
"Fearless on th' embattled plain
"Thou shalt lift thy lance again;
"Or, starting at the call of morn,
"Wake the wild woods with thy horn!
"Or, rushing down the mountain slope,
"O'ertake the nimble antelope;
"Or lead the dance, 'mid blissful bands,
"On cool Andracte's yellow sands;
"Or, in th' embow'ring orange grove,
"Tell to thy long-forsaken love
"The wounds, the agony severe,
"Thy patient spirit suffer'd here!

"Fear not now the tyrant's power,
"Past is his insulting hour;
"Mark no more the sullen trait,
"On Slavery's brow, of scorn and hate;
"Hear no more the long sigh borne,
"Murmuring on the gales of morn!

"Go in peace—yet we remain
"Far distant, toiling on in pain;
"Ere the great sun fires the skies,
"To our work of woe we rise;
"And see each night, without a friend,
"The world's great Comforter descend:

"Tell our brethren, when ye meet,
"Thus we toil with weary feet;
"Yet tell them that love's gen'rous flame,
"In joy, in wretchedness, the same,
"In distant worlds was ne'er forgot;
"And tell them that we murmur not.
"Tell them, tho' the pang will start,
"And drain the life-blood from the heart:
"Tell them, generous shame forbids
"The tear to stain our burning lids!
"Tell them, in weariness and want
"For our native hills we pant;
"Where soon, from shame and sorrow free,
"We hope in death to follow thee."

BOWLES.

TO PROSPERITY.

CELESTIAL maid, receive this pray'r!
If e'er thy beam divine
Should gild the brow of toiling Care,
And bless a hut like mine.

Let humble Worth, without a fear,
Approach my ready door;
Nor let me ever see a tear,
Regardless from the poor!

O bless me with an honest mind,
Above all selfish ends!
Humanely warm to all mankind,
And cordial to my friends.

With conscious truth and honour still
My actions let me guide;
And give no fear but that of ill,
No scorn but that of pride.

Thus form'd, thus happy, let me dare
On Heaven's dread King to gaze;
Conclude my night in ardent pray'r,
And wake my morn with praise:

That hence my soul may hope to prove
The utmost saints can know;
And share his gracious smile above,
Whose laws she kept below.

CARTER.

BENDEMEER'S STREAM.

THERE's a bower of Roses by Bendemeer's stream,
And the nightingale sings round it all the year long,
In the days of my childhood, 'twas like a sweet dream
To sit in the roses, and hear the bird's song.
That bower and its music I never forget,
But oft, when alone, in the bloom of the year,
I think is the nightingale singing there yet,
Are the roses still bright by the calm Bendemeer?

No, the roses soon wither'd that hung o'er the wave,
But some blossoms were gather'd while freshly they shone,
And a dew was distill'd from their flowers that gave
All the fragrance of summer when summer was gone.

Thus memory draws from delight, ere it dies,
An essence that breathes of it many a year;
Thus bright to my soul, as 'twas then to my eyes,
Is that bower on the banks of the calm Bendemeer.

T. MOORE.

TO THE HERB ROSEMARY.

SWEET scented flower! who art wont to bloom
On January's front severe,
And o'er the wintry desart drear,
To waft thy waste perfume!
Come, thou shalt form my nosegay now,
And I will bind thee round my brow,
And as I twine the mournful wreath,
I'll weave a melancholy song,
And sweet the strain shall be, and long
The melody of death.

Come, funeral flow'r, who lov'st to dwell
With the pale corse in lonely tomb,
And throw across the desert gloom
A sweet decaying smell.
Come press my lips, and lie with me,
Beneath the lowly alder tree,
And we will sleep a pleasant sleep,
And not a care shall dare intrude
To break the marble solitude,
So peaceful and so deep.

And hark! the wind-god, as he flies,
Moans hollow in the forest trees,
And sailing on the gusty breeze,
Mysterious music dies!
Sweet flower! that requiem wild is mine,
It warns me to the lowly shrine,
The cold turf altar of the dead:
My grave shall be in yon lone spot,
Where, as I lie by all forgot,
A dying fragrance thou wilt o'er my ashes shed.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE

GREECE.

HE who hath bent him o'er the dead,
Ere the first day of death is fled;
The first dark day of nothingness,
The last of danger and distress;
(Before decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers)
And mark'd the mild angelic air—
The rapture of repose that's there—
The fix'd yet tender traits that streak
The languor of the placid cheek,
And—but for that sad shrowded eye,
That fires not—wins not—weeps not—now,
And but for that chill changeless brow,
Where cold obstructions apathy
Appals the gazing mourner's heart,
As if to him it could impart
The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon—
Yes, but for these, and these alone,
Some moments, aye, one treach'rous hour,
He still might doubt the tyrant's power,
So fair, so calm, so softly seal'd,
The first—last look—by death reveal'd.
Such is the aspect of this shore—
'Tis Greece—but living Greece no more!
So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
We start—for soul is wanting there.
Her's is the loveliness of death,
That parts not quite with parting breath,
But beauty with that fearful bloom,
That hue which haunts it to the tomb—
Expression's last receding ray,
A gilded halo hovering round decay,
The farewell beam of feeling past away!
Spark of that flame—perchance of heav'nly birth—
Which gleams—but warms no more its cherish'd earth.

LORD BYRON.

GOOD-NATURE.

HAIL, Cherub of the highest heav'n,
Of look divine, and temper even;
Celestial sweetness, exquisite of mien,
Of every virtue, every praise, the queen!

Soft gracefulness, and blooming youth,
Where, grafted on the stem of Truth,
That Friendship reigns, no interest can divide,
And great Humility looks down on Pride.
Oh! curse on Slander's vip'rous tongue,
That daily dares thy merit wrong;
Idiots usurp thy title and thy fame,
Without or virtue, talent, taste, or name.
Is apathy, is heart of steel,
Nor ear to hear, nor sense to feel,
Life idly inoffensive, such a grace,
That it should steal thy name, and take thy place?
No—thou art active, spirit all,
Swifter than lightning, at the call
Of injur'd Innocence, or griev'd Desert,
And large with liberality thy heart.
Thy appetites in easy tides
(As Reason's luminary guides)
Soft slow—no wind can work them to a storm,
Correctly quick, dispassionately warm.
Yet if a transport thou canst feel,
'Tis only for a neighbour's weel;
Great, generous acts, thy ductile passions move,
And smilingly thou weep'st with joy and love.
Mild is thy mind to cover shame,
Averse to envy, slow to blame,
Bursting to praise, yet still sincere and free
From Flattery's fawning tongue, and bending knee.
Extensive, as from west to east,
Thy love descends from man to beast;
Nought is excluded, little or infirm,
Thou canst with greatness stoop to save a worm.
Come, goddess, come with all thy charms,
For oh! I love thee, to my arms:
All, all my actions guide, my fancy feed,
So shall existence then be life indeed.

SMART

TO FRIENDSHIP.

COME, gentle pow'r, from whom arose
Whate'er life's chequer'd scene adorns;
From whom the living current flows
Where Science fills her various urns:

Sacred to thee, yon marble dome,
O goddess! rears its awful head,
Fraught with the stores of Greece and Rome,
With gold and glowing gems inlaid;
Where Art, by thy command, hath fix'd her seat,
And ev'ry Muse, and ev'ry Grace, retreat.

For erst mankind, a savage race,
As lawless robbers rang'd the woods;
And chose, when weary'd with the chase,
'Midst rocks and caves their dark abodes:
Till, Friendship, thy persuasive strains,
Powerful as Orpheus' magic song,
Re-echo'd thro' the squalid plains,
And drew the brutish herd along:
Lost in surprise thy pleasing voice they own'd,
Chose softer arts, and polish'd at the sound.

Then Pity first her sacred flame
Within their frozen bosoms rais'd;
Tho' faint the spark when Friendship came,
When Friendship wav'd her wing it blaz'd:
'Twas then first heav'd the social sigh,
The social tear began to flow;
They felt a sympathetic joy,
And learn'd to melt at others' woe;
By just degrees Humanity refin'd,
And Virtue fix'd her empire in the mind

O goddess! when thy form appears,
Revenge, and rage, and faction cease;
The soul no fury-passion tears,
But all is harmony and peace.
Aghast the purple tyrant stood,
With awe beheld thy glowing charms;
Forgot the cursed thirst of blood,
And long'd to grasp thee in his arms;
Felt in his breast unusual softness rise,
And, deaf before, heard Pity's moving cries.

Is there a wretch in Sorrow's shade,
Who wastes, in tears, Life's ling'ring hours?
Is there, on whose devoted head
Her vengeful curses Até pours?

See to their aid fair Friendship flies,
Their sorrows sympathetic feels,
With lenient hand her balm applies,
And ev'ry grief indulgent heals:
The woe-fraught fiends before her stalk away,
As spectres shun the flaming eye of Day.

Oh! for a faithful, honest friend,
To whom I ev'ry care could trust;
Each weakness of my soul commend,
Nor fear him treach'rous or unjust!
Drive Flatt'ry's summer train away:
Those busy, anxious, flutt'ring things,
That insect-like, in Fortune's ray,
Bask, and expand their gaudy wings.
But, ah! when once the transient gleam is o'er,
Behold the change!—they die, and are no more.

SCOTT.

ON RETIREMENT.

NOW genial Spring o'er lawn and grove
Extends her vivid power;
Now Phœbus shines with mildest beams,
And wakes each sleeping flower.

Soft breezes fan the smiling mead,
Kind dews refresh the plain;
While Beauty, Harmony, and Love,
Renew their cheerful reign.

Now far from business let me fly,
Far from the crowded seat
Of Envy, Pageantry, and Power,
To some obscure retreat;

Where Plenty sheds, with liberal hand,
Her various blessings round;
Where laughing Joy delighted roves,
And roseate Health is found.

Give me to climb the mountain's brow,
When Morn's first blushes rise;
And view the fair extensive scene
With Contemplation's eyes.

And while the raptur'd woodland choir
Pours forth their love-taught lays;
I'll tune the grateful matin song
To my Creator's praise.

He bade the solar orb advance,
  To cheer the gloomy sky;
And at the gentle voice of spring,
  Made heary winter fly.

He dress'd the grove in smiling green,
  Unlock'd the ice-bound rill;
Bade Flora's pride adorn the vale,
  And herbage crown the hill.

To that all-gracious Source of Light,
  Let early incense rise:
While on Devotion's wing the soul
  Ascends her native skies.

And when the rapid car of day
  Illumes the farthest west;
When Sleep dissolves the captive's chains,
  And anguish sinks to rest;

Then let me range the shadowy lawns,
  When Vesper's silver light
Plays on the trembling streams, and gilds
  The sable veil of night.

When every earthly care's at rest,
  And musing Silence reigns;
Then active Fancy takes her flight
  Wide o'er th' ethereal plains:

Soars through the trackless realms of space,
  Sees endless systems roll;
Whilst all harmoniously combine
  To form one beauteous whole.

All hail, sweet Solitude! to thee,
  In thy sequester'd bower,
Let me invoke the pastoral Muse,
  And every sylvan power.

Dear pensive nymph, the tender thought
  And deep research is thine:
'Tis thine to hail the tortur'd breast,
  And form the great design.

On thy still bosom let me rest,
  Far from the clang of war;
Where stern Oppression's bloody chains
  Precede the victor's car.

Here fold me in thy sacred arms,
Where Albion's happy plains
Exulting tell the nations round,
A British Brunswick reigns.

Here let me hail each rising sun,
Here view each day's decline:
Be fame and sway my Sovereign's lot,
Be peace and freedom mine! WHATLEY

THE TULIP AND THE MYRTLE.

'TWAS on the border of a stream
A gaily-painted Tulip stood,
And, gilded by the morning beam,
Survey'd her beauties in the flood.

And sure more lovely to behold,
Might nothing meet the wistful eye,
Than crimson fading into gold,
In streaks of fairest symmetry.

The beauteous flower, with pride elate,
Ah me! that Pride with Beauty dwells!
Vainly affects superior state,
And thus in empty fancy swells:

" O lustre of unrivall'd bloom!
" Fair painting of a hand divine!
" Superior far to mortal doom,
" The hues of Heaven alone are mine!

" Away, ye worthless, formless, race!
" Ye weeds, that boast the name of flowers,
" No more my native bed disgrace,
" Unmeet for tribes so mean as yours!

" Shall the bright daughter of the sun
" Associate with the shrubs of earth?
" Ye slaves, your sovereign's presence shun!
" Respect her beauties and her birth.

" And thou, dull, sullen evergreen!
" Shalt thou my shining sphere invade,
" My noon-day beauties beam unseen,
" Obscur'd beneath thy dusky shade?"

" Deluded flower! (the Myrtle cries,)
" Shall we thy moment's bloom adore?
" The meanest shrub that you despise,
" The meanest flower, has merit more.

" That daisy in its simple bloom,
" Shall last along the changing year;
" Blush on the snow of Winter's gloom,
" And bid the smiling spring appear.

" The violet, that, those banks beneath,
" Hides from thy scorn its modest head,
" Shall fill the air with fragrant breath,
" When thou art in thy dusty bed.

" Ev'n I, who boast no golden shade,
" Am of no shining tints possess'd,
' When low thy lucid form is laid,
" Shall bloom on many a lovely breast.

" And he, whose kind and fostering care
" To thee, to me, our beings gave,
" Shall near his breast my flow'rets wear,
" And walk regardless o'er thy grave.

" Deluded flower, the friendly screen
" That hides thee from thy noon-tide ray,
" And mocks thy passion to be seen,
" Prolongs thy transitory day.

" But kindly deeds with scorn repaid,
" No more by virtue need be done:
" I now withdraw my dusky shade,
" And yield thee to the darling sun."

Fierce on the flower the scorching beam
With all its weight of glory fell;
The flower exulting caught the gleam,
And lent its leaves a bolder smell.

Expanded by the searching fire,
The curling leaves the breast disclos'
The mantling bloom was painted higher,
And every latent charm expos'd.

But when the sun was sliding low,
And evening came with dews so cold;
The wanton beauty ceas'd to blow.
And sought her bending leaves to fold.

Those leaves, alas! no more would close;
Relax'd, exhausted, sickening, pale;
They left her to a parent's woes,
And fled before the rising gale. LANGHORNE.

THE DEAD.

OF them, who wrapt in Earth are cold,
No more the smiling day shall view,
Should many a tender tale be told,
For many a tender thought is due.

Why else the o'ergrown paths of time,
Would thus the letter'd sage explore,
With pain these crumbling ruins climb,
And on the doubtful sculpture pore?

Why seeks he with unwearied toil,
Thro' Death's dim walks to urge his way,
Reclaim his long asserted spoil,
And lead Oblivion into day?

'Tis Nature prompts by toil or fear,
Unmov'd to range thro' Death's domain;
The tender parent loves to hear
Her children's story told again! LANGHORNE.

THE SEASONS.

SPRING.

WHEN, approach'd by the fair dewy fingers of Spring,
Swelling buds open first and look gay;
When the birds on the boughs by their mates sit and sing,
And are rock'd by the breeze on each spray:

When gently descending, the rain in soft showers,
With its moisture refreshes the ground;
And the drops, as they hang on the plants and the flowers,
Like rich gems beam a lustre around:

When the wood-pigeons sit in the branches and coo
And the cuckoo proclaims with his voice,
That Nature marks this for the season to woo,
And for all that can love to rejoice:

In a cottage by night may I pass the soft time,
 In the fields and the meadows all day;
With the wife of my heart, whose charms in their prime,
 Depict her as blooming as May!

When the lark with shrill notes sings aloft in the morn,
 May my fairest and I sweetly wake;
View the far distant hills, which the sun-beams adorn,
 Then arise, and our cottage forsake.

When the sun shines so warm that my charmer and I
 May recline on the turf without fear,
Let us there all vain thoughts and ambition defy,
 While we breathe the first sweets of the year.

While the dove sits lamenting the loss of its mate,
 Which the fowler has caught in his snares;
May we think ourselves bless'd that it is not our fate
 To endure such an absence as theirs.

May I listen to all her soft, tender, sweet notes,
 When she sings and no sounds interfere,
But the warbling of birds, which, in stretching their
 Are at strife to be louder than her. [throats,

When the daisies, and cowslips, and primroses blow,
 And chequer the meads and the lawns,
May we see bounding there the swift light-footed doe,
 And pursue with our eye the young fawns.

When the lapwings, just fledg'd, o'er the turf take their
 And the firstlings are all at their play; [run,
And the harmless young lambs skip about in the sun,
 Let us then be as frolic as they.

When I talk of my love, should I chance to espy
 That she seems to mistrust what I say,
By a tear that is ready to fall from her eye,
 With my lips let me wipe it away.

When evenings grow cool, and the flow'rs hang their
 With the dew, then no longer we'll roam; [heads
With my arm round her waist, in a path thro' the meads,
 Let us hasten to find our way home. BREREWOOD.

SUMMER.

WHERE the sun cannot pierce, in a grove of tall trees,
 With my fair one, as lovely as May,
Undisturb'd by all sound, but the sighs of a breeze,
 Let me pass the hot noon of the day.

When the sun, less intense, to the westward inclines,
 For the meadows the groves we'll forsake,
And see the rays dance as inverted he shines,
 On the face of some river or lake:

Where my fairest and I, on its verge as we pass,
 (For 'tis she that must still be my theme)
Our two shadows may view on the watery glass,
 While the fish are at play in the stream.

May the herds cease to low, and the lambkins to bleat,
 When she sings me some amorous strain;
All be silent and hush'd, unless echo repeat
 The kind words and sweet sounds back again.

And when we return to our cottage at night,
 Hand in hand as we sauntering stray,
Let the moon's silver beams thro' the leaves give us light,
 Just direct us, and chequer our way.

Let the nightingale warble its notes in our walk,
 As thus gently and slowly we move;
And let no single thought be express'd in our talk,
 But of friendship improv'd into love.

Thus enchanted each day with these rural delights,
 And secure from Ambition's alarms,
Soft love and repose shall divide all our nights,
 And each morning shall rise with new charms.

BREREWOOD.

AUTUMN.

THO' the seasons must alter, ah! yet let me find,
 What all must confess to be rare,
A female still cheerful, and faithful, and kind,
 The blessings of Autumn to share.

Let one side of her cottage, a flourishing vine
 Overspread with its branches and shade:
Whose clusters appear more transparent and fine,
 As its leaves are beginning to fade.

When the fruit makes the branches bend down with its load,
 In our orchard surrounded with pales;
In a bed of clean straw let our apples be stow'd,
 For a tart that in winter regales.

When the vapours that rise from the earth in the morn,
Seem to hang on its surface like smoke,
Till dispers'd by the sun that gilds over the corn,
Within doors let us prattle and joke.

But when we see clear all the hues of the leaves,
And at work in the fields are all hands;
Some in reaping the wheat, others binding the sheaves,
Let us carelessly stroll o'er the lands.

And now when the husbandman sings harvest-home,
And the corn's all got into the house;
When the long-wish'd-for time of their meeting is come,
To frolic, and feast, and carouse:

When the leaves from the trees are began to be shed,
And are leaving the branches all bare;
Either strew'd at the roots, shrivell'd, wither'd, and dead,
Or else blown to and fro in the air:

Let's enjoy all the pleasure retirement affords,
Still amus'd with our innocent sports;
Nor once envy the pomp of fine ladies and lords,
With their grand entertainments in courts.

In the eve to our cottage, well-pleas'd, let's repair,
And our mutual endearments revive;
While our looks, and our words, and our actions, declare
How contented and happy we live.

Should ideas arise that may ruffle the soul,
Let soft music the phantoms remove;
For 'tis harmony only has force to controul,
And unite all the passions in love. BREREWOOD.

WINTER.

WHEN the trees are all bare, not a leaf to be seen.
And the meadows their beauty have lost;
When Nature's disrob'd of her mantle of green,
And the streams are fast bound with the frost:

While the peasant inactive stands shiv'ring with cold,
As bleak the winds northerly blow;
And the innocent flocks run for warmth to the fold,
With their fleeces besprinkled with snow:

In the yard, when the cattle are fodder'd with straw,
And they send forth their breath in a stream;
And the neat-looking dairy-maid sees she must thaw
Flakes of ice that she finds in the cream:

When the sweet country-maiden, as fresh as a rose,
As she carelessly trips often slides,
And the rustics laugh loud, if, by falling, she shows
All the charms that her modesty hides:

When the lads and the lasses for company join'd,
In a crowd round the embers are met,
Talk of fairies, and witches, that ride on the wind,
And of ghosts, till they're all in a sweat:

Heaven grant in this season, it may be my lot,
With the nymph whom I love and admire;
While the icicles hang from the eaves of my cot,
I may thither in safety retire!

Where in neatness and quiet, and free from surprise,
We may live, and no hardships endure;
Nor feel any turbulent passions arise,
But such as each other may cure! BREREWOOD.

YOUTH ENTERING ON THE WORLD.

OFT have I seen when musing on the shore,
Unskilful infants grasp th' unwieldy oar,
Push the frail bark into the swelling main,
Borne by the rapid tide, pant to regain
The less'ning land, and, shrieking, weep too late
The gaping horrors of tempestuous fate!
True picture of our unsuspecting age,
Who long to stretch where fatal billows rage:
'Gainst our own heaven like angels we rebel,
And quit the realms where during raptures dwell;
Pant for a wing to range the World around,—
The World—how swoons my soul to hear the sound;
The World, where Pleasure flies the grasping hand,
And Hope builds palaces on shifting sand:
Where Treachery talks with sweetly melting flow,
Of horrid words that turn to gall and woe:
Confederacies of profit or of vice,
Where Friendship's only firm as faithless ice:

When potent Avarice cast a golden ray,
Dissolves its brittle mass and floats away:
Fix'd in the breast where pride or int'rest thrives,
And Love, a secondary passion, lives;
Where children cherish'd, by Affection's ray,
Long in the dust the partial sire to lay:
Tho' daily fondness beams the constant smile,
And only wisely keeps its own awhile:
Here Obligation e'en beneath the wing,
That hatches it to life will fix a sting·
Here Worth is trampled down by mounted Pride,
And Modesty by Av'rice push'd aside.
Such slow discernment guides the stupid crowd,
That Impudence for Talent is allow'd:
In Life's true masquerade fools are so blind,
That half a thin disguise will cheat mankind:
Here Ostentation weak expedients tries,
To lead from happiness our wand'ring eyes:
Thou wouldst do good—but be thou pure as snow,
With every kindness let thy bosom glow:
Detraction's pois'nous breath thy fame shall blot,
Or Envy's microscope pry out a spot!
Has then this sickly world no cordial balm?
This storm of passion no delightful calm?
Yet as the traveller 'mid dreary wastes
Here meets a flower—there a fountain tastes—
As stars that aid the gloom of during night,
So scatter'd worth diffuses partial light;
O'er all our ills a self-born radiance sheds,
More bright like phosphorus as darkness spreads,
Let potent Wisdom smooth the wrinkled brow,
And sweet Complacence soften all below.
See in each rising Sun new comfort giv'n,
And when it sets behold a nearer Heav'n!
The few rare gems of Friendship here improve,
As fading emblems of Eternal Love!

BIDLAKE.

THE VIOLET AND THE PANSY.

SHEPHERD, if near thy artless breast
  The god of fond desires repair;
Implore him for a gentle guest,
  Implore him with unwearied prayer.

Should Beauty's soul-enchanting smile,
  Love-kindling looks, and features gay,
Should these thy wandering eye beguile,
  And steal thy wareless heart away;

That heart shall soon with sorrow swell,
  And soon the erring eye deplore,
If in the beauteous bosom dwell
  No gentle virtue's genial store.

Far from his hive one summer-day,
  A young and yet unpractis'd Bee,
Borne on his tender wings away,
  Went forth the flow'ry world to see.

The morn, the noon, in play he pass'd,
  But when the shades of evening came,
No parent brought the due repast;
  And faintness seiz'd his little frame.

By Nature urg'd, by instinct led,
  The bosom of a flower he sought,
Where streams mourn'd round a mossy bed,
  And violets all the bank inwrought.

Of kindred race, but brighter dyes,
  On that fair bank a Pansy grew,
That borrow'd from indulgent skies,
  A velvet shade and purple hue.

The tints that stream'd with glossy gold,
  The velvet shade, the purple hue,
The stranger wonder'd to behold,
  And to its beauteous bosom flew.

Not fonder haste the lover speeds,
  At evening's fall, his fair to meet,
When o'er the hardly-bending meads
  He springs on more than mortal feet.

Nor glows his eye with brighter glee,
  When stealing near her orient breast,
Than felt the fond enamour'd Bee,
  When first the golden bloom he prest.

Ah! pity much his youth untried,
  His heart in Beauty's magic spell!
So never passion thee betide,
  But where the genial virtues dwell.

In vain he seeks those virtues there;
No soul-sustaining charms abound;
No honey'd sweetness, to repair
The languid waste of life, is found.

An aged Bee, whose labours led
Thro' those fair springs, and meads of gold,
His feeble wing, his drooping head
Beheld, and pity'd to behold.

"Fly, fond adventurer, fly the art
"That courts thine eye with fair attire;
"Who smiles to win the heedless heart,
"Will smile to see that heart expire.

"This modest flower, of humbler hue,
"That boasts no depth of glowing dyes,
"Array'd in unbespangled blue,
"The simple clothing of the skies—

"This flower, with balmy sweetness blest,
"May yet thy languid life renew:"
He said, and to the Violet's breast
The little vagrant fam'ly flew. LANGHORNE.

FLORA AND THE BOY.

A BOY one morn into a garden stray'd,
Which Flora had adorn'd with sweetest flow'rs;
Roses, azalias, lilies, pinks, display'd
Their various charms, their fascinating pow'rs.
The little rogue delighted, view'd the rich parterre,
And long'd to rifle ev'ry beauty there.
But Flora, when she saw him thus dispos'd,
Drew near, and wisely interpos'd:
She smiling said, "My little friend,
"To one alone your choice must be confin'd;
"Look round, select one to your mind,
"Where balmy odours with rare beauty blend."
He quickly laid his hand upon a rose,
Whose charms might well his little heart engage,
When soon the thorns his rude attack oppose,
With indignation fir'd,
He from the lurking enemy retir'd,
And scornful thus express'd his idle rage:

"Go wither on thy stem, thou treach'rous flow'r,
"There pine and fade neglected and forlorn;
"I'll seek another rose in yonder bow'r,
"Who, fair like thee, shall blow without one thorn."
He ran to pluck one from the clust'ring store,
Each bow'r examin'd o'er and o'er,
As vainly search'd the garden round,—
Alas! no rose without a thorn was to be found.
His heart beat high with rising pride,
That thus his wishes were deny'd
(For he had never felt controul);
At length a flood of tears reliev'd his swelling soul.
Flora, diverted at such childish grief,
Yet willing to encourage him, approach'd again:
"My son," she said, "thy tears are vain;
"But take my counsel, you will find relief.
"Courage and perseverance never fail:
"First o'er the thorns prevail,
"Each difficulty you will then remove,
"And gain the object of your love."
To this each little student may compare
The hours of learning, often mix'd with care;
Yet while the road to knowledge is in view,
With diligence its winding paths pursue,
And tho' some briars on the way appear,
Those will be conquer'd if you persevere;
And having well employ'd your youthful hours,
Reap with advantage Time's most precious flow'rs.

THE MOUSE'S PETITION.

Found in a Trap, where he had been confined all night.

OH! hear a pensive prisoner's prayer,
For liberty that sighs;
And never let thine heart be shut
Against the wretch's cries.

For here forlorn and sad I sit,
Within the wiry grate;
And tremble at th' approaching morn,
Which brings impending fate.

If e'er thy breast with freedom glow'd,
And spurn'd a tyrant's chain,
Let not thy strong oppressive force
A free-born Mouse detain.

O! do not stain with guiltless blood,
Thy hospitable hearth;
Nor triumph that thy wiles betray'd
A prize so little worth.

The scatter'd gleanings of a feast
My frugal meals supply:
But if thine unrelenting heart
That slender boon deny,

The cheerful light, the vital air,
Are blessings widely giv'n;
Let Nature's commoners enjoy
The common gifts of Heav'n.

The well-taught philosophic mind
To all compassion gives;
Casts round the world an equal eye,
And feels for all that lives.

If mind, as ancient sages taught,
A never-dying flame,
Still shifts thro' matters varying forms,
In every form the same:

Beware, lest in the worm you crush,
A brother's soul you find;
And tremble, lest thy luckless hand
Dislodge a kindred mind.

Or, if this transient gleam of day
Be all of life we share;
Let pity plead within thy breast,
That little all to spare.

So may thy hospitable board
With health and peace be crown'd;
And every charm of heart-felt ease,
Beneath thy roof be found.

So, when Destruction lurks unseen,
Which men like mice may share;
May some kind angel clear thy path,
And break the hidden snare. BARBAULD

TO A FRIEND IN AFFLICTION.

AH, me! what pangs a tender heart must feel!
Such is the wayward fate of all below;
We joy and sorrow oft in others' weal,
And best affections prove a source of woe.

To Friendship's pow'r I've long resign'd my soul,
  And fancy'd happiness her reign must prove;
The ills of life I thought she would controul,
  And peace and rest would flow from purest love.

Alas! 'twas mortal, what I'd fancy'd more;
  And ills will mix in scenes beneath the sky:
Friendship soon prov'd the ideal bliss was o'er;
  That pains were doubled by the tender tie.

Friendship, how strange thy sympathetic pow'r!
  Thy magic influence spreads thro' all my mind;
I doat on pain, indulge the mournful hour,
  When Friendship calls, nor think her task unkind.

Nay, more—how oft I've left the mournful scene,
  The scene where Joy and Laughter seem'd to reign;
And stole with Friendship to the calm serene,
  The converse of the heart—how great the gain!

When my Maria meets me, gentle maid,
  And tells the artless story of her woe;
My bosom meets her sighs, her griefs would aid,
  And tear for tear from Sympathy will flow!

Might but the heart-felt tenderness I bear,
  Soothe the keen anguish of her aching breast;
With joy I would indulge th' endearing care,
  And live to hush her sorrows into rest.

My dear Maria! can thy heart enjoy
  A sense of aught that Friendship can bestow!
Or does thy wretchedness all sense destroy,
  But that which only serves to swell thy woe?

Yet such, my love, to thee, the tie so strong,
  I still would strive to ease thy soul's distress;
Nor could pale Misery paint the season long,
  That in the end shall bring thy mind redress.

Sometimes I've seen a transient gleam of joy,
  Transfus'd thro' all thy features to a smile:
Indulge the ray, nor be to Friendship coy:
  Her kindly influence may thy woes beguile.

With lib'ral hand thy mind by Heav'n is stor'd,
  Each dear affection in thy heart hath place:
For gifts like these, be gracious Heav'n ador'd,
  And glowing gratitude express the grace!

These, too, will bid thy tortur'd breast be still,
And calm thy troubled passions into rest:
Will lead to acquiesce in th' Almighty's will,
And see that all his ways are right, and best.

COLLIER.

PIOUS MEMORY.

Occasioned by seeing the Graves dressed with Flowers, at Brecknock, in Wales.

" WHITHER away, fair maid?" I cry'd,
As on old Hundy's bank I lay;
When, passing by me, I espy'd
A modest maid in neat array.

Upon her red, but well-turn'd arm,
A little wicker-basket hung;
With flow'rs of various hues replete,
And branches ever green and young.

The fragrant bay, the mournful yew,
The cypress, and the box, were there;
The daisy py'd, the violet blue,
The red pink, and the primrose fair.

" And why that basket on your arm,
" With all those fragrant sweets supply'd?"
With blushing look, and pensive air,
And voice of meekness soft, she sigh'd:

" To yonder church-yard do I haste,
" To dress the grave where Henry sleeps;
" No maid a truer lover bless'd,
" No maid more faithful lover weeps.

" Stern Death forbade us to unite,
" And cut him down with ruthless blow;
" And now I speed to deck his grave,
" As 'tis our weekly wont to do."

The melancholy custom pleas'd,
She left me wrapp'd in pensive thought;
Ideas sad, but soothing, rose,
When my slow steps the church-yard sought.

There, kneeling o'er her Henry's grave,
Adorn'd with all her basket's store,
The rural maiden, sighing, hung,
Her eyes with tender tears ran o'er.

She rais'd those eyes so full of tears,
 Which now and then stole down her cheek:
And much to Heav'n she would have spoke,
 But sorrow would not let her speak.

Yet, tho' her thoughts could find no vent,
 There is who reads each honest mind:
And the true heart to him devote,
 Shall ample satisfaction find.

Then, gentle maiden! do not fear,
 Again thy Henry thou shalt meet;
Till then thy tender task pursue,
 And strew thy greens and flowers so sweet.

And you whom all around I see,
 The same dear mournful task employ;
Ye parents, children, husbands, wives,
 The melancholy bliss enjoy!

Oh! 'tis delicious to maintain
 Of friends deceas'd a due respect!
Then bring me flow'rets, bring me greens,
 Straight shall my parents' grave be deck'd:

And many a friend's (whom faithful love
 Still keeps alive within my breast)
Luxuriously sad, I'll see
 With choicest garlands weekly dress'd.

Come, then, the wicker-basket bring;
 Come, Memory, and with me go!
Each lovely flower that breathes the spring,
 Affection's gentle hand shall strew:

A mellow tear of soothing woe
 Shall o'er the graves spontaneous fall:
While Heav'n the heart's still wish shall hear,
 And to each other grant us all. DODD.

THE INDIAN PHILOSOPHERS.

" WHY should our joys transform to pain
" Why gentle Hymen's silken chain
  " A plague of iron prove?
" Good gods! 'tis strange, the chain that binds
" Millions of hands, should leave their minds
  " At such a loose from love!"

In vain I sought the wond'rous cause ;
Search'd the wide fields of Nature's laws,
And urg'd the schools in vain :
Till deep in thought, within my breast
My soul retir'd, and slumber dress'd
A bright instructive scene.

O'er the wide land, and cross the tide,
On Fancy's airy wing I ride ;
Sweet rapture of the mind !
Till on the banks of Ganges' flood,
In a tall ancient grove I stood ;
For sacred use design'd.

Hard by, a venerable priest,
Ris'n with his god, the sun, from rest,
Began his morning song :
Thrice he conjur'd the murm'ring stream !
The birth of souls was all his theme,
And half divine his tongue.

He sang the eternal rolling flame ;
That vital mass that's still the same,
Does all our minds compose :
Whence shap'd in twice ten thousand frames,
Whence differing souls of different names
And different passions rose.

" The mighty Pow'r that form'd the mind,
" One mould for every two design'd ;
" Then blest the new-born pair :
" This be a match for this," he said :
" Then down he sent the souls he made,
" To seek them bodies here.

" But parting from their warm abodes,
" They lost their fellows on the roads,
" And never join'd their hands :
" O cruel chance, and crossing fates !
" Our eastern souls have lost their mates
" On Europe's barbarous lands."

Thus sang the wond'rous Indian Bard :
My list'ning ear attentive heard,
Whilst Ganges ceas'd to flow ;
" Sure then, (said I) could I but see
" The gentle nymph that twin'd with me,
" I might be happy too !"

Some courteous angel tell me where,
What distant lands the unknown fair,
Or distant seas detain;
Swift as the wheel of Nature rolls,
I'd fly to meet and mingle souls,
And wear the joyful chain.

WATTS.

NOSEGAY OF WILD FLOWERS.

FAIR rising from her icy couch
Wan herald of the floral year,
The Snow-drop marks the spring's approach,
Ere yet the Primrose groups appear,
Or peers the Aurun (1) from its spotted veil,
Or odorous Violets scent the cold capricious gale.

Then thickly strewn in woodland bowers,
Anemonies their stars unfold,
There spring the Sorrel's veined flowers,
And rich in vegetable gold,
From calyx pale, the freckled Cowslip born,
Receives in amber cups the fragrant dews of morn.

Lo! the green Thorn, her silver buds
Expands to May's enliv'ning beam;
Hottonia (2) blushes on the floods,
And where the slowly trickling stream,
Mid grass and spiry rushes stealing glides
Her lovely fringed flowers fair Menyanthus (3) hides.

In the lone copse, or shadowy dale,
Wild cluster'd knots of Harebells blow,
And droops the Lily of the Vale,
O'er Vinca's (4) matted leaves below.
The Orchis race with vary'd beauty charm,
And mock the exploring bee or fly's aerial form.

Wound in the hedge-row's oaken boughs,
The Woodbine's tassels float in air,
And blushing, the uncultur'd Rose
Hangs high her beauteous blossoms there;
Her fillets there the purple Nightshade weaves,
And the Brionia winds her pale and scollop'd leaves

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(1) Cuckoo Pint. (2) Water Violet. (3) Bogbean.
(4) Periwinkle.

To later Summer's fragrant breath;
  Clemati's (5) feathery garlands dance;
The hollow Foxglove nods beneath,
  While to tall Mullein's yellow glance,
Dear to the mealy tribe of ev'ning towers,
And the weak Gallium (6) weaves its myriad fairy flowers.

Sheltering the coot's or wild-duck's nest,
  And where the timid halycon hides,
The Willow-herb in crimson drest,
  Waves with Arundo o'er the tides,
And there the bright Nymphea (7) loves to lave,
Or spreads her golden orbs upon the dimpling wave.

And thou, by pain and sorrow blest,
  Papaver! (8) that an opiate dew,
Conceal'st beneath thy scarlet vest,
  Contrasting with the Corn-flower blue,
Autumnal months behold thy gauzy leaves
Bend in the rustling gale amid the tawny sheaves.

From the first bud, whose venturous head
  The Winter's lingering tempest braves,
To those which mid the foliage dead,
  Sink latest to their annual grave,
All are for *health*, or *food*, or *pleasure* given,
And speak in various ways the bounteous hand of Heaven!

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

(5) Virgin's bower. (6) Yellow Lady's Bed-straw.
(7) White Water Lily. (8) Common Poppy.

THE BARDS OF BRITAIN.

ADDRESSED TO SIR RICHARD PHILLIPS,

On presenting the Author with a Collection of Poetry.

FRIEND of th' advent'rous poet's infant muse,
Receive this tribute, nor the lay refuse;
Thy gift invests me with a godlike band,
The boast, the glory of my native land!

  Dear, doubly dear, the precious treasures giv'n;
Dear as the ruddy beam of light from Heav'n:
Unsullied treasures!—with no dross combin'd,
Unsullied treasures of th' immortal MIND!

Long sigh'd-for volumes, stor'd with truths divine,
And Fancy's richest flowers—ye all are mine!

Though adverse fortune on my youth has frown'd,
And faithless friends inflicted many a wound,
Unnotic'd long: though oft, with grief sincere,
I heav'd the sigh and dropt the anguish'd tear;
Yet Hope, at length, has built her downy nest,
Oh! blessed change! within this throbbing breast:
This breast, where late the raven of Despair
Sat brooding on the thorns of with'ring Care.
Kind Heav'n! all-bounteous! gives a Friend to save;
I seem re-born, or rescu'd from the grave!
And, in the precious boon which Phillips sends,
My raptur'd heart receives a host of friends!
Friends, who will soothe me in Misfortune's gloom,
And, to the Muses' Court, convert my narrow room.

Methinks, e'en now I see the *mighty train*
Encircle me around; and each, alternate,
Accept, with smiles, my homage. In the midst,
With deathless laurel blooming round thy brows,
My gaze is bent on thee, immortal youth!
On thee, whom most I pity, love, admire!
The beams of gladness sparkle in thine eyes,
Which, on the portrait of my fost'ring bard,
Seem steadfast riveted;—and sure I hear
Thy voice exclaim

[CHATTERTON.]

Happie itte bie for thie;
Reet mycle comforte wele betide thine houres!
Synne, frae the mokie denne obscuritye,
Whilom, lyke myne, thie ruthful thornye bedde,
An helpen hannde hes gethered thie flowres,
Whilk growen by the sun uncheryshed,
Ande them haes setten, where hys beem devyne
May keepe them frae a Walpole's scowlying eyne.

Ill-fated bard! I mourn thy hapless fall;
But, as a sky-harp'd seraph, now I hail
Thy form divine! and, with exultance proud,
What thou hast left to this ungrateful world,
Pronounce as mine!

TO MILTON.

Oh! Heav'n illumin'd bard!
Whose wing seraphic soar'd above all height,

In majesty of song, forgive! forgive!
That my rash hand should dare, upon thy throne,
Thy starry throne! to place a hapless youth,
Though proudly favour'd by the weeping Nine,
Thy great superior alone in sorrow!
Mournful pre-eminence! Yes, thou wilt pardon:—
And MILTON'S tear, on CHATTERTON'S pale urn,
Shall drop, like balm, from weeping cherub's eye!
Oh! how thy awful daring I revere;
Thou, through the gloom of *Chaos* and old *Night*,
Despotic rulers o'er the drear profound,
Travers'd, with steadfast soul, the pathless way;
Thou, from the Stygian pool, on Hierarch's wing,
Soar'd dreadfully sublime; and 'yond the stars,
Where human eye had never dar'd to look,
Explor'd the regions of eternal day,
And on Heav'n's pearly pavement fearless trod!
With reverential awe, my trembling hand
Shall turn, at midnight's hour, thy volumes o'er;
Mount, on the wings of Fancy, by thy side;
Visit the liquid deeps of hell below;
Then, rising on the pinion of the mind,
To Heav'n's extremest verge shall rapt ascend;
'Till, for a moment, I forget myself—
Forget I sprang from dust, and am a worm!

TO DRYDEN.

Dryden too, appears,
To charm my wond'ring ears!
See, see, he rises in a car of state!
His Heav'n-train'd steeds proclaim
His never-dying fame!
The reins upheld with daring hand;
He guides them o'er the rugged mountain's brow,
Around whose base the limpid waters flow.
Hark! hark! his thund'ring wheels resound
Through ether's concave wide!
His coursers feel the biting lash,
The swift revolving axles flash,
He spurns the trembling ground:
See, checking now with fierce command
Their dread career, in fullest pride,
He mounts, on cherub-wing, magnificently great!

TO POPE.

With piercing eye, deep vers'd in Nature's lore,
Resolv'd the realms of reason to explore;
The paths of science, the retreats of sense,
And justify the ways of Providence.
Pope next I see, the bard, whose various fire
Attunes the hallow'd or the tender lyre;
Tears off the fraudful mask that screens the mind,
And awes the varying follies of mankind:
Instructs the *serious*, and delights the *gay*,
Shows Fame's proud fane, and leads himself the way!

TO YOUNG.

With coffin'd shrouds surrounded, big with thought,
With painful thought, which moves, yet mends the heart,
And swells to aw'd solemnity, see, Young
Deigns, too, to dwell beneath my humble roof!
The reliques of the dead, with full-fix'd eye,
Denoting deep reflection, he surveys,
And smiles at "weak mortality!" Absorb'd
In contemplation, on the jarring world
He looks indignant. Cross the shoreless tide
Of full eternity his steadfast gaze
Is fix'd; nor once returns, save that he casts
One look of pity on disastrous man!

TO THOMSON.

And Thomson, Nature's limner! *thou* art mine
Thou, who hast painted the all-blessed year,
Bringing the seasons full within my view,
E'en, when sequester'd in this nook I sit;
The flow'ry dale, the steep aspiring hill,
The velvet bank, the desolated waste,
The pebbled streamlet, and the roaring flood,—
Spring's tender fragrance,—Summer's noon-tide blaze,—
Autumnal breezes,—Winter's icy blasts,—
In all their sweet diversity of change!

TO COLLINS.

And Collins, too,
To thee I bow,
Bright Fancy's *favourite* child,
Who, in the desolated wild,
With all the varied sweets of song,
Pour'd forth the strain,
As o'er the plain,
Fleet echo did thy swelling notes prolong!

And, when the PASSIONS fir'd thy breast,
Upon some rocky steep,
Which fearful overhung the deep,
Thou, with the phrenzy of poetic fire,
Drew'st all the FURIES round thy magic lyre;
And, 'mid the hideous yell
Of grisly spectres, fell!
Revenge! Despair!
And haggard Care!
With harp in hand,
Didst take thy stand,
Now made them frantic rave, now lull'd them all to rest.

TO SHENSTONE.

And late from the blade-waving mead,
Enamell'd with SPRING's vernal flowers,
The murmurs of Corydon's reed
Were plaintively heard from the bowers.

Around him the frolicsome lambs,
In wantonness frisk'd to the note;
While wistfully gaz'd the fond dams,
Who seem'd on the younglings to doat.

As centinel laid at his feet,
Poor Tray watch'd the flock on the plain;
And, pour'd from the thicket's retreat,
Was heard the mellifluous strain.

Suspended, his crook, on the tree,
Hung ready his hand to receive;
The ballad was plac'd on his knee,
Which taught his fond bosom to heave.

But, broken is Corydon's reed,
Ah! ne'er shall we hear it again!
No longer his lambkins to feed,
The shepherd shall traverse the plain.

But, though he to death is consign'd,
And no more the lov'd bard shall we see,
His song in a wreath is entwin'd,
And that wreath forms a GARLAND for me!

TO GRAY.

Next, see ethereal GRAY,
Whose daring fancy took her flight,
On eagle-wing, to huge Plinlimmon's height,

And as above her snow-capt brow she soar'd,
The fall of Cambria's children dear!
The heavenly maid in wild dismay,
With Hoel's harp deplor'd,
While from her eyelids gush'd the soul-assuaging tear!

And oft, when Caution penn'd the guarded fold,
Wrapt in his strain I took my lonely way,
And listen'd pensive as *his* "curfew toll'd"
The dreary knell of the departed day!

With ling'ring step, at midnight's awful noon,
I sought the death-bed of the lab'ring hind;
Explor'd with him the spot with grass o'ergrown,
And the rude stone which rustic skill design'd.

Oft shall his numbers wait me to repose,
Oft shall my bosom own their magic pow'r;
His moral lay the hallow'd truth disclose,
And oft beguile the solitary hour!

TO GOLDSMITH.

Next hapless AUBURN's friend my bosom cheers,
Whom NATURE loves, and ev'ry Muse reveres!
To him was giv'n the high victorious art,
To gain a conquest o'er the human heart;
No party-theme his gen'rous bosom fir'd,
Far other strains his social soul inspir'd;
In thy blest cause, O VIRTUE, he engag'd,
And 'gainst thy foes alone fierce war he wag'd!
He saw Oppression seize the poor man's soil,
And bade the tyrant quit the impious spoil;
With grief he saw the dome of Pow'r arise,
With shame he heard the hapless maiden's sighs!
He saw the prince, encompass'd by a train
Of flatt'ring slaves, who spurn'd the harmless swain;
With weeping eye he view'd the lab'rer's lot,
Driv'n, like an exile, from his plunder'd spot!
Each realm he trac'd, recording in his strains,
That land most bless'd—where prosper'd most its swains!
Poet belov'd! my vanquish'd heart is thine,
And beats with transport thus to call *thee* mine!

TO BURNS.

And wha is he that sings sae weel,
And pens "Addresses to the Deil?"
Wha gies the sang syke bonny turns?
Daft Gowk! ye ken it's sonsie BURNS!

His gabby tales I looe to hear,
They please sae meikle, run sae clear;
That ilka time, good troth, I read,
I'm wiser baith i' heart an head.

I wad advise, when runkled care
Begins to mak ye glowr and stare,
That ye wad first turn owr his leaf,
'Twill mak ye soon forget your grief!

And, should auld mokie sorrow freeten,
His blythesome tale your hearts will leeten;
And sure I am, ye grief may banter,
By looking owr his "Tam o' Shanter."

And, while I breathe, whene'er I'm scant,
Of cheerfu friends—and find a want
Of something blythe to cure my glumps,
And free me frae the doleful dumps,

I'll tak his beuk, and read awhile,
Until he mak me wear a smile;
And, then, if I hae time to spare,
I'll learn his "Bonny Banks of Ayr!" BLACKET.

THE NIGHTINGALE AND GLOW-WORM.

THE prudent nymph, whose cheeks disclose
The lily and the blushing rose,
From public view her charms will screen,
And rarely in the crowd be seen:
This simple truth shall keep her wise,
"The fairest fruits attract the flies."

One night a glow-worm, proud and vain,
Contemplating her glitt'ring train,
Cried, Sure there never was in nature
So elegant, so fine a creature.
All other insects that I see,
The frugal ant, industrious bee,
Or silk-worm, with contempt I view;
With all that low, mechanic crew,
Who servilely their lives employ
In business, enemy to joy.
Mean, vulgar herd! ye are my scorn,
For grandeur only I was born,

Or sure am sprung from race divine,
And plac'd on earth to live and shine:
Those lights that sparkle so on high,
Are but the glow-worms of the sky,
And kings on earth their gems admire,
Because they imitate my fire.

She spoke. Attentive on a spray,
A Nightingale forbore his lay:
He saw the shining morsel near,
And flew, directed by the glare:
Awhile he gaz'd with sober look,
And thus the trembling prey bespoke:

Deluded fool, with pride elate,
Know, 'tis thy beauty brings thy fate:
Less dazzling, long thou might'st have lain
Unheeded on the velvet plain:
Pride, soon or late, degraded mourns,
And Beauty wrecks whom she adorns. MOORE.

ODE TO YOUTH.

YOUTH, ah stay, prolong delight,
Close thy pinions stretch'd for flight!
Youth disdaining silver hairs,
Autumn's frowns, and Winter's cares,
Dwell'st thou but in dimple sleek,
In vernal smiles, and Summer's cheek?
On Spring's ambrosial lap thy hands unfold,
They blossom fresh with hope, and all they touch is gold.

Graver years come sailing by:
Hark! they call me as they fly;
Quit, they cry, for nobler themes,
Statesman, quit thy boyish dreams!
Tune to crowds thy pliant voice,
Or flatter thrones, the nobler choice!
Deserting Virtue, yet assume her state;
Thy smiles that dwell with Love, ah, wed them now to Hate!

Or in Victory's purple plain
Triumph thou on hills of slain!
While the virgin rends her hair,
Childless sires demand their heir;

Timid orphans kneel and weep:
Or, where the unsunn'd treasures sleep,
Sit brooding o'er thy cave in grim repose,
There mock at human joys, there mock at human woes.

Years away! too dear I prize
Fancy's haunts, her vales, her skies;
Come, ye gales that swell the flowers,
Wake my soul's expanding powers;
Come, by streams embower'd in wood,
Celestial forms, the fair, the good!
With moral charms associate vernal joys!
Pure Nature's pleasure these—the rest are Fashion's toys.

Come, while years reprove in vain,
Youth, with me, and Rapture reign!
Sculpture, painting meet my eyes,
Glowing still with young surprise!
Never to the virgin's lute
This ear be deaf, this voice be mute!
Come, Beauty, cause of anguish, heal its smart,
—Now temperate measures beat, unalter'd else my heart.

Still my soul for ever young,
Speak thyself divinely sprung!
Wing'd for Heaven, embracing earth,
Link'd to all of mortal birth,
Brute or man, in social chain
Still link'd to all who suffer pain.
Pursue th' eternal law!—one Power above
Connects, pervades the whole—that power divine is love.

LOVIBOND.

FRIENDSHIP.

DISTILL'D amidst the gloom of night,
Dark hangs the dew-drop on the thorn;
Till, notic'd by approaching light,
It glitters in the smile of morn.

Morn soon retires, her feeble pow'r
The sun outbeams with genial day,
And gently, in benignant hour,
Exhales the liquid pearl away.

Thus on Affliction's sable bed
Deep sorrows rise of saddest hue;
Condensing round the mourner's head,
They bathe the cheek with chilly dew.

Tho' Pity shows her dawn from Heaven,
When kind she points assistance near;
To Friendship's sun alone 'tis given
To soothe and dry the mourner's tear.

PENROSE.

DEATH OF A GOOD MAN

——————— HOW a country sighs
With genuine anguish when the *good man* dies!
Musing behold athwart yon blackening mead,
In solemn march his funeral pomp proceed;
Pride and protector of the mournful throng,
Sad burthen! see him slowly mov'd along;
Far off the long procession's dusky hue
Now entering at the church-yard gate I view,
And now, while its new guest looks down from Heav'n!
Falls the full tear, and *dust* to *dust* is giv'n!
From hearts his bounty eas'd what sorrows rise!
That last shriek was his passport to the skies!
Kind courteous Spirit, affably benign,
Round thy glad front serenest glories shine,
On everlasting archives are anneal'd
These deeds thy virtuous diffidence conceal'd,
Nor shall thy gen'rous mem'ry fade on earth,
Theme of the summer seat and evening hearth;
Primrose and pansy, bath'd in pearly dew,
On thy green sod ethereal fingers strew,
And pilgrim Piety's ambrosial wreath,
Entwines the desolating scythe of Death!

DERMODY.

ON HEARING MUSIC.

YON organ! hark! how soft, how sweet,
The warbling notes in concert meet!
The sound my fancy leads
To climes where Phœbus' brightest beams
Gild jasmine groves, and crystal streams,
And lily-mantled meads;

Where myrtle bowers their bloom unfold,
Where citrons bend with fruit of gold,
Where grapes depress the vines;
Where, on the bank with roses gay,
Love, Innocence, and Pleasure play,
And Beauty's form reclines.

Now, different tones and measures flow,
And gravely deep, and sadly slow,
Involve the mind in gloom;
I seem to join the mournful train,
Attendant round the couch of Pain,
Or leaning o'er the tomb:

To where the orphan'd infant sleeps,
To where the love-lorn damsel weeps,
I pitying seem to stray;
Methinks I watch his cradle near,
Methinks her drooping thought I cheer,
And wipe her tears away.

Now loud the tuneful thunders roll,
And rouse and elevate the soul
O'er earth and all its care;
I seem to hear from heavenly plains
Angelic choirs' responsive strains,
And in their raptures share. SCOTT.

CARE AND GENEROSITY.

OLD Care, with industry and art,
At length so well had play'd his part,
He heap'd up such an ample store,
That Av'rice could not sigh for more:
Ten thousand flocks his shepherd told,
His coffers overflow'd with gold;
The land all round him was his own,
With corn his crowded granaries groan.
In short, so vast his charge and gain,
That to possess them was a pain:
With happiness oppress'd he lies,
And much too prudent to be wise.
Near him there liv'd a beauteous maid,
With all the charms of youth array'd;
Good, amiable, sincere, and free;
Her name was Generosity,
'Twas her's the largess to bestow
On rich and poor, on friend and foe.
Her doors to all were open'd wide,
The pilgrim there might safe abide:
For th' hungry and the thirsty crew,
The bread she broke, the drink she drew;

There Sickness laid her aching head,
And there Distress could find a bed.
Each hour, with an all-bounteous hand,
Diffus'd the blessings round the land:
Her gifts and glory lasted long,
And numerous was th' accepting throng.
At length pale Penury seiz'd the dame,
And Fortune fled, and Ruin came;
She found her riches at an end,
And that she had not made one friend.
All curs'd her for not giving more,
Nor thought on what she'd done before:
She wept, she rav'd, she tore her hair,
When, lo! to comfort her, came Care;
And cry'd, My dear, if you will join
Your hand in nuptial bonds with mine,
All will be well—you shall have store,
And I be plagu'd with wealth no more.
Tho' I restrain your bounteous art,
You still shall act the generous part.
The bridal came, great was the feast,
And good the pudding and the priest.
The bride in nine moons brought him forth
A little maid of matchless worth:
Her face was mix'd with care and glee;
They christen'd her Economy:
And styl'd her fair Discretion's Queen,
The mistress of the golden mean.
Now Generosity confin'd,
Perfectly easy in her mind,
Still loves to give, yet knows to spare,
Nor wishes to be free from Care. SMART.

THE SLAVE.

WIDE over the tremulous sea,
The moon spread her mantle of light;
And the gale, gently dying away,
Breath'd soft on the bosom of Night.

On the forecastle Maratan stood,
And pour'd forth his sorrowful tale;
His tears fell unseen in the flood,
His sighs pass'd unheard in the gale.

"Ah, wretch!" in wild anguish, he cry'd,
"From country and liberty torn;
"Ah, Maratan, would thou hadst died,
"Ere o'er the salt waves thou wert borne.

"Thro' the groves of Angola I stray'd,
"Love and Hope made my bosom their home,
"There I talk'd with my favourite maid,
"Nor dreamt of the sorrow to come.

"From the thicket the man-hunter sprung,
"My cries echoed loud thro' the air;
"There was fury and wrath on his tongue,
"He was deaf to the voice of Despair.

"Accurs'd be the merciless band,
"That his love could from Maratan tear;
"And blasted this impotent hand,
"That sever'd from all I held dear.

"Flow, ye tears, down my cheeks ever flow,
"Still let sleep from my eye-lids depart;
"And still may the arrows of woe
"Drink deep of the stream of my heart.

"But hark! o'er the silence of night
"My Adila's accents I hear;
"And mournful, beneath the wan light,
"I see her lov'd image appear.

"Slow o'er the smooth ocean she glides,
"As the mist that hangs light on the wave;
"And fondly her lover she chides,
"Who lingers so long from his grave.

"Oh, Maratan! haste thee," she cries,
"Here the reign of Oppression is o'er;
"The tyrant is robb'd of his prize,
"And Adila sorrows no more.

"Now sinking amidst the dim ray,
"Her form seems to fade on my view:
"O! stay thee, my Adila stay,
"She beckons, and I must pursue.

"To morrow the white man in vain,
"Shall proudly account me his Slave:
"My shackles I plunge in the main,
"And rush to the realms of the brave!"

FOR THE DOOR OF A STUDY.

O THOU that shalt presume to tread
This mansion of the mighty dead,
Come with the free, untainted mind;
The nurse, the pedant, leave behind;
And all that superstition, fraught
With Folly's love, thy youth has taught—
Each thought that Reason can't retain—
Leave it, and learn to think again.
Yet, while thy studious eye explore,
And range these various volumes o'er,
Trust blindly to no fav'rite pen,
Remembering authors are but men,
Has fair Philosophy thy love?
Away! she lives in yonder grove.
If the sweet muse thy pleasure gives,
With her in yonder grove, she lives:
And if Religion claims thy care,
Religion, fled from books, is there.
For first from Nature's works we drew
Our knowledge, and our virtue too. LANGHORNE.

SPRING.

STERN Winter now, by Spring refresh'd,
  Forbears the long continu'd strife;
And Nature on her naked breast,
  Delights to catch the gales of life.

Now o'er the rural kingdom roves
  Soft Pleasure, with her laughing train;
Love warbles in the vocal groves,
  And Vegetation plants the plain.

Unhappy! whom to beds of pain,
  Arthritic tyranny consigns;
Whom smiling Nature courts in vain,
  Tho' Rapture sings, and Beauty shines.

Yet tho' my limbs Disease invades,
  Her wings Imagination tries,
And bears me to the peaceful shades
  Where ——'s humble turrets rise.

Here stop, my soul, thy rapid flight,
  Nor from the pleasing groves depart,
Where first great Nature charm'd my sight,
  Where Wisdom first inform'd my heart.

Here let me thro' the vales pursue
  A guide, a father, and a friend;
Once more great Nature's works renew,
  Once more on Wisdom's voice attend.

From false caresses, causeless strife,
  Wild hope, vain fear, alike remov'd;
Here let me learn the use of life,
  When best enjoy'd—when most improv'd.

Teach me, thou venerable bower,
  Cool Meditation's quiet seat,
The generous scorn of venal power,
  The silent grandeur of retreat.

When pride by guilt to greatness climbs,
  Or raging factions rush to war,
Here let me learn to shun the crimes
  I can't prevent, and will not share.

But lest I fall by subtler foes,
  Bright Wisdom! teach me Curio's art,
The swelling passions to compose,
  And quell the rebels of the heart. JOHNSON.

MIDSUMMER.

O PHŒBUS! down the western sky,
  Far hence diffuse thy burning ray,
Thy light to distant worlds supply,
  And wake them to the cares of day.

Come, gentle Eve, the friend of Care,
  Come, Cynthia, lovely queen of night!
Refresh me with a cooling breeze,
  And cheer me with a lambent light.

Lay me, where o'er the verdant ground
  Her living carpet Nature spreads;
Where the green bower, with roses crown'd,
  In showers its fragrant foliage sheds.

Improve the peaceful hour with wine,
  Let music die along the grove;
Around the bowl let myrtles twine,
  And every strain be tun'd to love.

Come, Stella, queen of all my heart!
  Come, born to fill its vast desires!
Thy looks perpetual joys impart,
  Thy voice perpetual love inspires.

While all my wish, and thine complete,
  By turns we languish, and we burn;
Let sighing gales our sighs repeat,
  Our murmurs, murm'ring brooks return.

Let me, when Nature calls to rest,
  And blushing skies the morn foretell,
Sink on the down of Stella's breast,
  And bid the waking world farewell. JOHNSON.

AUTUMN.

ALAS! with swift and silent pace,
  Impatient Time rolls on the year;
The seasons change, and Nature's face
  Now sweetly smiles, now frowns severe.

'Twas Spring, 'twas Summer, all was gay,
  Now Autumn bends a cloudy brow;
The flowers of Spring are swept away,
  And Summer's fruits desert the bough.

The verdant leaves that play'd on high,
  And wanton'd on the western breeze;
Now trod in dust, neglected lie,
  As Boreas strips the bending trees.

The fields that wav'd with golden grain,
  As russet heaths are wild and bare;
Not moist with dew, but drench'd in rain,
  Nor Health, nor Pleasure, wanders there.

No more, while thro' the midnight shade,
  Beneath the moon's pale orb I stray,
Soft pleasing woes my heart invade,
  As Progne pours the melting lay.

From this capricious clime she soars,
  O! would some god but wings supply,
To where each morn the Spring restores,
  Companion of her flight I'd fly.

Vain wish! me Fate compels to bear
  The downward season's iron reign,
Compels to breathe polluted air,
  And shiver on a blasted plain.

What bliss to life can Autumn yield,
  If glooms, and showers, and storms prevail;
And Ceres flies the naked field,
  And flowers, and fruits, and Phœbus fail!

Oh! what remains, what lingers yet,
  To cheer me in the dark'ning hour!
The grape remains! the friend of wit,
  In love, and mirth, of mighty power.

Haste, press the clusters, fill the bowl;
  Apollo! shoot thy parting ray:
This gives the sunshine of the soul,
  This god of health, and verse, and day.

Still, still the jocund strain shall flow,
  The pulse with vigorous rapture beat;
My Stella with new charms shall glow,
  And every bliss in wine shall meet. JOHNSON.

WINTER.

NO more the morn, with rapid rays,
  Unfolds the flower of varied hue;
Noon spreads no more the genial blaze,
  Nor gentle eve distils the dew.

The lingering hours prolong the night,
  Usurping Darkness shares the day;
Her mists restrain the force of light,
  And Phœbus holds a doubtful sway.

By gloomy twilight half reveal'd,
  With sighs we view the hoary hill,
The leafless wood, the naked field,
  The snow-top cot, the frozen rill.

No music warbles thro' the grove,
  No vivid colours paint the plain;
No more with devious steps I rove
  Thro' verdant paths now sought in vain.

Aloud the driving tempest roars
  Congeal'd, impetuous showers descend;
Haste, close the windows, bar the doors,
  Fate leaves me Stella, and a friend.

In Nature's aid let Art supply
  With light and heat my little sphere;
Rouse, rouse the fire, and pile it high,
  Light up a constellation here.

Let music sound, the voice of joy!
  Or Mirth's gay tale shall please no more;
Nor music's charm, tho' Stella sings;
  Nor love, nor wine, the Spring restore.

Catch, then, O! catch the transient hour,
  Improve each moment as it flies:
Life's a short summer, man a flower,
  He dies—alas! how soon he dies!

JOHNSON.

THE EVENING PRIMROSE.

THERE are that love the shades of life,
  And shun the splendid walks of Fame;
There are that hold it rueful strife
  To risk Ambition's losing game:

That far from Envy's lurid eye
  The fairest fruits of Genius rear,
Content to see them bloom and die
  In Friendship's small but kindly sphere.

Than vainer flowers, tho' sweeter far,
  The evening primrose shuns the day;
Blooms only to the western star,
  And loves its solitary ray.

In Eden's vale an aged hind,
  At the dim twilight's closing hour,
On his time-smooth'd staff reclin'd,
  With wonder view'd the opening flower.

"Ill-fated flower, at eve to blow,"
In pity's simple thought, he cries,
"Thy bosom must not feel the glow
"Of splendid suns, or smiling skies.

"Nor thee the vagrants of the field,
"The hamlet's little train, behold;
"Their eyes to sweet oppression yield,
"When thine the falling shades unfold.

"Nor thee the hasty shepherd heeds,
"When love has fill'd his heart with cares;
"For flowers he rifles all the meads,
"For waking flowers—but thine forbears.

"Ah! waste no more that beauteous bloom
"On night's chill shade, that fragrant breath,
"Let smiling suns those gems illume!
"Fair flower, to live unseen, is death."

Soft as the voice of vernal gales
That o'er the bending meadow blow;
Or streams that steal thro' even vales,
And murmur that they move so slow:

Deep in her unfrequented bower,
Sweet Philomela pour'd her strain;
The bird of eve approv'd her flower,
And answer'd thus the anxious swain:

Live unseen!
By moonlight shades, in valleys green,
Lovely flower, we'll live unseen.
Of our pleasures deem not lightly,
Laughing day may look more sprightly;
But I love the modest mien,
Still I love the modest mien
Of gentle evening fair, and her star-trained queen.
Didst thou, shepherd, never find,
Pleasure is of pensive kind?
Has thy cottage never known
That she loves to live alone?
Dost thou not at evening hour
Feel some soft and secret power,
Gliding o'er thy yielding mind,
Leave sweet sincerity behind;
While all disarm'd, the cares of day
Steal thro' the falling gloom away?

Love to think thy lot was laid
In this undistinguish'd shade.
Far from the world's infectious view,
Thy little virtues safely blew.
Go, and in day's more dangerous hour,
Guard thy emblematic flower. LANGHORNE.

THE ORPHAN BOY.

STAY, Lady, stay, for mercy's sake,
And hear a helpless Orphan's tale;
Ah! sure my looks must pity wake,
'Tis want that makes my cheeks so pale!

Yet I was once a mother's pride,
And my brave father's hope and joy;
But in the Nile's proud fight he died,
And I am now an Orphan Boy!

Poor foolish child—how pleas'd was I,
When news of Nelson's victory came;
Along the crowded streets to fly,
And see the lighted windows flame!

To force me home my mother sought,
She could not bear to see my joy:
For with my father's life 'twas bought,
And made me a poor Orphan Boy!

The people's shouts were long and loud,
My mother, shuddering, clos'd her ears;
Rejoice! rejoice! still cried the crowd,
My mother answer'd with her tears!

Why are you crying thus, said I,
While others laugh and shout with joy?
She kiss'd me, and with such a sigh,
She call'd me her poor Orphan Boy!

What is an Orphan Boy? I said,
When suddenly she gasp'd for breath,
And her eyes clos'd—I shriek'd for aid,
But, ah! her eyes were clos'd in death!

My hardships since I will not tell;
But now no more a parent's joy:
Ah! Lady, I have learn'd too well
What 'tis to be an Orphan Boy!

Oh! were I by your bounty fed,
  Nay, gentle Lady, do not chide;
Trust me—I mean to earn my bread,
  The Sailor's Orphan Boy has pride.

Lady! you weep—ah! this to me!
  You'll give me clothing, food, employ;
Look down, dear parents, look and see
  Your happy—happy Orphan Boy! OPIE.

ODE TO MAY.

DEAR Gray! that always in my heart
Possessest far the better part,
What means these sudden blasts that rise
And drive the zephyrs from the skies?
O join with mine thy tuneful lay,
And invocate the tardy May.

Come, fairest nymph! resume thy reign,
Bring all thy graces in thy train:
With balmy breath and flow'ry tread
Rise from the soft and ambrosial bed;
Where in Elysian slumber bound,
Embow'ring myrtles veil thee round.

Awake, in all thy glories drest,
Recall the zephyrs from the west;
Restore the sun, revive the skies,
At mine and Nature's call arise!
Great Nature's self upbraids thy stay,
And misses her accustom'd May.

See! all her works demand thy aid,
The labours of Pomona fade:
A plaint is heard from ev'ry tree,
Each budding flow'ret calls for thee;
The birds forget to love and sing,
With storms alone the forests ring.

Come, then, with Pleasure at thy side,
Diffuse thy vernal spirit wide;
Create where'er thou turn'st thine eye,
Peace, plenty, love, and harmony;
'Till ev'ry being share its part,
And Heav'n and Earth be glad at heart. WEST.

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

NOVEMBER chill blaws loud wi' angry sugh;
The short'ning winter-day is near a close;
The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh;
The black'ning trains of craws to their repose;
The toil-worn cotter frae his labour goes,
This night his weekly moil is at an end,
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hameward bend,

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;
Th' expectant wee-things, todling, stacher thro'
To meet their Dad, wi' flichterin noise an' glee.
His wee bit ingle, blinkin bonnily,
His clean hearth-stane, his thriftie wifie s smile,
The lisping infant prattling on his knee,
Does a' his weary carking cares beguile,
An' makes him quite forget his labour an' his toil.

Belyve the elder bairns come drapping in,
At service out amang the farmers roun';
Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin
A cannie errand to a neebor town:
Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman grown.
In youthful bloom, love sparkling in her e'e,
Comes hame, perhaps, to shew a braw new gown,
Or deposite her fair-won penny fee,
To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

Wi' joy unfeigned, brothers and sisters meet,
An' each for others' weelfare kindly speirs;
The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnotic'd fleet;
Each tells the uncos that he sees or hears:
The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years;
Anticipation forward points the view.
The mither, wi' her needle an' her shears,
Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new;
The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

Their master's an' their mistress's command,
The younkers a' are warned to obey;
An' mind their labours wi' an eydent hand,
An' ne'er, tho' out o' sight, to jauk or play;

"An' O! be sure to fear the Lord alway!
"An' mind your duty, duly, morn an' night!
"Lest in Temptation's path ye gang astray,
"Implore his counsel and assisting might;
"They never sought in vain, that sought the Lord aright!"

But hark! a rap comes gently to the door:
Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
Tells how a neebor lad cam o'er the moor,
To do some errands, and convoy her hame.
The wily mother sees the conscious flame
Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek;
With heart-struck anxious care, enquires his name,
While Jenny hafflins is afraid to speak;
Weel pleas'd the mother hears, its nae wild worthless rake.

Wi' kindly welcome Jenny brings him ben;
A strappan youth: he taks the mother's eye;
Blythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill ta'en;
The father cracks o' horses, pleughs, and kye,
The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,
But blate and laithfu', scarce can weel behave;
The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy,
What maks the youth sae bashfu' and sae grave;
Weel pleas'd to think her bairn's respected like the lave.

O happy love, where love like this is found!
O heart-felt raptures! bliss beyond compare!
I've paced much this weary, mortal round,
And sage experience bids me this declare——
"If Heav'n a draught of heav'nly pleasure spare,
"One cordial in this melancholy vale,
"'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
"In others' arms breathe out the tender tale,
"Beneath the milk-white thorn, that scents the ev'ning gale!"

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart,
A wretch! a villian! lost to love and truth!
That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,
Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth?
Curse on his perjur'd arts! dissembling smooth!
Are Honour, Virtue, Conscience, all exil'd?
Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,
Points to the parents fondling o'er their child?
Then paints the ruin'd maid, and their distraction wild!

But now the supper crowns their simple board,
The halesome porritch, chief o' Scotia's food:
The soup their only hawkie does afford,
That 'yont the hallan snugly chows her cud:
The dame brings forth in complimental mood,
To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck, fell,
An' aft he's prest, an' aft he ca's it guid;
The frugal wifie, garrulous, will tell,
How 'twas a towmond auld, sin' lint was i' the bell.

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face
They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;
The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
The big ha'-Bible, ance his father's pride:
His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
His lyart haffets wearing thin and bare;
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
He wales a portion with judicious care;
And "Let us worship God!" he says, with solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise;
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim;
Perhaps Dundee's wild warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive Martyrs', worthy of the name;
Or noble Elgin's beats the heav'n-ward flame,
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays:
Compar'd with these, Italian trills are tame:
The trickled ears no heart-felt raptures raise;
Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
How Abram was the friend of God on high;
Or, Moses bade eternal warfare wage
With Amalek's ungracious progeny;
Or how the royal Bard did groaning lie
Beneath the stroke of heaven's avenging ire;
Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;
Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire;
Or other holy Seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian Volume is the theme,
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;
How He, who bore in Heav'n the second name,
Had not on earth whereon to lay his head:

How his first followers and servants sped;
  The precepts sage they wrote to many a land:
How he, who lone in Patmos banished,
  Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand;
And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounc'd by Heav'n's
    command.

Then kneeling down to Heaven's Eternal King,
  The saint, the father, and the husband, prays:
Hope 'springs exulting on triumphant wing,'
  That thus they all shall meet in future days:
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
  No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
  In such society, yet still more dear;
While circling Time moves round in an eternal sphere.

Compar'd with this how poor Religion's pride,
  In all the pomp of method and of art,
When men display to congregations wide,
  Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the heart!
The Pow'r, incens'd, the pageant will desert,
  The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;
But haply, in some cottage far apart,
  May hear, well pleas'd, the language of the soul;
And in his Book of Life the inmates poor enroll.

Then homeward all take off their several way;
  The youngling cottagers retire to rest:
The parent-pair their secret homage pay,
  And proffer up to Heav'n the warm request:
That He who stills the raven's clam'rous nest,
  And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,
Would in the way His wisdom sees the best,
  For them, and for their little ones, provide;
But chiefly, in their hearts, with grace divine preside.

From scenes like these, old Scotia's grandeur springs,
  That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad:
Princes and Lords are but the breath of Kings,
  'An honest man's the noblest work of God:'
And certes, in fair Virtue's heav'nly road,
  The cottage leaves the palace far behind:
What is a lordling's pomp?—a cumbrous load,
  Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refin'd!

O Scotia! my dear, my native soil!
For whom my warmest wish to Heav'n is sent!
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil,
Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content!
And, O! may Heav'n their simple lives prevent
From Luxury's contagion, weak and vile!
Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
A virtuous populace may rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around their much-lov'd Isle.

O thou! who pour'd the patriotic tide
That stream'd thro' Wallace's undaunted heart;
Who dar'd to, nobly, stem tyrannic pride,
Or nobly die, the second glorious part,
(The patriot's God peculiarly thou art,
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!)
O never, never, Scotia's realms desert;
But still the patriot, and the patriot bard,
In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard!

BURNS.

LUBIN AND HIS DOG TRAY.

YOUNG Lubin was a shepherd's boy,
Who watch'd a rigid master's sheep,
And many a night was heard to sigh,
And many a day was seen to weep.

For not a lambkin e'er was lost,
Or wether stray'd to field remote,
But Lubin ever was to blame,
Nor careful he, nor penn'd his cote.

Yet not a trustier lad was known,
To climb the promontory's brow:
Nor yet a tenderer heart e'er beat,
Beside the brook in vale below.

From him stern Winter's drifting snow,
Its pelting sleet, or frost severe,
Or scorching Summer's sultry ray,
Ne'er forc'd a murmur nor a tear.

For, ah! the varying seasons had
To every hardship form'd his frame;
Tho' still his tender, feeling heart,
By Nature nurs'd, remain'd the same.

But whither shall the orphan fly,
  To meet Protection's fostering power?
Oppression waits the future day,
  When Misery marks the natal hour.

An orphan lad poor Lubin was,
  No friend, no relative had he!
His happiest hour was dash'd with woe;
  His mildest treatment—tyranny.

It chanc'd that o'er the boundless heath,
  One winter's day, his flocks had spread,
By hunger urg'd to seek the blade
  That lurks beneath its snowy bed.

And hous'd at eve, his fleecy charge,
  He, sorrowing, miss'd a fav'rite lamb,
That shunn'd the long-persisting search,
  Nor answer'd to its bleating dam.

With heavy heart he bent his way,
  And told so true, so sad a tale,
That almost pierc'd the marble breast
  Of ruthless Rufus of the Vale.

Poor Lubin own'd his flocks had stray'd,
  Own'd he had suffer'd them to go:
Yes, he had learn'd to pity them,
  For often he had hunger'd too:

And had he to their pinching wants
  The unnipp'd neighb'ring bound deny'd,
They sure had dropp'd—as surely too
  The pitying shepherd-boy had died.

"Then die!" th' unfeeling master said,
  And spurn'd him from his closing door,
Which, till he found his favourite lamb,
  He vow'd should ne'er admit him more.

Dark was the night, and o'er the waste
  The whistling winds did fiercely blow,
And 'gainst his poor unshelter'd head,
  With arrowy keenness, came the snow.

Yet thus he left his master's house,
  And shap'd his sad uncertain way;
By man unnotic'd and forsook,
  And follow'd but by—trusty Tray.

Unlike to worldly friends were they,
Who separate in Fortune's blast,
They still were near when fair the sky,
But nearer still when overcast.

When Lubin's random step involv'd
His body 'neath the drifted snow,
Tray help'd him forth ; and when Tray fell,
Poor Lubin dragg'd him from below.

Benumb'd, at length, his stiff'ning joints,
His tongue to Tray could scarcely speak ;
His tears congeal'd to icicles,
His hair hung clatt'ring 'gainst his cheek.

As thus he felt his falt'ring limbs
Give omen of approaching death,
Aurora, from her eastern hills,
Rush'd forth, and staid his fleeting breath ;

And show'd to his imperfect sight
The harmless cause of all his woe,
His little lambkin cold and stiff,
Stretch'd on its bed of glist'ning snow.

" 'Tis just," he said, " that where thou liest
" The careless shepherd-boy should lie :
" Thou diest, poor fool ! for want of food ;
" I fall, for suff'ring thee to die.

" But oh ! my master !" broken, short,
Was every half word now he spoke ;
" Severe has been thy constant will,
" And galling sure thy heavy yoke.

" A warmer couch hast thou to press,
" Secure from cramping frosts thy feet ;
" And couldst thou boast so free a breast,
" Thou yet might'st die a death as sweet.

" My trusty dog—that wistful look
" Is all that makes my poor heart heave :
" But hie thee home, proclaim me dead,
" Forget to think, and cease to grieve."

So saying shrunk the hapless youth
Beneath the chilling grasp of death :
And, clasping poor Tray's shaggy neck,
Sigh'd gently forth his parting breath !

His faithful, fond, sagacious dog,
Hung watchful o'er his master's clay;
And many a moan the creature made,
And many a thing he strove to say.

But not a sign of lurking life
Thro' all his frame he found to creep;
He knew not what it was to die,
But knew his master did not sleep.

Great grief assail'd his untaught heart,
And quickly laid its victim low!
His master's cheek his pillow cold,
Their common bed the colder snow!

A CONTEMPLATION ON NIGHT.

WHETHER amid the gloom of night I stray,
Or my glad eyes enjoy revolving day,
Still Nature's various face informs my sense,
Of an all-wise, all-powerful Providence.

When the gay sun first breaks the shades of night,
And strikes the distant eastern hills with light,
Colour returns, the plains their livery wear,
And a bright verdure clothes the smiling year;
The blooming flowers with opening beauties glow,
And grazing flocks their milky fleeces show;
The barren cliffs with chalky fronts arise,
And a pure azure arches o'er the skies.
But when the gloomy reign of Night returns,
Stript of her fading pride all Nature mourns:
The trees no more their wonted verdure boast;
But weep in dewy tears their beauty lost:
No distant landscapes draw our curious eyes;
Wrapt in Night's robe the whole creation lies.
Yet still, ev'n now, while darkness clothes the land,
We view the traces of th' Almighty hand;
Millions of stars in Heav'n's wide vault appear,
And with new glories hang the boundless sphere;
The silver moon her western couch forsakes,
And o'er the skies her nightly circle makes;
Her solid globe beats back the sunny rays,
And to the world her borrow'd light repays

Whether those stars, that twinkling lustre send,
Are suns, and rolling worlds those suns attend,

Man may conjecture, and new schemes declare ;
Yet all his systems but conjectures are.
But this we know, that Heav'n's eternal King,
Who bade this universe from nothing spring,
Can at his word, bid numerous worlds appear,
And rising worlds th' all-powerful word shall hear.

When to the western main the sun descends,
To other lands a rising day he lends ;
The spreading dawn another shepherd spies,
The wakeful flocks from their warm folds arise ;
Refresh'd, the peasant seeks his early toil,
And bids the plough correct the fallow soil.
While we in Sleep's embraces waste the night,
The climes oppos'd, enjoy meridian light :
And when those lands the busy sun forsakes,
With us again the rosy morn awakes ;
In lazy sleep the night rolls swift away,
And neither clime laments his absent ray.

When the pure soul is from the body flown,
No more shall Night's alternate reign be known :
The sun no more shall rolling light bestow,
But from th' Almighty streams of glory flow.
Oh ! may some nobler thought my soul employ,
Then empty, transient, sublunary joy !
The stars shall drop, the sun shall lose his flame :
But thou, O God ! for ever shine the same. GAY.

THE OWL AND THE GLOW-WORM.

A FABLE.

'TWAS on a sombre summer night,
A Glow-worm, shelter'd by a flow'r,
Spread round its paly glimm'ring light,
To decorate the silent hour.

No brilliant beam, no gaudy glare,
Diffus'd afar its lustrous ray,
But thro' the softly-breathing air
The insect shed its mimic day.

While pleas'd its harmless life to pass
On hillock green of dewy grass,
Attracted by its azure gleam,
The butterfly, with sportive wing,
Wou'd form the gay fantastic ring,
(As in the burning noon-tide beam,)

Where, 'mid the gloom, this insect star display'd
Its cheerful lamp—spangling the realms of shade!

Near, on a mould'ring antique tow'r,
The prison of its moping race,
An owl had chose its murky bow'r,
And hating Day's effulgent light;
Its joy, the sullen frown of night,
Its blank domain the silent space!
There, prompt to spread its shadowy wings,
Imperious, o'er less daring things;
Soon as the Glow-worm's peaceful state
Fix'd his dull eyes, in envious hate,
" Bold worm! (exclaim'd the tyrant vain,)
" Thou, who with sparkling light art seen
" Peering the lonely shades between,
" How dar'st thou mock my gloomy reign?
" Thou shalt expire!" The Glow-worm meek,
(Its trembling light more faint and pale,)
In humble accents, low and weak,
Thus told its true, but artless tale:
" I own that, of the insect race,
" I boast no gaudy splendid grace;
" I light with feeble lamp the way
" Where prouder, loftier, beings stray;
" I sip the balmy dews around,
" But ne'er am heard with busy sound;
" Ne'er on your calm repose obtrude
" With counsel vain, or clamour rude.
" Can I offend superior things,
" Or cope with birds of pow'rful wings?"

The Owl, indignant, bold, and base,
Exulting o'er the insect race,
Replied—" You shine! detested thing!
" To me, offensive light you bring."—
Then, pouncing on his humble prey,
Darken'd, in death, its little ray;
But found, tho' quench'd the quiv'ring flame,
His sombre hour was still the same!

GAY.

THE POET AND THE ROSE.

A FABLE.

I HATE the man who builds his name
On ruins of another's fame.

Thus prudes by characters o'erthrown,
Imagine that they raise their own.
Thus scribblers, covetous of praise,
Think slander can transplant the bays.
Beauties and Bards have equal pride;
With both all rivals are decry'd.
Who praises Lesbia's eyes and feature,
Must call her sister awkward creature;
For the kind flattery's sure to charm,
When we some other nymph disarm.

As in the cool of early day,
A Poet sought the sweets of May,
The garden's fragrant breath ascends,
And every stalk with odour bends;
A Rose he pluck'd, he gaz'd, admir'd,
Thus singing as the Muse inspir'd:
" Go, Rose, my Chloe's bosom grace:
" How happy should I prove,
" Might I supply that envy'd place,
" With never-fading love!
" There, phœnix-like, beneath her eye,
" Involv'd in fragrance, burn and die.
" Know, hapless flower! that thou shalt find
" More fragrant Roses there:
" I see thy withering head reclin'd,
" With envy and despair!
" One common fate we both must prove;
" You die with envy, I with love."

" Spare your comparisons," reply'd
An angry Rose, who grew beside;
" Of all mankind you should not flout us;
" What can a Poet do without us?
" In every love-song Roses bloom;
" We lend you colour and perfume:
" Does it to Chloe's charms conduce,
" To sound her praise on our abuse?
" Must we, to flatter her, be made
" To whither, envy, pine, and fade?

GAY.

PLEASURES OF A FOREST.

—————— —————— ——————I would speak
The calms that still your wilds—their guests o'erspreads

Diffusive—creeps along the conscious frame,
Bids pause each artery—stay each active limb;
Each rebel passion chains, and thro' the soul
Breathes holy peace and universal love!
For since the globe first roll'd—in every land,
Your shades, ye Forests, the deluded heart
To heavenly meditation still have call'd,
And ev'ry song that glorified your God,
Have heard with eager gladness! Ye with joy,
Fresh from his Maker's hand, when Man arose
Saw him in wond'ring homage kneel—ye bade
Your yet unpractis'd echoes swell the sound,
High as the Eternal's throne, when praise first broke
The silence of the new-created world!
Ye, when with bloody arm infuriate Rome,
Pagan or papal from the haunts of men,
Chac'd the firm band, whom Truth forbade to yield,
Crouch to her priests, and worship at her nod,
Ye screen'd their flight—with hospitable gloom
Shelter'd their miseries, and with mingling boughs,
Vocal to a pray'r, a sylvan fane supplied!
O yet, even yet, your sacred influence breathe,
Oft as I tread your leaf-strewn paths to rest,
Lull each tumultuous wish—with reverend awe
My heart inspire—and your stately growth
Pursues its heaven-directed aim—exalt
My thoughts from earth, and point them to the skies!

GISBORNE.

TO THE RISING SUN.

FROM the red wave rising bright,
  Lift on high thy golden head;
  O'er the misty mountains spread
Thy smiling rays of orient light!
See the golden God appear!
Flies the fiend of darkness drear;
Flies, and in her gloomy train,
Sable Grief, and Care, and Pain!
See the golden God advance!
On Taurus' heights his coursers prance·
With him haste the vernal hours,
Breathing sweets, and drooping flowers.
Laughing Summer at his side,
Waves her locks in rosy pride;

And Autumn bland, with aspect kind,
Bears his golden sheaf behind.
O haste, and spread the purple day
O'er all the wide ethereal way!
Nature mourns at thy delay:
God of glory haste away!
From the red wave rising bright.
Lift on high thy golden head;
O'er the misty mountains spread
Thy smiling rays of orient light! LANGHORNE.

ETERNITY.

ERE the foundations of the world were laid,
Ere kindling light th' Almighty word obey'd,
Thou wert; and when the subterraneous flame
Shall burst this prison, and devour this frame;
From angry Heaven; when the keen lightning flies,
When fervent heat dissolves the melting skies,
Thou still shalt be, still as thou wert before,
And know no change, when time shall be no more.
O endless thought! divine Eternity!
Th' immortal soul shares but a part of thee!
For thou wert present when our life began,
When the warm dust shot up in breathing man.

Ah! what is life? with ills encompass'd round,
Amidst our hopes, Fate strikes the sudden wound;
To-day the statesman of new honour dreams,
To-morrow Death destroys his airy schemes
Is mouldy treasure in thy chest confin'd?
Think all that treasure thou must leave behind;
Thy heir with smiles shall view thy blazon'd hearse,
And all thy hoards with lavish hand disperse.
Should certain Fate th' impending blow delay,
Thy mirth will sicken, and thy bloom decay;
Then feeble age will all thy nerves disarm,
No more thy blood its narrow channels warm.
Who then would wish to stretch this narrow span,
To suffer life beyond the date of man?

The virtuous soul pursues a nobler aim,
And life regards but as a fleeting dream:
She longs to wake, and wishes to get free,
To launch from earth into Eternity.
For while the boundless theme extends our thought,
Ten thousand thousand rolling years are nought. GAY.

A FATHER'S ADVICE TO HIS SON.

DEEP in a grove by cypress shaded,
  Where mid-day sun has seldom shone,
Or noise the solemn scene invaded,
  Save some afflicted Muse's moan:

A swain t'wards full-ag'd manhood wending,
  Sate sorrowing at the close of day;
At whose fond side a boy attending,
  Lisp'd half his father's cares away.

The Father's eyes no object wrested,
  But on the smiling prattler hung;
Till, what his throbbing heart suggested,
  These accents trembled from his tongue:

" My youth's first hope, my manhood's treasure,
  " My prattling innocent, attend,
" Nor fear rebuke, or sour displeasure,
  " A Father's loveliest name is Friend.

" Some truths, from long experience flowing,
  " Worth more than royal grants, receive;
" For truths are wealth of Heav'n's bestowing,
  " Which Kings have seldom power to give.

" Since from an ancient race descended,
  " You boast an unattainted blood,
" By yours be their fair fame attended,
  " And claim by birth-right to be good.

" In love for ev'ry fellow-creature
  " Superior rise above the crowd;
" What most ennobles human nature
  " Was ne'er the portion of the proud.

" Be thine the generous heart that borrows
  " From others' joys a friendly glow;
" And for each neighbour's hapless sorrows,
  " Throbs with a sympathetic woe.

" This is the temper most endearing;
  " Tho' wide proud pomp her banners spreads,
" An heav'nlier power good-nature bearing,
  " Each heart in willing thraldom leads.

"Taste not from Fame's uncertain fountain
"The peace-destroying streams that flow;
"Nor from Ambition's dang'rous mountain
"Look down upon the world below.

"The princely pine on hills exalted,
"Whose lofty branches cleave the sky,
"By winds, long brav'd, at last assaulted,
"Is headlong hurl'd in dust to lie.

"Whilst the mild rose, more safely growing
"Low in its unaspiring vale,
"Amidst Retirement's shelter blowing,
"Exchanges sweets with every gale.

"Wish not for Beauty's darling features,
"Moulded by Nature's fondling pow'r;
"For fairest forms 'mong human creatures
"Shine but the pageants of an hour.

"I saw, the pride of all the meadow,
"At noon, a gay Narcissus blow
"Upon a river's bank, whose shadow
"Bloom'd in the silver waves below:

"By noon-tide's heat its youth had wasted,
"The waters as they pass'd complain'd;
"At eve its glories were all blasted,
"And not one former tint remain'd.

"Nor let vain Wit's deceitful glory,
"Lead you from Virtue's path astray;
"What genius lives renown'd in story,
"To happiness who found the way?

"In yonder mead behold that vapour,
"Whose vivid beams illusive play;
"Far off, it seems a friendly taper
'To guide the traveller on his way.

"But should some hapless wretch pursuing,
"Tread where the treach'rous meteors glow,
"He'd find, too late, his rashness rueing,
"That fatal quicksands lurk below.

"In life such bubbles nought admiring,
"Gilt with false light, and fill'd with air,
"Do you, from pageant crowds retiring,
"To peace in Virtue's cot repair;

" There seek the never-wasted treasure,
  " Which mutual love and friendship give,
" Domestic comfort, spotless pleasure;
  " And blest and blessing you will live.

" If Heav'n with children crowns your dwelling,
  " As mine its bounty does with you,
" In fondness fatherly excelling,
  " Th' example, you have felt, pursue."

He paus'd, for tenderly caressing
  The darling of his wounded heart;
Looks had means only of expressing,
  Thoughts language never could impart.

Now Night her mournful mantle spreading,
  Had rob'd with black th' horizon round,
And dank dews from her tresses shedding,
  With genial moisture bath'd the ground:

When back to city follies flying,
  'Midst Custom's slaves he liv'd resign'd;
His face, array'd in smiles, denying
  The true complexion of his mind:

For seriously around surveying
  Each character, in youth and age,
Of fools betray'd, and knaves betraying,
  That play'd upon this human stage.

Peaceful himself and undesigning,
  He loath'd the scenes of guile and strife,
And felt each secret wish inclining
  To leave this fretful farce of life.

Yet to whate'er above was fated,
  Obediently he bow'd his soul;
For what all-bounteous Heav'n created,
  He thought Heav'n only should control.

COWPER.

A SUMMER EVENING.

HOW fine has the day been, how bright was the sun,
How lovely and joyful the course that he run,
Tho' he rose in a mist when his race he begun,
    And there follow'd some droppings of rain!

But now the fair traveller's come to the west,
His rays are all gold, and his beauties are best;
He paints the sky gay as he sinks to his rest,
And foretells a bright rising again.

Just such is the Christian: his course he begins,
Like the sun in a mist, while he mourns for his sins,
And melts into tears: then he breaks out and shines,
And travels his heavenly way:
But when he comes nearer to finish his race,
Like a fine setting sun he looks richer in grace,
And gives a sure hope at the end of his days,
Of rising in brighter array. WATTS.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

YE gladsome bells—how misapplied your peal!
A day like this requires a solemn chime;
Infatuate mortals! why with sportive heel,
Dance ye exulting o'er the grave of Time?

Is he your foe that thus you ring his kneel,
That festive notes announce his awful flight?
Tire ye of day—that sounds of triumph tell
How swift the wing that wafts your last long night?

While circling years o'er thoughtless myriads roll,
Long folly, but to lend, and length of shame;
Ye metal tongues swing slow, with mournful toll,
Virtue's departed season to proclaim!

Sons of delay! whose duties, yet undone
Await from year to year, your hand in vain,
Drown—drown that brazen music with a groan!
The years ye lost—shall ne'er be yours again!

FAWCETT.

DEATH AND WAR.

————DEEP in a murky cave's recess,
Lav'd by Oblivion's listless stream, and fenc'd
By shelving rocks, and intermingled horrors,
Of yew and cypress shade, from all intrusion
Of busy noontide beam, the Monarch sits
In unsubstantial majesty enthron'd.

At his right hand, nearest himself in place
And frightfulness of form, his parent Sin
With fatal industry and cruel care
Busies herself in pointing all his stings,
And tipping every shaft with venom drawn
From her infernal store: around him, rang'd
In terrible array, and mixture strange
Of uncouth shapes, stand his dread Ministers.
Foremost Old Age, his natural ally
And firmest friend: next him Diseases thick,
A motley train: Fever, with cheek of fire;
Consumption, wan; Palsy, half warm with life,
And half a clay-clod lump; joint-tort'ring Gout,
And ever-gnawing Rheum; Convulsion wild;
Swoln Dropsy; panting Asthma; Apoplex
Full-gorg'd. There too the Pestilence that walks
In darkness, and the Sickness that destroys
At broad noon-day. These, and a thousand more,
Horrid to tell, attentive wait; and, when
By Heav'ns command Death waves his ebon wand,
Sudden rush forth to execute his purpose,
And scatter desolation o'er the earth.
'Twas Man himself
Brought Death into the world; and Man himself
Gave keenness to his darts, quicken'd his pace,
And multiply'd destruction on mankind.
First Envy, eldest born of Hell, embrued
Her hands in blood, and taught the sons of men
To make a death which Nature never made,
And God abhorr'd: with violence rude to break
The thread of life ere half its length was run,
And rob a wretched brother of his being,
With joy Ambition saw, and soon improv'd
The execrable deed. 'Twas not enough
By subtle fraud to snatch a single life:
Puny impiety! whose kingdoms fell
To sate the lust of power; more horrid still,
The foulest stain and scandal of our nature,
Became its boast. One murder made a villain,
Millions a hero. Princes were privileg'd
To kill, and numbers sanctified the crime.
Ah! why will kings forget that they are men?
And men that they are brethren? Why delight
In human sacrifice? Why burst the ties

Of Nature, that should knit their souls together
In one soft bond of amity and love?
Yet still they breathe destruction, still go on
Inhumanly ingenious to find out
New pains for life, new terrors for the grave.
Artificers of Death! Still monarchs dream
Of universal empire growing up
From universal ruin. Blast the design,
Great God of Hosts, nor let thy creatures fall
Unpitied victims at Ambition's shrine!
Yet say, should tyrants learn at last to feel,
And the loud din of battle cease to bray;
Should dove-ey'd Peace o'er all the earth extend
Her olive branch, and give the world repose,
Would Death be foil'd? Would health, and strength, and youth,
Defy his pow'r? Has he no arts in store,
No other shafts, save those of War? Alas!
Ev'n in the smile of Peace, that smile which sheds
A heav'nly sunshine o'er the soul, there basks
That serpent Luxury. War its thousands slays;
Peace its ten thousands. In th' embattled plain
Tho' Death exults, and claps his raven wings,
Yet reigns he not ev'n there so absolute,
So merciless, as in yon frantic scenes
Of midnight revel and tumultuous mirth,
Where in th' intoxicating draught conceal'd,
Or couch'd beneath the glance of lawless love,
He snares the simple youth, who nought suspecting,
Means to be blest—but finds himself undone.

PORTEUS.

HAPPINESS CONSISTS IN THE PRACTICE OF VIRTUE.

KNOW then this truth, (enough for man to know,)
"Virtue alone is happiness below."
The only point where human bliss stands still,
And tastes the good without the fall to ill;
Where only Merit constant pay receives,
Is blest in what it takes and what it gives;
The joy unequall'd, if its end it gain,
And, if it lose, attended with no pain:
Without satiety, tho' e'er so bless'd,
And but more relish'd as the more distress'd:

The broadest mirth unfeeling Folly wears,
Less pleasing far than Virtue's very tears:
Good from each object, from each place acquir'd,
For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd;
Never elated while one man's oppress'd;
Never dejected while another's blest;
And where no wants, no wishes can remain,
Since but to wish more virtue, is to gain.

See the sole bliss Heav'n could on all bestow,
Which who but feels can taste; but thinks, can know:
Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,
The bad must miss; the good, untaught, will find;
Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
But looks thro' Nature up to Nature's God;
Pursues that chain which links th' immense design,
Joins heav'n and earth, and mortal and divine;
Sees, that no being any bliss can know,
But touches some above, and some below;
Learns from this union of the rising whole,
The first, last purpose, of the human soul;
And knows where faith, law, morals, all began,
All end in love of God, and love of man.

For him alone, Hope leads from goal to goal,
And opens still, and opens on his soul;
Till lengthen'd on to Faith, and unconfin'd,
It pours the bliss that fills up all the mind.
He sees why Nature plants in man alone
Hope of known bliss, and faith in bliss unknown.
(Nature, whose dictates to no other kind
Are giv'n in vain, but what they seek they find:)
Wise is her present; she connects in this
His greatest virtue with his greatest bliss;
At once his own bright prospect to be blest,
And strongest motive to assist the rest.

Self-love thus push'd to social, to divine,
Gives thee to make thy neighbour's blessing thine.
Is this too little for thy boundless heart?
Extend it, let thy enemies have part:
Grasp the whole worlds of reason, life, and sense,
In one close system of benevolence:
Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,
And height of bliss but height of charity.

God loves from whole to parts: but human soul
Must rise from individual to the whole.

Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake;
The centre mov'd, a circle straight succeeds,
Another still, and still another spreads;
Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace;
His country next; and next all human race;
Wide and more wide, th' o'erflowings of the mind
Take ev'ry creature in, of ev'ry kind;
Earth smiles around, with boundless bounty blest,
And Heav'n beholds its image in his breast. POPE.

ON THE DEITY.

I READ God's awful name emblazon'd high
With golden letters on th' illumin'd sky;
Nor less the mystic characters I see
Wrought in each flow'r, inscrib'd on ev'ry tree;
In ev'ry leaf that trembles to the breeze,
I hear the voice of God among the trees.
With thee in shady solitudes I walk,
With thee in busy crowded cities talk;
In every creature own thy forming power,
In each event thy providence adore.

Thy hopes shall animate my drooping soul,
Thy precepts guide me, and thy fear control:
Thus shall I rest, unmov'd by all alarms,
Secure within the temple of thine arms;
From anxious cares, from gloomy terrors free,
And feel myself omnipotent in thee.

Then when the last, the closing hour, draws nigh,
And earth recedes before my swimming eye;
When trembling on the doubtful edge of fate
I stand, and stretch my view to either state;
Teach me to quit this transitory scene
With decent triumph, and a look serene;
Teach me to fix my ardent hopes on high,
And, having liv'd to thee, in thee to die. BARBAULD.

THE CHOICE OF HERCULES.

Now had the son of Jove, mature, attain'd
The joyful prime; when youth, elate and gay,
Steps into life, and follows unrestrain'd
Where passion leads, or prudence points the way.

In the pure mind, at those ambiguous years,
Or vice, rank weed, first strikes her pois'nous root;
Or haply virtue's op'ning bud appears
By just degrees, fair bloom of fairest fruit!
For, if on youth's untainted thought imprest,
The gen'rous purpose still shall warm the manly breast.

As on a day, reflecting on his age
For highest deeds now ripe, Alcides sought
Retirement, nurse of contemplation sage,
Step following step, and thought succeeding thought;
Musing, with steady pace the youth pursu'd
His walk, and lost in meditation stray'd
Far in a lonely vale, with solitude
Conversing; while intent his mind survey'd
The dubious path of life: before him lay,
Here Virtue's rough ascent, there Pleasure's flowery way.

Much did the view divide his wav'ring mind:
Now glow'd his breast with gen'rous thirst of fame;
Now love of ease to softer thoughts inclin'd
His yielding soul, and quench'd the rising flame:
When, lo! far off two female forms his spies:
Direct to him their steps they seem to bear;
Both large and tall, exceeding human size;
Both, far exceeding human beauty, fair;
Graceful, yet each with diff'rent grace they move;
This striking sacred awe; that, softer winning love.

The first in native dignity surpass'd;
Artless and unadorn'd she pleas'd the more!
Health o'er her looks a genuine lustre cast;
A vest more white than new-fall'n snow she wore:
August she trod, yet modest was her air;
Serene her eye, yet darting heavenly fire.
Still she drew near; and nearer still more fair.
More mild, appear'd: yet such as might inspire
Pleasure, corrected with an awful fear;
Majestically sweet, and amiably severe.

The other dame seem'd e'en of fairer hue;
But bold her mien, unguarded rov'd her eye;
And her flush'd cheeks confess'd at nearer view
The borrow'd blushes of an artful dye.
All soft and delicate, with airy swim
Lightly she danc'd along; her robe betray'd

Thro' the clear texture every tender limb.
  Height'ning the charms it only seem'd to shade:
And as it flow'd adown, so loose and thin,
Her stature show'd more tall, more snowy-white her skin.

Oft with a smile she view'd herself askance;
  Ev'n on her shade a conscious look she threw:
Then all around her cast a careless glance,
  To mark what gazing eyes her beauty drew.
As they came near, before that other maid
  Approaching decent, eagerly she press'd
With hasty step; nor of repulse afraid,
  With freedom bland the wand'ring youth address'd:
With winning fondness on his neck she hung:
Sweet as the honey-dew flow'd her enchanting tongue:

" Dear Hercules, whence this unkind delay?
  " Dear youth, what doubts can thus distract thy mind?
" Securely follow where I lead the way,
  " And range thro' wilds of pleasure unconfin'd.
" With me retire from noise, and pain, and care,
  " Embath'd in bliss, and wrapt in endless ease:
" Rough is the road to fame, thro' blood and war:
  " Smooth is my way, and all my paths are peace.
" With me retire, from toils and perils free;
" Leave honour to the wretch! pleasures were made for thee.

" Then will I grant thee all thy soul's desire;
  " All that may charm thine ear, and please thy sight;
" All that the thought can frame, or wish require,
  " To steep thy ravish'd senses in delight:
" The sumptuous feast, enhanc'd with music's sound,
" Fittest to tune the melting soul to love,
" Rich odours, breathing choicest sweets around;
  " The fragrant bow'r, cool fountain, shady grove;
" Fresh flow'rs to strew thy couch, and crown thy head.
" Joy shall attend thy steps, and ease shall smooth thy bed.

" These will I freely, constantly supply,
  " Pleasures not earn'd with toil, nor mix'd with woe;
" Far from thy rest repining want shall fly,
  " Nor labour bathe in sweat thy careful brow.
" Mature the copious harvest shall be thine,
  " Let the laborious hind subdue the soil;
" Leave the rash soldier spoils of war to win,
  " Won by the soldier thou shalt share the spoil:

" These softer cares my best allies employ,
" New pleasures to invent, to wish, and to enjoy."

Her winning voice the youth attentive caught:
  He gaz'd impatient on the smiling maid;
Still gaz'd, and listen'd; then her name besought:
  " My name, fair youth, is Happiness," she said.
" Well can my friends this envied truth maintain;
  " They share my bliss, they best can speak my praise:
" Tho' Slander call me Sloth (detraction vain!)
  " Heed not what Slander, vain detractor, says:
" Slander, still prompt true merit to defame,
" To blot the brightest worth, and blast the fairest name."

By this arriv'd the fair majestic maid:
  She all the while, with the same modest pace,
Compos'd advanc'd: " Know, Hercules," she said
  With manly tone, " thy birth of heavenly race;
" Thy tender age, that lov'd Instruction's voice,
  " Promis'd thee generous, patient, brave, and wise,
" When manhood should confirm thy glorious choice;
  " Now expectation waits to see thee rise.
" Rise, youth! exalt thyself and me: approve
" Thy high descent from heaven, and dare be worthy Jove.

" But what truth prompts, my tongue shall not disguise:
  " The steep ascent must be with toil subdu'd;
" Watching and cares must win the lofty prize
  " Propos'd by Heav'n—true bliss, and real good.
" Honour rewards the brave and bold alone;
  " She spurns the timorous, indolent, and base:
" Danger and toil stand stern before her throne,
  " And guard (so Jove commands) the sacred place.
" Who seeks her must the mighty cost sustain,
" And pay the price of fame—labour, and care, and pain.

" Wouldst thou engage the gods' peculiar care?
  " O Hercules, th' immortal pow'rs adore!
" With a pure heart, with sacrifice, and pray'r
  " Attend their altars, and their aid implore.
" Or, wouldst thou gain thy country's loud applause,
  " Lov'd as her father, as her god ador'd?
" Be thou the bold assertor of her cause;
  " Her voice in council, in the fight her sword:
" In peace, in war, pursue thy country's good;
" For her bare thy bold breast, and pour thy generous blood.

"Wouldst thou, to quell the proud, and lift th' opprest,
"In arts of war and matchless strength excel?
"First conquer thou thyself: to ease, to rest,
"To each soft thought of pleasure, bid farewell.
"The night alternate, due to sweet repose,
"In watches waste; in painful march, the day:
"Congeal'd amidst the rigorous winter's snows,
"Scorch'd by the summer's thirst-inflaming ray,
"Thy harden'd limbs shall boast superior might:
"Vigour shall brace thine arm resistless in the fight."

"Hear'st thou what monsters then thou must engage?
"What dangers, gentle youth, she bids thee prove?"
(Abrupt, says Sloth)—"ill fit thy tender age—
"Tumults and wars, fit age for joy and love.
"Turn, gentle youth, to me, to love and joy!
"To these I lead: no monsters here shall stay
"Thine easy course; no cares thy peace annoy;
"I lead to bliss a nearer, smoother way:
"Short is my way, fair, easy, smooth, and plain:
"Turn, gentle youth—with me eternal pleasures reign!"

"What pleasures, vain mistaken wretch, are thine?"
(Virtue with scorn replied) "who sleep'st in ease
"Insensate: whose soft limbs the toil decline
"That seasons bless, and makes enjoyment please;
"Draining the copious bowl ere thirst require;
"Feasting ere hunger to the feast invite;
"Whose tastless joys anticipate desire,
"Whom luxury supplies with appetite:
"Yet nature loaths, and you employ in vain
"Variety and art to conquer her disdain.

"The sparkling nectar, cool'd with summer snows,
"The dainty board with choicest viands spread,
"To thee are tasteless all! sincere repose
"Flies from thy flow'ry couch and downy bed.
"For thou art only tir'd with indolence;
"Nor is thy sleep with toil and labour bought,
"Th' imperfect sleep that lulls thy languid sense
"In dull oblivious interval of thought;
"That kindly steals th' inactive hours away
"From the long ling'ring space, that lengthens out the day.

" From bounteous Nature's unexhausted stores
  ' Flows the pure fountain of sincere delights;
' Averse to her, you waste the joyless hours;
  " Sleep drowns thy days, and riot rules thy nights.
" Immortal tho' thou art, indignant Jove
  " Hurl'd thee from Heaven, th' immortal blissful place,
" For ever banish'd from the realms above,
  " To dwell on earth with man's degenerate race:
" Fitter abode! on earth alike disgrac'd;
" Rejected by the wise, and by the fool embrac'd.

" Fond wretch, that vainly weenest all delight
  " To gratify the sense, reserv'd for thee!
" Yet the most pleasing object to the sight,
  " Thine own fair action, never didst thou see.
" Tho' lull'd with softest sounds thou liest along,
  " Soft music, warbling voices, melting lays;
" Ne'er didst thou hear, more sweet than sweetest song,
  " Charming the soul, thou ne'er didst hear thy praise!
" No—to thy revels let the fool repair;
" To such go smooth thy speech, and spread thy tempting snare.

" Vast happiness enjoy thy gay allies!
  " A youth of follies, an old age of cares;
" Young yet enervate, old yet never wise,
  " Vice wastes their vigour, and their mind impairs.
" Vain, idle, delicate, in thoughtless ease,
  " Reserving woes for age, their prime they spend;
" All wretched, hopeless, in the evil days,
  " With sorrow to the verge of life they tend.
" Griev'd with the present, of the past asham'd,
" They live and are despis'd; they die, nor more are nam'd.

" But with the gods, and godlike men, I dwell;
  " Me, his supreme delight, th' Almighty Sire
" Regards well pleas'd: whatever works excel,
  " All, or divine or human, I inspire.
" Counsel with strength, and industry with art,
  " In union meet conjoin'd, with me reside:
" My dictates arm, instruct, and mend the heart,
  " The surest policy, the wisest guide.
" With me true friendship dwells: she deigns to bind
" Those generous souls alone whom I before had join'd.

" Nor need my friends the various costly feast;
" Hunger to them th' effects of art supplies;
" Labour prepares their weary limbs to rest;
" Sweet is their sleep; light, cheerful, strong they rise.
" Thro' health, thro' joy, thro' pleasure, and renown,
" They tread my paths; and by a soft descent
" At length to age all gently sinking down,
" Look back with transport on a life well spent,
" In which no hour flew unimprov'd away;
" In which some gen'rous deed distinguish'd ev'ry day.

" And when the destin'd term at length's complete,
" Their ashes rest in peace, eternal fame
" Sounds wide their praise: triumphant over fate,
" In sacred song for ever lives their name.
" This, Hercules, is happiness! obey
" My voice, and live: let thy celestial birth
" Lift and enlarge thy thoughts: behold the way
" That leads to fame, and raises thee from earth
" Immortal! Lo, I guide thy steps. Arise,
" Pursue the glorious path, and claim thy native skies."

Her words breathe fire celestial, and impart
New vigour to his soul, that sudden caught
The generous flame: with great intent his heart
Swells full, and labours with exalted thought.
The mist of error from his eyes dispell'd,
Thro' all her fraudful arts, in clearest light,
Sloth in her native form he now beheld;
Unveil'd she stood confess'd before his sight:
False Siren!—All her vaunted charms, that shone
So fresh erewhile and fair, now wither'd, pale, and gone.

No more the rosy bloom in sweet disguise
Masks her dissembled looks; each borrow'd grace
Leaves her wan cheek; pale sickness clouds her eyes,
Livid and sunk, and passions dim her face.
As when fair Iris has awhile display'd
Her wat'ry arch, with gaudy painture gay,
While yet we gaze the glorious colours fade,
And from our wonder gently steal away:
Where shone the beauteous phantom erst so bright,
Now low'rs the low-hung cloud, all gloomy to the sight.

But Virtue, more engaging, all the while
 Disclos'd new charms, more lovely, more serene,
Beaming sweet influence: a milder smile
 Soften'd the terrors of her lofty mien.
"Lead, goddess; I am thine!" transported cried
 Alcides; "O propitious pow'r, thy way
"Teach me! possess my soul! be thou my guide:
 "From thee, oh never, never let me stray!"
While ardent thus the youth his vows address'd,
With all the goddess fill'd, already glow'd his breast.

The heavenly maid with strength divine endu'd
 His daring soul; there all her pow'rs combin'd:
Firm constancy, undaunted fortitude,
 Enduring patience, arm'd his mighty mind.
Unmov'd in toils, in dangers undismay'd,
 By many a hardy deed and bold emprize,
From fiercest monsters, thro' her powerful aid,
 He freed the earth! thro' her he gain'd the skies.
'Twas virtue plac'd him in the blest abode;
Crown'd with eternal youth, among the gods a god.

LOWTH.

THE FALLEN LEAF.

SEE the leaves around us falling,
 Dry and wither'd to the ground.
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling
 With a sad and solemn sound—

"Sons of Adam—once in Eden,
 Blighted when like us you fell,
Hear the lecture we are reading,
 'Tis, alas! the truth we tell;

Virgins! much, too much presuming,
 On your boasted white and red,
View us late in beauty blooming,
 Number'd now among the dead.

Griping Misers! nightly waking,
 See the end of all your care,
Fled on wings of our own making,
 We have left our owners bare;

Sons of Honour! fed on praises,
 Flutt'ring high on fancied worth,
Lo! the fickle air that raises
 Brings us down to parent Earth;

Learned Sophs; in systems jaded,
Who for new ones daily call,
Cease at length, by us persuaded,
Every leaf must have a fall;

Youths! tho' yet no losses grieve you,
Gay in health and manly grace,
Let not cloudless skies deceive you,
Summer gives to Autumn place;

Venerable Sires! grown hoary,
Hither turn th' unwilling eye,
Think, amidst your falling glory,
Autumn tells a Winter nigh;

Yearly in our course returning,
Messengers of shortest stay,
Thus we preach this truth unerring,
Heav'n and Earth shall pass away!

On the Tree of Life Eternal,
Man! let all thy hopes be staid,
Which alone, for ever vernal,
Bears a leaf which ne'er shall fade!" HORNE.

LIFE.

LET not the young my precepts shun;
Who slight good counsels are undone.
We'll talk of Life, tho' much I fear
Th' ungrateful tale will wound your ear.
You raise your sanguine thoughts too high.
And hardly know the reason why:
But say Life's tree bears golden fruit,
Some canker shall corrode the root!
Some unexpected storm shall rise,
Or scorching suns, or chilling skies;
And (if experienc'd truths avail)
All your autumnal hopes shall fail.
"But, Poet, whence such wide extremes?
"Well may you style your labours dreams.
"A son of sorrow thou, I ween,
"Whose visions are the brats of Spleen.
"Is bliss a vague, unmeaning name?
"Speak then the passions' use or aim:
"Why rage desires without control,
"And rouse such wirlwinds in the soul;

" Why Hope erects her tow'ring crest,
" And laughs and riots in the breast.
" Think not my weaker brain turns round;
" Think not I tread on fairy ground;
" Think not your pulse alone beats true—
" Mine makes as healthful music too.
" Our joys, when Life's soft spring we trace,
" Put forth their early buds apace.
" See the bloom loads the tender shoot;
" The bloom conceals the future fruit.
" Yes, manhood's warm meridian sun
" Shall ripen what in Spring begun,
" Thus infant roses, ere they blow,
" In germinating clusters grow;
" And only wait the summer's ray,
" To burst and blossom to the day."
What said the gay unthinking boy?
Methought Hilario talk'd of joy!
Tell, if thou canst, whence joys arise,
Or what those mighty joys you prize.
You'll find (and trust superior years)
The vale of life a vale of tears.
Could wisdom teach where joys abound,
Or riches purchase them when found,
Would sceptred Solomon complain
That all was fleeting, false, and vain?
Yet sceptred Solomon could say,
Returning clouds obscur'd his day.
Those maxims which the preacher drew,
The royal sage experienc'd true.
He knew the various ills that wait
Our infant and meridian state;
That toys our earliest thoughts engage,
And diff'rent toys maturer age;
That grief at ev'ry stage appears,
But diff'rent griefs at diff'rent years;
That vanity is seen, in part,
Inscrib'd on ev'ry human heart;
In the child's breast the spark began,
Grows with his growth, and glares in man.
But when in life we journey late,
If follies die, do griefs abate?
Ah! what is life at fourscore years?
One dark, rough road, of sighs, groans, pains, and tears!

Perhaps you'll think I act the same,
As a sly sharper plays his game:
You triumph ev'ry deal that's past,
He's sure to triumph at the last;
Who often wins some thousands more
Than twice the sums you won before.
But I'm a loser with the rest;
For life is all a deal at best,
Where not the prize of wealth or fame
Repays the trouble of the game—
(A truth no winner e'er denied,
An hour before that winner died.)
Nor that with me these prizes shine;
For neither fame nor wealth is mine.
My cards, a weak plebeian band,
With scarce an honour in my hand!
And, since my trumps are very few,
What have I more to boast than you?
Nor am I gainer by your fall;
That harlot Fortune bubbles all!
'Tis truth (receive it ill or well,)
'Tis melancholy truth I tell.
Why should the preacher take your pence,
And smother truth to flatter sense?
I'm sure physicians have no merit,
Who kill thro' lenity of spirit.
That life's a game, divines confess;
This says at cards, and that at chess:
But, if our views be centered here,
'Tis all a losing game, I fear.
Sailors, you know, when wars obtain,
And hostile vessels crowd the main;
If they discover from afar
A bark as distant as a star,
Hold the perspective to their eyes,
To learn its colours, strength, and size;
And, when this secret once they know,
Make ready to receive the foe.
Let you and I from sailors learn
Important truths of like concern.
I clos'd the day, as custom led,
With reading, till the time of bed;
Where Fancy, at the midnight hour,
Again display'd her magic pow'r—

(For know that Fancy, like a sprite,
Prefers the silent scenes of night.)
She lodg'd me in a neighb'ring wood,
No matter where the thicket stood;
The genius of the place was nigh,
And held two pictures to my eye.
The curious painter had pourtray'd
Life in each just and genuine shade.
They who have only known its dawn,
May think these lines too deeply drawn;
But riper years, I fear, will shew
The wiser artists paint too true.
One piece presents a rueful wild,
Where not a summer's sun had smil'd:
The road with thorns is cover'd wide,
And Grief sits weeping by the side;
Her tears with constant tenour flow,
And form a mournful lake below;
Whose silent waters, dark and deep,
Thro' all the gloomy valley creep.
Passions that flatter, or that slay,
Are beasts that fawn, or birds that prey.
Here Vice assumes the serpent's shape;
There Folly personates the ape:
Here Av'rice gripes with harpy's claws;
There Malice grins with tiger's jaws:
While sons of Mischief, Art, and Guile,
Are alligators of the Nile.
E'en Pleasure acts a treach'rous part,
She charms the sense, but stings the heart:
And when she gulls us of our wealth,
Or that superior pearl, our health,
Restores us nought but pain and woe,
And drowns us in the lake below.
There a commission'd angel stands,
With desolation in his hands!
He sends the all-devouring flame,
And cities hardly boast a name:
Or wings the pestilential blast,
And, lo! ten thousands breathe their last.
He speaks—obedient tempests roar,
And guilty nations are no more:
He speaks—the fury Discord raves,
And sweeps whole armies to their graves:

Or Famine lifts her mildew'd hand,
And Hunger howls thro' all the land.
"Oh! what a wretch is man!" I cried;
"Expos'd to death on ev'ry side!
"And sure as born, to be undone
"By evils which he cannot shun!
"Besides a thousand baits to sin,
"A thousand traitors lodg'd within!
"For soon as Vice assaults the heart,
"The rebels take the demon's part."
I sigh, my aching bosom bleeds;
When straight the milder plan succeeds,
The lake of tears, the dreary shore,
The same as in the piece before:
But gleams of light are here display'd,
To cheer the eye, and gild the shade;
Affliction speaks a softer style,
And Disappointment wears a smile:
A group of virtues blossom near;
Their roots improve by ev'ry tear.
Here Patience, gentle maid! is nigh,
To calm the storm, and wipe the eye:
Hope acts the kind physician's part,
And warms the solitary heart:
Religion nobler comfort brings,
Disarms our griefs, or blunts their stings;
Points out the balance on the whole,
And Heaven rewards the struggling soul.

COTTON.

THE LAUREL AND THE REED.

THE Reed that once the shepherd blew,
On old Cephisus' hallow'd side,
To Sylla's cruel bow apply'd,
Its inoffensive master slew.

Stay, bloody soldier, stay thy hand,
Nor take the shepherd's gentle breath:
Thy rage let innocence withstand:
Let music soothe the thirst of Death.

He frown'd—he bade the arrow fly—
The arrow smote the tuneful swain;
No more its tone his lip shall try,
Nor wake its vocal soul again.

Cephisus, from his sedgy urn,
With woe beheld the sanguine deed:
He mourn'd, and as they heard him mourn,
Assenting sigh'd each trembling Reed.

"Fair offspring of my waves," he cry'd;
"That bind my brows, my banks adorn;
"Pride of the plains, the rivers' pride,
"For music, peace, and beauty, born!

"Ah! what unheedful have we done?
"What demons here in death delight?
"What fiends that curse the social sun?
"What furies of infernal night?

"See, see, my peaceful shepherds bleed!
"Each heart in harmony that vy'd;
"Smote by its own melodious Reed,
"Lies cold along my blushing side.

"Back to your urn, my waters, fly;
"Or find in earth some secret way;
"For horror dims yon conscious sky,
"And hell has issu'd into day."

Thro' Delphi's holy depth of shade
The sympathetic sorrows ran;
While in his dim and mournful glade
The genius of her groves began:

"In vain Cephisus sighs to save,
"The swain that loves his watery mead,
"And weeps to see his reddening wave,
"And mourns for his perverted Reed:

"In vain my violated groves
"Must I with equal grief bewail,
"While Desolation sternly roves,
"And bids the sanguine hand assail.

"God of the genial stream, behold
"My laurel shades of leaves so bare!
'Those leaves no poet's brows enfold,
"Nor bind Apollo's golden hair.

"Like thy fair offspring, misapply'd,
"Far other purpose they supply;
"The murderer's burning cheek to hide,
"And on his frownful temples die.

"Yet deem not these of Pluto's race,
"Whom wounded Nature sues in vain;
"Pluto disclaims the dire disgrace,
"And cries indignant—They are men."

LANGHORNE.

LESSONS OF WISDOM.

HOW to live happiest; how avoid the pains,
The disappointments, and disgusts of those
Who would in pleasure all their hours employ;
The precepts here of a divine old man
I could recite. Tho' old, he still retain'd
His manly sense, and energy of mind.
Virtuous and wise he was, but not severe;
He still remember'd that he once was young;
His easy presence check'd no decent joy.
Him ev'n the dissolute admir'd; for he
A graceful looseness when he pleas'd put on,
And laughing could instruct. Much had he read.
Much more had seen; he studied from the life,
And in th' original perus'd mankind.
Vers'd in the woes and vanities of life,
He pitied man; and much he pitied those
Whom falsely-smiling Fate has curs'd with means
To dissipate their days in quest of joy.
Our aim is happiness: 'tis yours, 'tis mine,
He said, 'tis the pursuit of all that live;
Yet few attain it, if 'twas e'er attain'd.
But they the widest wander from the mark,
Who thro' the flow'ry paths of saunt'ring Joy
Seek this coy goddess; that from stage to stage
Invites us still, but shifts as we pursue.
For, not to name the pains that pleasure brings
To counterpoise itself, relentless Fate
Forbids that we thro' gay voluptuous wilds
Should ever roam: and were the Fates more kind,
Our narrow luxuries would soon be stale.
Were these exhaustless, Nature would grow sick,
And, cloy'd with pleasure, squeamishly complain
That all was vanity, and life a dream.
Let Nature rest: be busy for yourself,
And for your friend; be busy ev'n in vain,
Rather than tease her sated appetites:

Who never fasts, no banquet e'er enjoys;
Who never toils or watches, never sleeps.
Let Nature rest: and when the taste of joy
Grows keen, indulge; but shun satiety.
'Tis not for mortals always to be blest,
But him the least the dull or painful hours
Of life oppress, whom sober sense conducts,
And Virtue, thro' this labyrinth we tread.
Virtue and Sense I mean not to disjoin;
Virtue and Sense are one: and, trust me, he
Who has not Virtue, is not truly wise.
Virtue (for mere Good-nature is a fool)
Is sense and spirit, with humanity:
'Tis sometimes angry, and its frown confounds;
'Tis ev'n vindictive, but in vengeance just.
Knaves fain would laugh at it; some great ones dare;
But at his heart the most undaunted son
Of fortune dreads its name and awful charms.
To noblest uses this determines wealth:
This is the solid pomp of prosperous days,
The peace and shelter of adversity.
And if you pant for glory, build your fame
On this foundation, which the secret shock
Defies of Envy and all-sapping Time.
The gaudy gloss of Fortune only strikes
The vulgar eye: the suffrage of the wise,
The praise that's worth ambition, is attain'd
By sense alone, and dignity of mind.
Virtue, the strength and beauty of the soul,
Is the best gift of Heaven: a happiness
That ev'n above the smiles and frowns of fate
Exalts great Nature's favourites: a wealth
That ne'er encumbers, nor to baser hands
Can be transferr'd: it is the only good
Man justly boasts of, or can call his own.
Riches are oft by guilt and baseness earn'd;
Or dealt by chance to shield a lucky knave,
Or throw a cruel sunshine on a fool.
But for one end, one much-neglected use,
Are riches worth your care (for Nature's wants
Are few, and without opulence supplied)—
This noble end is, to produce the soul,
To show the virtues in their fairest light;
To make Humanity the minister

Of bounteous Providence! and teach the breast
That generous luxury the gods enjoy.——
  Thus, in his graver vein, the friendly sage
Sometimes declaim'd. Of right and wrong he taught
Truths as refin'd as ever Athens heard:
And (strange to tell!) he practis'd what he preach'd.

ARMSTRONG.

PROSPECT OF SOCIETY.

COULD Nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
The sons of Italy were surely blest.
Whatever fruits in different climes are found,
That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground:
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whose bright succession decks the varied year;
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
With vernal lives, that blossom but to die:
These, here disporting, own the kindred soil,
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil;
While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand,
To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.
  But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,
And sensual bliss is all the nation knows.
In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.
Contrasted faults through all his manners reign:
Though poor, luxurious; though submissive, vain;
Though grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet untrue;
And e'en in penance planning sins anew.
All evils here contaminate the mind,
That opulence departed leaves behind.
  My soul, turn from them—turn we to survey
Where rougher climes a nobler race display;
Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansion tread,
And force a churlish soil for scanty bread:
No product here the barren hills afford
But man and steel, the soldier and his sword.
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But Winter ling'ring chills the lap of May;
No Zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.
  Yet still e'en here Content can spread a charm,
Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.

Tho' poor the peasant's hut, his feast tho' small,
He sees his little lot the lot of all;
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head,
To shame the meanness of his humble shed;
No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal,
To make him loath his vegetable meal;
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil.
To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
I turn—and France displays her bright domain.
Gay sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
Pleas'd with thyself, whom all the world can please;
How often have I led thy sportive choir,
With tuneless pipe, beside the murm'ring Loire!
Where shading elms along the margin grew,
And, freshen'd from the wave, the Zephyr flew;
And haply, tho' my harsh touch fal'tring still,
But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's skill;
Yet would the village praise my wondrous pow'r,
And dance, forgetful of the noon-tide hour!
Alike all ages: dames of ancient days
Have led their children thro' the mirthful maze;
And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic lore,
Has frisk'd beneath the burden of threescore.
But while this softer art their bliss supplies,
It gives their follies also room to rise;
For praise too dearly lov'd, or warmly sought,
Enfeebles all internal strength of thought;
And the weak soul, within itself unblest,
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.
Hence ostentation here, with tawdry art,
Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart:
Here vanity assumes her pert grimace,
And trims her robes of frieze with copper-lace;
Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
To boast one splendid banquet once a year;
The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,
Nor weighs the solid worth of self-applause.
To men of other minds my Fancy flies,
Embosom'd in the deep where Holland lies.
Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
Where the broad ocean leans against the land;
And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.

Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
And industry begets a love of gain.
Hence all the good from opulence that springs,
With all those ills superfluous treasure brings,
Are here display'd. Their much-lov'd wealth imparts
Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts;
But, view them closer, craft and fraud appear;
E'en liberty itself is barter'd here!
At gold's superior charms all freedom flies;
The needy sell it, and the rich man buys;
A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves,
Here wretches seek dishonourable graves,
And, calmly bent, to servitude conform,
Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm.
Heavens! how unlike their Belgic sires of old!
Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold;
War in each breast, and freedom on each brow;
How much unlike the sons of Britain now!
Fir'd at the sound, my Genius spreads her wing,
And flies where Britain courts the western spring;
Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,
And brighter streams that fam'd Hydaspes glide:
There all around the gentlest breezes stray,
There gentle music melts on ev'ry spray;
Creation's mildest charms are there combin'd;
Extremes are only in the master's mind!
Stern o'er each bosom Reason holds her state,
With daring aims irregularly great:
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of human-kind pass by;
Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
By forms unfashion'd, fresh from Nature's hand;
Fierce in their native hardiness of soul,
True to imagin'd right, above control:
While e'en the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
And learns to venerate himself as man.
Thine, Freedom, thine the blessings pictur'd here,
Thine are those charms, that dazzle and endear.

GOLDSMITH

DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

"HOME's home, however homely," Wisdom says,
And certain is the fact, tho' coarse the phrase;

To prove it, if it need a proof at all,
Mark what a train attends the Muse's call,
And as he leads the ideal group along,
Let your own feelings realize the song!

Clear then the stage, no scenery we require,
Save the snug circle round her parlour fire,
And enter marshall'd in procession fair,
Each happier influence that predominates there.

First Love by Friendship mellow'd into bliss,
Lights the glad glow and sanctifies the kiss,
When fondly welcom'd to th' accustom'd seat,
In sweet complacence wife and husband meet,
Look mutual pleasure, mutual purpose share,
Repose from labours, but unite in care.

Ambition—does Ambition there reside?
Yes! when the Boy in manly mood astride,
Of headstrong prowess innocently vain,
Canter's the jockey of his father's cane!
While Emulation in the Daughter's heart,
Bears a more mild tho' not less powerful part,
With zeal to shine her fluttering bosom warms,
And in the romp the future house-wife forms!
Or both perchance, to graver sport incline,
And Art and Genius in the pastime join,
This the cramp riddle's puzzling knot invents,
That rears aloft the card-built tenements.

Think how Joy animates, intense tho' meek,
The fading roses on their Grandame's cheek,
When proud the frolic progeny to survey
She feels and owns an interest in their play,
Adopts each wish their wayward whims unfold,
And tells at every call the story—ten times told;

Good-humour'd dignity endears meanwhile
The narrative Grandsire's venerable style,
If happy feats achiev'd in prime of youth,
Or pristine anecdote, or historic truth,
Or maxim shrewd, or admonition bland,
Affectionate Attention's ear command.

To such society, so form'd, so bless'd,
Time—Thought—Remembrance—all impart a zest,
And expectation day by day more bright,
Round every prospect throws increasing light,

The simplest comforts act with greatest force,
Whate'er can give them—can improve of course.

All this is common-place you'll tell me—true!
What pity 'tis not common fashion too!
Roam as we will, plain sense at last will find
'Tis only seeking—what we left behind!
If individual good engage our hope,
Domestic virtues give the largest scope,
If plans of public eminence we trace,
Domestic Virtues are its surest base!

BISHOP.

ENGLISH LIBERTY.

'Tis Liberty alone that gives the flow'r
Of fleeting life its lustre and perfume,
And we are weeds without it. All constraint,
Except what wisdom lays on evil men,
Is evil: hurts the faculties, impedes
Their progress in the road of science; blinds
The eye-sight of discov'ry, and begets
In those that suffer it a sordid mind
Bestial, a meagre intellect, unfit
To be the tenant of man's noble form.
Thee, therefore, still blameworthy as thou art,
With all thy loss of empire, and though squeez'd
By public exigence, till annual food
Fails for the craving hunger of the state;
Thee I account still happy, and the chief
Among the nations, seeing thou art free,
My native nook of earth! Thy clime is rude,
Replete with vapours, and disposes much
All hearts to sadness, and none more than mine;
Thine unadult'rate manners are less soft
And plausible than social life requires,
And thou hast need of discipline and art
To give thee what politer France receives
From Nature's bounty—that humane address
And sweetness, without which no pleasure is
In converse; either starv'd by cold reserve,
Or flush'd with fierce dispute, a senseless brawl;
Yet, being free, I love thee: for the sake
Of that one feature, can be well content,
Disgrac'd as thou hast been, poor as thou art,

To seek no sublunary rest beside.
But, once enslav'd, farewell! I could endure
Chains no where patiently; and chains at home,
Where I am free by birthright, not at all.
Then what were left of roughness in the grain
Of British natures, wanting its excuse
That it belongs to freemen, would disgust
And shock me. I should then with double pain
Feel all the rigour of thy fickle clime;
And if I must bewail the blessing lost
For which our Hampdens and our Sidneys bled;
I would at least bewail it under skies
Milder, among a people less austere,
In scenes which, having never known me free,
Would not reproach me with the loss I felt. COWPER.

PICTURE OF A VILLAGE LIFE.

SWEET Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheer'd the labouring swain;
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's ling'ring blooms delay'd;
Dear lovely bow'rs of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when ev'ry sport could please;
How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endear'd each scene!
How often have I paus'd on ev'ry charm.
The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm;
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topp'd the neighb'ring hill;
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age, and whisp'ring lovers made!
How often have I bless'd the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play;
And all the village train, from labour free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree;
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old survey'd;
And many a gambol frolic'd o'er the ground,
And sleights of art, and feats of strength went round.
And still, as each repeated pleasure tir'd,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspir'd:
The dancing pair that simply sought renown,
By holding out to tire each other down;

The swain, mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter titter'd round the place;
The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove—
These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these,
With sweet suceession, taught e'en toil to please.
Sweet was the sound, when oft, at evening's close,
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;
There as I pass'd, with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came soften'd from below;
The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung,
The sober herd that low'd to meet their young;
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school;
The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whisp'ring wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind;
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And filled each pause the nightingale had made.
Near yonder copse, where once the garden smil'd,
And still where many a garden flow'r grows wild,
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wish'd to change, his place;
Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for pow'r,
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train;
He chid their wand'rings, but reliev'd their pain.
The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruin'd spendthrift now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were won.
Pleas'd with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His Pity gave ere Charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And ev'n his failings lean'd to Virtue's side;
But, in his duty prompt at ev'ry call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt for all.
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt her new-fledg'd offspring to the skies;
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.
Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,
The rev'rend champion stood. At his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last falt'ring accents whisper'd praise.
At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway;
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran;
Ev'n children follow'd with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile,
His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd,
Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares distress'd;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs, were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm;
Tho' round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.
Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion skill'd to rule,
The village master taught his little school;
A man severe he was, and stern to view;
I knew him well, and every truant knew.
Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
The day's disasters in his morning's face;
Full well they laugh'd with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper circling round
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd:
Yet he was kind; or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault;

The village all declar'd how much he knew;
'Twas certain he could write, and cipher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And ev'n the story ran that he could gauge;
In arguing too, the parson own'd his skill,
For ev'n, though vanquish'd, he could argue still;
While words of learned length, and thund'ring sound,
Amaz'd the gazing rustics rang'd around;
And still they gaz'd, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.
But past is all his fame: the very spot
Where many a time he triumph'd, is forgot.
Near yonder thorn that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspir'd,
Where gray-beard mirth and smiling toil retir'd;
Where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlour splendours of that festive place;
The white-wash'd wall, the nicely-sanded floor,
The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door;
The chest, contriv'd a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of draw'rs by day;
The pictures plac'd for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose;
The hearth, except when Winter chill'd the day,
With aspen boughs, and flow'rs, and fennel, gay;
While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
Rang'd o'er the chimney, glisten'd in a row.
Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
These simple blessings of the lowly train:
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art:
Spontaneous joys, where Nature has its play,
The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway;
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvied, unmolested, unconfin'd:
But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth array'd,
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain;
And, ev'n while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart distrusting asks—If this be joy?

GOLDSMITH.

THE BARD: AN ODE.

I. 1.

' RUIN seize thee, ruthless king!
' Confusion on thy banners wait!
' Tho', fann'd by conquest's crimson wing,
' They mock the air with idle state!
' Helm nor Hauberk's twisted mail,
' Nor ev'n thy virtues, Tyrant, shall avail
' To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
' From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears!"
Such were the sounds that o'er the crested pride
Of the first Edward scatter'd wild dismay,
As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side
He wound with toilsome march his long array.
Stout Glo'ster stood aghast in speechless trance:
To arms! cried Mortimer, and couch'd his quiv'ring lance.

I. 2.

On a rock whose haughty brow
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
Rob'd in the sable garb of woe,
With haggard eyes the poet stood;
(Loose his beard, and hoary hair,
Stream'd like a meteor, to the troubled air;)
And with a master's hand, and prophet's fire,
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.
' Hark, how each giant-oak and desert cave
' Sigh to the torrent's awful voice beneath!
' O'er thee, O king! their hundred arms they wave,
' Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe;
' Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
' To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.

I. 3.

' Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
' That hush'd the stormy main:
' Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed
' Mountains, ye mourn in vain
' Modred, whose magic song
' Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topp'd head.
' On dreary Arvon's shore they lie,
' Smear'd with gore, and ghastly pale;
' Far, far aloof th' affrighted ravens sail;
' The famish'd eagle screams, and passes by.

'Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
'Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes,
'Dear as the ruddy drops that warm'd my heart,
'Ye died amidst your dying country's cries.—
'No more I weep. They do not sleep.
'On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,
'I see them sit: they linger yet,
'Avengers of their native land:
'With me in dreadful harmony they join,
'And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line.

II. 1.

"Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
"The winding-sheet of Edward's race.
"Give ample room, and verge enough
"The characters of hell to trace.
"Mark the year, and mark the night,
"When Severn shall re-echo with affright;
"The shrieks of death, thro' Berkley's roofs that ring;
"Shrieks of an agonizing king!
"She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,
"That tear'st the bowels of thy mangled mate,
"From thee be born who o'er thy country hangs
"The scourge of Heaven. What terrors round him wait!
"Amazement in his van with flight combin'd,
"And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude, behind.

II. 2.

"Mighty Victor, mighty Lord,
"Low on his fun'ral couch he lies!
"No pitying heart, no eye, afford
"A tear to grace his obsequies.
"Is the sable warrior fled?
"Thy son is gone. He rests among the dead.
"The swarm that in thy noon-tide beam were born,
"Gone to salute the rising morn.
"Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
"While, proudly riding o'er the azure realm,
"In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes;
"Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm;
"Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
"That hush'd in grim repose, expects his evening prey.

II. 3.

"Fill high the sparkling bowl,
"The rich repast prepare,
"Reft of a crown he yet may share the feast:
"Close by the regal chair
"Fell Thirst and Famine scowl
"A baleful smile upon their baffled guest.
"Heard ye the din of battle bray,
"Lance to lance, and horse to horse?
"Long years of havoc urge their destin'd course,
"And thro' the kindred squadrons mow their way.
"Ye tow'rs of Julius, London's lasting shame,
"With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
"Revere his consort's faith, his father's fame,
"And spare the meek usurper's holy head.
"Above, below, the rose of snow,
"Twin'd with her blushing foe, we spread!
"The bristled boar in infant gore
"Wallows beneath the thorny shade.
"Now, Brothers, bending o'er th' accursed loom,
"Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

III. 1.

"Edward, lo! to sudden fate
"(Weave we the woof! The thread is spun.)
"Half thy heart we consecrate.
"(The web is wove. The work is done.)"—
'Stay, oh stay! nor thus forlorn,
'Leave me unblest, unpitied, here to mourn:
'In yon bright track that fires the western skies,
'They melt, they vanish from my eyes.
'But oh! what solemn scenes on Snowdon's height
'Descending slow, their glitt'ring skirts unroll!
'Visions of glory, spare my aching sight!
'Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul!
'No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail.
'All hail, ye genuine kings! Britannia's issue hail!

III. 2.

'Girt with many a baron bold,
'Sublime their starry fronts they rear;
'And gorgeous dames, and statesmen old
'In bearded majesty appear.

'In the midst a form divine!
'Her eye proclaims her of the British line;
'Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face,
'Attemper'd sweet to virgin grace.
'What strings symphonious tremble in the air!
'What strains of vocal transport round her play!
'Hear from the grave, great Taliessin, hear;
'They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.
'Bright Rapture calls, and, soaring as she sings,
'Waves in the eye of Heaven her many-colour'd wings.

III. 3.

'The verse adorn again
'Fierce War, and faithful Love,
And Truth severe by fairy Fiction dress'd.
'In buskin'd measures move
'Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain,
'With Horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast.
'A voice, as of the cherub-choir,
'Gales from blooming Eden bear,
'And distant warblings lessen on my ear,
'That lost in long futurity expire.
'Fond impious man! think'st thou yon sanguine cloud,
'Rais'd by thy breath, has quench'd the orb of day?
To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
'And warms the nations with redoubled ray.—
'Enough for me: with joy I see
'The diff'rent doom our fates assign.
'Be thine Despair, and sceptred Care;
'To triumph, and to die, are mine.'
He spoke; and, headlong from the mountain's height,
Deep in the roaring tide he plung'd to endless night.

GRAY.

PEACE.

AH! when shall Reason's intellectual ray,
Shed o'er the moral world more perfect day?
When shall that gloomy world appear no more
A waste where desolating tempests roar?—
Where savage Discord howls in threat'ning form,
And wild Ambition leads the madd'ning storm,
Where hideous Carnage marks his dang'rous way,
And where the screaming Vulture scents his prey?
Ah! come, blest Concord! chase, with smile serene,
The hostile passions from the human scene!

May Glory's lofty path be found afar
From agonizing groans and crimson war;
And may the ardent mind that seeks renown,
Claim not the Martial but the Civic Crown!

H. M. WILLIAMS.

HASSAN: OR, THE CAMEL-DRIVER.

In silent horror o'er the boundless waste
The driver Hassan with his camels past:
One cruse of water on his back he bore,
And his light scrip contain'd a scanty store:
A fan of painted feathers in his hand,
To guard his shaded face from scorching sand,
The sultry sun had gain'd the middle sky,
And not a tree, and not an herb, was nigh:
The beasts, with pain, their dusty way pursue,
Shrill roar'd the winds, and dreary was the view!
With desp'rate sorrow wild, th' affrighted man
Thrice sigh'd, thrice struck his breast, and thus began:
"Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!

"Ah! little thought I of the blasting wind,
The thirst, or pinching hunger, that I find!
Bethink thee, Hassan, where shall thirst assuage,
When fails this cruse, his unrelenting rage?
Soon shall this scrip its precious load resign,
Then what but tears and hunger shall be thine?

"Ye mute companions of my toils, that bear
In all my griefs a more than equal share!
Here, where no springs in murmurs break away,
Or moss-crown'd fountains mitigate the day;
In vain ye hope the green delights to know
Which plains more blest, or verdant vales, bestow:
Here rocks alone, and tasteless sands, are found,
And faint and sickly winds for ever howl around.
Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!

"Curst be the gold and silver that persuade
Weak men to follow far fatiguing trade!
The lily peace outshines the silver store,
And life is dearer than the golden ore:
Yet money tempts us o'er the desert brown,
To every distant mart and wealthy town.

Full oft we tempt the land, and oft the sea:
And are we only yet repaid by thee?
Ah! why was ruin so attractive made,
Or why fond man so easily betray'd?
Why heed we not, while mad we haste along,
The gentle voice of Peace, or Pleasure's song?
Or wherefore think the flowery mountain's side,
The fountain's murmurs, and the valley's pride,
Why think we these less pleasing to behold,
Than dreary deserts, if they lead to gold?
Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!

"O cease, my fears!—all frantic as I go,
When thought creates unnumber'd scenes of woe;
What if the lion in his rage I meet?—
Oft in the dust I view his printed feet:
And, fearful! oft when Day's declining light
Yields her pale empire to the mourner Night,
By hunger rous'd, he scours the groaning plain,
Gaunt wolves and sullen tigers in his train:
Before them Death with shrieks directs their way,
Fills the wild yell, and leads them to their prey.
Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!

"At that dead hour the silent asp shall creep,
If aught of rest I find upon my sleep;
Or some swoln serpent twist his scales around,
And wake to anguish with a burning wound.
Thrice happy they, the wise contented poor,
From lust of wealth, and dread of death, secure!
They tempt no deserts, and no griefs they find;
Peace rules the day, where Reason rules the mind.
Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!

"O hapless youth! for she thy love hath won,
The tender Zara, will be most undone!
Big swell'd my heart, and own'd the powerful maid,
When fast she dropt her tears, as thus she said:
'Farewell the youth whom sighs could not detain,
'Whom Zara's breaking heart implor'd in vain!
'Yet as thou go'st, may every blast arise
'Weak and unfelt as these rejected sighs!

'Safe o'er the wild, no perils may'st thou see,
'No griefs endure, nor weep, false youth, like me,'
O, let me safely to the fair return,
Say, with a kiss, she must not, shall not mourn;
O! let me teach my heart to lose its fears,
Recall'd by Wisdom's voice, and Zara's tears."

He said, and call'd on Heaven to bless the day
When back to Schiraz' walls he bent his way.

COLLINS.

WINTER IN THE ARCTIC CIRCLE.

FROM frozen climes, and endless tracks of snow,
From streams which northern winds forbid to flow
What present shall the Muse to Dorset bring,
Or how, so near the pole, attempt to sing?
The hoary winter here conceals from sight
All pleasing objects which to verse invite.
The hills and dales, and the delightful woods,
The flowery plains, and silver-streaming floods,
By snow disguis'd, in bright confusion lie,
And with one dazzling waste fatigue the eye.

No gentle breathing breeze prepares the spring,
No birds within the desert region sing.
The ships unmov'd, the boisterous winds defy,
While rattling chariots o'er the ocean fly.
The vast Leviathan wants room to play,
And spouts his waters in the face of day.
The starving wolves along the main sea prowl,
And to the moon in icy valleys howl.
O'er many a shining league the level main
Here spreads itself into a glassy plain;
There solid billows of enormous size,
Alps of green ice, in wild disorder rise.

And yet, but lately, have I seen, ev'n here,
The winter in a lovely dress appear.
Ere yet the clouds let fall the treasur'd snow,
Or winds begun thro' hazy skies to blow;
At evening a keen eastern breeze arose,
And the descending rain unsully'd froze.
Soon as the silent shades of night withdrew,
The ruddy morn disclos'd at once to view
The face of Nature in a rich disguise,
And brighten'd every object to my eyes:

For every shrub, and every blade of grass,
And every pointed thorn, seem'd wrought in glass:
In pearls and rubies rich the hawthorn show,
While thro' the ice the crimson berries glow.
The thick-sprung reeds, which watery marshes yield,
Seem'd polish'd lances in a hostile field.
The stag, in limpid currents, with surprise,
Sees crystal branches on his forehead rise:
The spreading oak, the beech, and towering pine,
Glaz'd over, in the freezing ether shine.
The frighted birds the rattling branches shun,
Which wave and glitter in the distant sun.

When, if a sudden gust of wind arise,
The brittle forest into atoms flies;
The crackling wood beneath the tempests bends,
And in a spangled shower the prospect ends:
Or, if a southern gale the region warm,
And by degrees unbind the wintery charm,
The traveller a miry country sees,
And journey's sad beneath the dropping trees:
Like some deluded peasant, Merlin leads
'Thro' fragrant bowers, and thro' delicious meads:
While here enchanted gardens to him rise,
And airy fabrics there attract his eyes;
His wandering feet the magic paths pursue,
And, while he thinks the fair illusion true,
The trackless scenes disperse in fluid air,
And woods, and wilds, and thorny ways appear:
A tedious road the weary wretch returns,
And, as he goes, the transient vision mourns.

PHILIPS.

CONTENTMENT.

LOVELY, lasting peace of mind!
Sweet delight of human kind!
Heavenly born, and bred on high,
To crown the fav'rites of the sky,
With more of happiness below,
Than victors in a triumph know!
Whither, oh whither art thou fled,
To lay thy meek contented head?
What happy region does thee please
To make the seat of calms and ease?

Ambition searches all its sphere
Of pomp and state to meet thee there:
Increasing Avarice would find
Thy presence in its gold enshrin'd:
The bold advent'rer ploughs his way
Thro' rocks amid the foaming sea,
To gain thy love; and then perceives
Thou wert not in the rocks and waves.

The silent heart with grief assails,
Treads soft and lonesome o'er the vales,
Sees daisies open, rivers run,
And seeks, as I have vainly done,
Amusing thought; but learns to know
That Solitude's the nurse of woe.

No real happiness is found
In trailing purple o'er the ground;
Or in a soul exalted high,
To range the circuit of the sky,
Converse with stars above, and know
All Nature in its forms below:
The rest it seeks, in seeking dies;
And doubts at last for knowledge rise.

Lovely, lasting peace, appear;
This world itself, if thou art here,
Is once again with Eden blest,
And man contains it in his breast.

'Twas thus, as under shade I stood,
I sung my wishes to the wood;
And, lost in thought, no more perceiv'd
The branches whisper as they wav'd:
It seem'd as all the quiet place
Confess'd the presence of his grace;
When thus she spoke:—" Go, rule thy will,
" Bid thy wild passions all be still;
" Know God, and bring thy heart to know
" The joys which from Religion flow;
" When ev'ry grace shall prove its guest,
" And I'll be there to crown the rest."

Oh! by yonder mossy seat,
In my hours of sweet retreat,
Might I thus my soul employ,
With sense of gratitude and joy,

Rais'd as ancient prophets were,
In heav'nly vision, praise, and pray'r;
Pleasing all men, hurting none,
Pleas'd and blest with God alone;
Then while the gardens take my sight,
With all the colours of delight;
While silver waters glide along,
To please my ear, and court my song;
I'll lift my voice, and tune my string,
And thee, great Source of Nature, sing.

The sun that walks his airy way,
To light the world, and give the day;
The moon that shines with borrow'd light;
The stars that gild the gloomy night;
The seas that roll unnumber'd waves;
The wood that spreads its shady leaves;
The field whose ears conceal the grain,
The yellow treasure of the plain:
All of these, and all I see,
Should be sung, and sung by me:
They speak their Maker as they can,
But want and ask the tongue of man.

Go, search among your idle dreams,
Your busy or your vain extremes;
And find a life of equal bliss,
Or own the next begun in this. PARNELL.

PROGRESS OF TIME.

INCESSANT down the stream of time,
And days, and years, and ages roll,
Speeding thro' Error's iron clime
To dark Oblivion's goal——
Lost in the gulf of night profound,
No eye to mark their shadowy bound,
Unless the deed of high renown,
The warlike chief's illustrious crown,
Shed o'er the darkling void of dubious fame,
And gild the passing hour with some immortal name!

Yet evanescent as the fleeting cloud
Driv'n by the wild winds o'er the varying skies,
Are all the glories of the great and proud,
On Rumour's idle breath that faintly rise;

A thousand garbs their forms assume,
Woven in vain Conjecture's loom,
Their dyes a thousand hues display,
Sporting in Fancy's fairy ray,
Changing with each uncertain blast,
Till melting from the eyes at last,
The shadowy vapours fly before the wind,
Sink into viewless air, "nor leave a wreck behind!"

But if the raptur'd train, whom Heav'n inspires
Of Glory to record each deathless meed,
Tune to heroic worth their golden lyres,
And give to Memory each godlike deed;
Then shall the eternal guerdon wait,
The actions of the wise and great,
While as from black Oblivion's sway,
They bear the mighty name away,
And waft it, borne on pinion high,
With joyful carol to the sky!
Sage History, with eye severe,
Tracing aloft their bold career,
Clears the rich tale from Fiction's spacious grace,
And builds her sacred lore on Truth's eternal base!

PYE.

COOPER'S HILL.

SURE there are poets which did never dream
Upon Parnassus, nor did taste the stream
Of Helicon; we therefore may suppose
Those made not poets, but the poets those;
And as courts make not kings, but kings the court,
So where the muses and their train resort,
Parnassus stands; if I can be to thee
A poet, thou Parnassus art to me.
Nor wonder, if advantag'd in my flight,
By taking wing from thy auspicious height
Through untrac'd ways and airy paths I fly,
More boundless in my fancy than my eye;
My eye, which swift as thought contracts the space
That lies between, and first salutes the place
Crown'd with that sacred pile, so vast, so high,
That whether 'tis a part of earth or sky
Uncertain seems, and may be thought a proud
Aspiring mountain, or descending cloud;

Paul's the late theme of such a Muse*, whose flight
Has bravely reach'd and soar'd above thy height;
Nor shalt though stand, though sword, or time, or fire,
Or zeal, more fierce than they, thy fall conspire;
Secure, whilst thee the best of poets sings,
Preserv'd from ruin by the best of kings.
Under his proud survey the city lies,
And like a mist beneath a hill doth rise,
Whose state and wealth, the bus'ness and the crowd,
Seems at this distance but a darker cloud;
And is, to him who rightly things esteems,
No other in effect than what it seems;
Where, with like haste, though several ways they run,
Some to undo, and some to be undone;
While luxury and wealth, like war and peace,
Are each the other's ruin and increase;
As rivers lost in seas, some secret vein
Thence re-conveys, there to be lost again.
Oh! happiness of sweet retir'd content!
To be at once secure and innocent.
Windsor the next, where Mars with Venus dwells,
Beauty with strength, above the valley swells
Into my eyes, and doth itself present
With such an easy and unforc'd ascent,
That no stupendous precipice denies
Access, no horror turns away our eyes;
But such a rise as doth at once invite
A pleasure and a rev'rence from the sight:
Thy mighty master's emblem, in whose face
Sat meekness, heighten'd with majestic grace;
Such seems thy gentle height, made only proud
To be the basis of that pompous load,
Than which a nobler weight no mountain bears,
But Atlas only, which supports the spheres.
When Nature's hand this ground did thus advance,
'Twas guided by a wiser power than Chance;
Mark'd out for such an use, as if 'twere meant
T' invite the builder, and his choice prevent.
Nor can we call it choice, when what we choose
Folly or blindness only could refuse.
A crown of such majestic towers doth grace
The god's great mother, when her heav'nly race

* Waller.

Do homage to her; yet she cannot boast,
Among that num'rous and celestial host,
More heroes than can Windsor; nor doth Fame's
Immortal book record more noble names.
Not to look back so far, to whom this isle
Owes the first glory of so brave a pile;
Whether to Cæsar, Albanact, or Brute,
The British Arthur, or the Danish C'nute;
(Though this of old no less contest did move
Than when for Homer's birth seven cities strove.
Like him in birth, thou shouldst be like in fame,
As thine his fate, if mine had been his flame;)
But whosoe'er it was, Nature design'd
First a brave place, and then as brave a mind.
Not to recount those sev'ral kings to whom
It gave a cradle, or to whom a tomb;
But thee, great Edward! and thy greater son*,
(The Lilies which his father wore he won.)
And thy Bellona†, who the consort came
Not only to thy bed but to thy fame,
She to thy triumph led one captive king§,
And brought that son which did the second § bring;
Then did thou found that order (whether love
Or victory thy royal thoughts did move:)
Each was a noble cause, and nothing less
Than the design had been the great success,
Which foreign kings and emperors esteem
The second honour to their diadem.
Had thy great destiny but given thee skill
To know, as well as pow'r to act, her will,
That from those kings, who then thy captives were,
In aftertimes should spring a royal pair,
Who should possess all that thy mighty pow'r,
Or thy desires more mighty, did devour:
To whom their better fate reserves whate'er
The victor hopes for, or the vanquish'd fear:
That blood which thou and thy great grandsire shed,
And all that since these sister-nations bled,
Had been unspilt, and happy Edward known
That all the blood he spilt had been his own.

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* Edward III. and the Black Prince. † Queen Phillippa.
§ The kings of France and Scotland.

When he that patron chose, in whom are join'd
Soldier and martyr, and his arms confin'd
Within the azure circle, he did seem
But to foretel and prophesy of him
Who to his realms that azure round hath join'd,
Which Nature for their bound at first design'd;
That bound which to the world's extremest ends,
Endless itself, its liquid arms extends.
Nor doth he need those emblems which we paint,
But is himself the soldier and the saint.
Here should my wonder dwell, and here my praise;
But my fix'd thoughts my wandering eye betrays,
Viewing a neighb'ring hill, whose top of late
A chapel crown'd, till in the common fate
Th' adjoining abbey fell. (May no such storm
Fall on our times, where ruin must reform!)
Tell me, my Muse! what monstrous dire offence
What crime, could any Christian king incense
To such a rage? Was't luxury or lust?
Was he so temperate, so chaste, so just?
Were these their crimes? they were his own much more;
But wealth is crime enough to him that's poor;
Who having spent the treasures of his crown,
Condemns their luxury to feed his own;
And yet this act, to varnish o'er the shame
Of sacrilege, must bear devotion's name.
No crime so bold but would be understood
A real, or at least, a seeming good.
Who fears not to do ill, yet fears the name,
And, free from conscience, is a slave to fame.
Thus he the church at once protects and spoils;
But prince's swords are sharper than their styles;
And thus to th' ages past he makes amends,
Their charity destroys, their faith defends.
Then did religion in a lazy cell,
In empty airy contemplations dwell,
And like the block unmoved lay; but ours,
As much too active, like the stork devours.
Is there no temp'rate region can be known
Betwixt their frigid and our torrid zone?
Could we not wake from that lethargic dream,
But to be restless in a worse extreme
And for that lethargy was there no cure
But to be cast into a calenture?

Can knowledge have no bound, but must advance
So far, to make us wish for ignorance,
And rather in the dark to grope our way
Than led by a false guide to err by day?
Who sees these dismal heaps, but would demand
What barbarous invader sack'd the land?
But when he hears no Goth, no Turk, did bring
This desolation, but a Christian king
When nothing but the name of zeal appears
'Twixt our best actions and the worst of theirs;
What does he think our sacrilege would spare,
When such th' effects of our devotions are?
Parting from thence 'twixt anger, shame, and fear,
Those for what's past, and this for what's too near;
My eye descending from the Hill, surveys
Where Thames among the wanton valleys strays.
Thames! the most lov'd of all the Ocean's sons,
By his old sire, to his embraces runs,
Hasting to pay his tribute to the sea,
Like mortal life to meet eternity;
Though with those streams he no resemblance hold,
Whose foam his amber, and their gravel gold:
His genuine and less guilty wealth t' explore,
Search not his bottom, but survey his shore,
O'er which he kindly spreads his spacious wing,
And hatches plenty for the ensuing spring;
Nor then destroys it with too fond a stay,
Like mothers which their infants overlay;
Nor with a sudden and impetuous wave,
Like profuse kings, resumes the wealth he gave.
No unexpected inundations spoil
The mower's hopes, nor mock the ploughman's toil;
But godlike his unweary'd bounty flows;
First loves to do, then loves the good he does.
Nor are his blessings to his banks confin'd,
But free and common as the sea or wind;
When he, to boast, or to disperse his stores,
Full of the tributes of his grateful shores,
Visits the world, and in his flying tow'rs
Brings home to us, and makes both Indies ours:
Finds wealth where 'tis, bestows it where it wants,
Cities in deserts, woods in cities, plants.
So that to us no thing, no place, is strange,
While his fair bosom is the world's exchange.

O could I flow like thee! and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme;
Though deep yet clear, though gentle yet not dull;
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.
Heav'n her Eridanus no more shall boast,
Whose fame in thine, like lesser current, 's lost:
Thy nobler streams shall visit Jove's abodes,
To shine among the stars,* and bathe the gods.
Here Nature, whether more intent to please
Us for herself with strange varieties,
(For things of wonder give no less delight
To the wise Maker's than beholder's sight;
Though these delights from several causes move,
For so our children, thus our friends, we love;)
Wisely she knew the harmony of things,
As well as that of sounds, from discord springs.
Such was the discord which did first disperse
From order, beauty, through the universe;
While dryness, moisture, coldness, heat, resists,
All that we have, and that we are, subsists;
While the steep horrid roughness of the wood
Strives with the gentle calmness of the flood,
Such huge extremes when Nature doth unite,
Wonder from thence results, from thence delight.
The stream is so transparent, pure, and clear,
That had the self-enamour'd youth † gaz'd here,
So fatally deceiv'd he had not been,
While he the bottom, not his face, had seen.
But his proud head the airy mountain hides
Among the clouds; his shoulders and his sides
A shady mantle clothes; his curled brows
Frown on the gentle stream, which calmly flows,
While winds and storms his lofty forehead beat;
The common fate of all that's high or great.
Low at his foot a spacious plain is plac'd,
Between the mountain and the stream embrac'd,
Which shade and shelter from the Hill derives,
While the kind river wealth and beauty gives,
And in the mixture of all these appears
Variety, which all the rest endears.
This scene had some bold Greek or British Bard
Beheld of old, what stories had we heard

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* The Forest. † Narcissus.

Of Fairies, Satyrs, and the Nymphs their dames,
Their feasts, their revels, and their am'rous flames?
'Tis still the same, although their airy shape
All but a quick poetic sight escape.
There Faunus and Sylvanus keep their courts,
And thither all the horned host resorts
To graze the ranker mead; that noble herd
On whose sublime and shady front is rear'd
Nature's great masterpiece, to show how soon
Great things are made, but sooner are undone.
Here have I seen the King, when great affairs
Gave leave to slacken and unbend his cares,
Attended to the chase by all the flower
Of youth, whose hopes a nobler prey devour;
Pleasure with praise and danger they would buy,
And wish a foe that would not only fly.
The stag now conscious of his fatal growth,
At once indulgent to his fear and sloth,
To some dark covert his retreat had made,
Where nor man's eye, nor heaven's should invade
His soft repose; when th' unexpected sound
Of dogs and men his wakeful ear does wound.
Rous'd with the noise, he scarce believes his ear,
Willing to think th' illusions of his fear
Had given this false alarm, but straight his view
Confirms that more than all his fears is true.
Betray'd in all his strengths, the wood beset,
All instruments, all arts of ruin met,
He calls to mind his strength, and then his speed,
His winged heels, and then his armed head;
With these t' avoid, with that his fate to meet;
But fear prevails, and bids him trust his feet.
So fast he flies, that his reviewing eye
Has lost the chasers, and his ear the cry;
Exulting till he finds their nobler sense
Their disproportion'd speed doth recompense;
Then curses his conspiring feet, whose scent
Betrays that safety which their swiftness lent:
Then tries his friends; among the baser herd,
Where he so lately was obey'd and fear'd,
His safety seeks: the herd, unkindly wise,
Or chases him from thence or from him flies.
Like a declining statesman, left forlorn
To his friends' pity, and pursuers' scorn,

With shame remembers, while himself was one
Of the same herd, himself the same had done.
Thence to the coverts and the conscious groves,
The scenes of his past triumphs and his loves,
Sadly surveying where he rang'd along,
Prince of the soil, and all the herd his own,
And like a bold knight-errant did proclaim
Combat to all, and bore away the dame,
And taught the woods to echo to the stream
His dreadful challenge, and his clashing beam;
Yet faintly now declines the fatal strife,
So much his love was dearer than his life.
Now ev'ry leaf, and ev'ry moving breath
Presents a foe, and ev'ry foe a death.
Wearied, forsaken, and pursu'd, at last
All safety in despair of safety plac'd
Courage he thence resumes, resolv'd to bear.
All their assaults, since 'tis in vain to fear.
And now, too late, he wishes for the fight
That strength he wasted in ignoble flight;
But when he sees the eager chase renew'd,
Himself by dogs, the dogs by men pursu'd,
He straight revokes his bold resolve, and more
Repents his courage than his fear before;
Finds that uncertain ways uncertain are,
And doubt a greater mischief than despair.
Then to the stream, when neither friends, nor force,
Nor speed, nor art, avail, he shapes his course;
Thinks not their rage so desperate to essay,
An element more merciless than they.
But fearless they pursue, nor can the flood
Quench their dire thirst: alas! they thirst for blood.
So t'wards a ship the oar-finn'd galleys ply,
Which wanting sea to ride, or wind to fly,
Stands but to fall reveng'd on those that dare
Tempt the last fury of extreme despair.
So fares the stag; among th' enrag'd hounds
Repels their force, and wounds returns for wounds:
And as a hero, whom his baser foes
In troops surround, now these assails, now those;
Though prodigal of life, disdains to die
By common hands; but if he can descry
Some nobler foe approach, to him he calls,
And begs his fate, and then contented falls.

So when the King a mortal shaft lets fly
From his unerring hand, then glad to die,
Proud of the wound, to it resigns his blood,
And stains the crystal with a purple flood.
This a more innocent and happy chase
Than when of old, but in the self-same place,
Fair Liberty pursu'd, and meant a prey
To lawless Power, here turn'd, and stood at bay;
When in that remedy all hope was plac'd
Which was, or should have been at least, the last.
Here was that charter seal'd, wherein the crown
All marks of arbitrary power lays down;
Tyrant and slave, those names of hate and fear,
The happier style of king and subject bear:
Happy when both to the same centre move,
When kings give liberty and subjects love.
Therefore not long in force this Charter stood:
Wanting that seal, it must be seal'd in blood.
The subjects arm'd, the more their princes gave,
Th' advantage only took the more to crave;
Till kings, by giving, give themselves away,
And ev'n that power that should deny betray.
"Who gives constrain'd, but his own fear reviles,
"Not thank'd, but scorn'd; nor are they gifts, but spoils."
Thus kings, by grasping more than they could hold,
First made their subjects by oppression bold;
And popular sway, by forcing kings to give
More than was fit for subjects to receive,
Ran to the same extremes; and one excess
Made both, by striving to be greater, less.
When a calm river, rais'd with sudden rains,
Or snows dissolv'd, o'erflows th' adjoining plains,
The husbandmen with high-rais'd banks secure
Their greedy hopes, and this he can endure;
But if with bays and dams they strive to force
His channel to a new or narrow course,
No longer then within his banks he dwells,
First to a torrent, then a deluge, swells;
Stronger and fiercer by restraint, he roars,
And knows no bound, but makes his pow'r his shores.

DENHAM.

SEA-BATHING.

FREED from the couch of sickness, grief, and pain,
Hither the fainting sufferer comes to lave
In the cool freshness of the bracing wave
His languid limbs: if so, he may regain
The thousand blessings that compose the train
Of rosy health! And oh! if aught can save
From the dark precincts of the gloomy grave,
Barmouth! 'tis thee and all thy sylvan reign,
Wild are thy rocks, sublime thy mountains rise;
White are the sails beneath thy suns that glide;
Sweet are the sounds that steal across thy tide;
Balmy are all thy gales, and fair thy skies.
But ah! with me can I forget thy sighs?
Will the sharp pangs that rend my heart subside?

BAYLEY.

REPUTATION.

TO travel far as the wide world extends,
  Seeking for objects that deserv'd their care,
Virtue set forth, with two selected friends,
  Talent refin'd, and Reputation fair.

As they went on in their intended round,
  Talent spoke first: "My gentle comrades, say,
"Where each of you may probably be found,
  "Should accident divide us on the way.

"If torn (she added) from my lov'd allies,
  "A friendly patronage I hope to find,
"Where the fine arts from cultivation rise,
  "And the sweet Muse hath harmoniz'd mankind."

Says Virtue, "Did Sincerity appear,
  "Or meek-ey'd Charity among the great;
"Could I find courtiers from corruption clear,
  "'Tis among these I'd seek for my retreat.

"Could I find patriots for the public weal
  "Assiduous, and without their selfish crews;
"Could I find priests of undissembled zeal,
  "'Tis among these my residence I'd choose.

"In glitt'ring domes let Luxury reside,
  "I must be found in some sequester'd cell,
"Far from the paths of Avarice or Pride,
  "Where home-bred Happiness delights to dwell."

Ye may be trac'd, my gentle friends, 'tis true:
"But who (says Reputation) can explore
"My slipp'ry steps?—Keep, keep me in your view,
"If I'm once lost, you'll never find me more."

CUNNINGHAM.

HYMN ON SOLITUDE.

HAIL, mildly-pleasing Solitude,
Companion of the wise and good,
But from whose holy piercing eye
The herd of fools and villains fly.
Oh! how I love with thee to walk,
And listen to thy whisper'd talk,
Which innocence and truth imparts,
And melts the most obdurate hearts.
A thousand shapes you wear with ease,
And still in ev'ry shape you please.
Now wrapt in some mysterious dream,
A lone philosopher you seem:
Now quick from hill to vale you fly,
And now you sweep the vaulted sky:
A shepherd next, you haunt the plain,
And warble forth your oaken strain:
A lover now, with all the grace
Of that sweet passion in your face:
Then calm'd to friendship, you assume
The gentle-looking Harford's bloom,
As, with her Musidora, she
(Her Musidora fond of thee)
Amid the long-withdrawing vale,
Awakes the rivall'd nightingale.
Thine is the balmy breath of morn,
Just as the dew-bent rose is born;
And while meridian fervours beat,
Thine is the woodland dumb retreat:
But chief when evening scenes decay,
And the faint landscape swims away,
Thine is the doubtful soft decline,
And that best hour of musing thine.
Descending angels bless thy train,
The virtues of the sage, and swain;
Plain innocence in white array'd,
Before thee lifts her fearless head:

Religion's beams around thee shine,
And cheer thy glooms with light divine:
About thee sports sweet Liberty;
And wrapt Urania sings to thee. THOMSON.

ODE TO PITY.

O THOU, the friend of man, assign'd,
With balmy hands his wounds to bind,
And charm his frantic woe:
When first Distress, with dagger keen,
Broke forth to waste his destin'd scene,
His wild unsated foe!

By Pella's Bard, a magic name,
By all the griefs his thought could frame,
Receive my humble rite:
Long, Pity, let the nations view
Thy sky-worn robes of tenderest blue,
And eyes of dewy light.

But wherefore need I wander wide
To old Ilissus' distant side,
Deserted stream, and mute?
Wild Arun too has heard thy strains,
And echo midst my native plains,
Been sooth'd by Pity's lute.

Come, Pity, come, by Fancy's aid,
Ev'n now my thoughts, relenting maid,
Thy temple's pride design;
Its southern site, its truth complete
Shall raise a wild enthusiast heat,
In all who view the shrine.

There Picture's toil shall well relate,
How chance, or hard involving fate,
O'er mortal bliss prevail;
The buskin muse shall near her stand,
And sighing prompt her tender hand,
With each disastrous tale.

There let me oft, retir'd by day,
In dreams of passion melt away,
Allow'd with thee to dwell:
There waste the mournful lamp of night,
Till, Virgin, thou again delight
To hear a British shell! COLLINS.

THE SPLENDID SHILLING.

" ——————— Sing, heavenly Muse!
" Things unattempted yet, in prose or rhyme,"
A shilling, breeches, and chimeras dire.

HAPPY the man, who, void of care and strife,
In silken or in leathern purse retains
A Splendid Shilling: he nor hears with pain
New oysters cry'd, nor sighs for cheerful ale;
But with his friends, when nightly mists arise,
To Juniper's Magpie, or Town-hall* repairs:
Where, mindful of the nymph, whose wanton eye
Transfix'd his soul, and kindled amorous flames,
Chloe or Phillis, he each circling glass
Wishes her health, and joy, and equal love.
Meanwhile, he smokes, and laughs at merry tale,
Or pun ambiguous, or conundrum quaint.
But I, whom griping penury surrounds,
And hunger, sure attendant upon want,
With scanty offals, and small acid tiff,
Wretched repast! my meagre corpse sustain:
Then solitary walk, or doze at home
In garret vile, and with a warming puff
Regale chill'd fingers; or from tube as black
As winter-chimney, or well-polish'd jet,
Exhale mundungus, ill-perfuming scent:
Not blacker tube, nor of a shorter size,
Smokes Cambro-Britain (vers'd in pedigree,
Sprung from Cadwallader and Arthur, kings
Full famous in romantic tale) when he
O'er many a craggy hill and barren cliff,
Upon a cargo of fam'd Cestrian cheese,
High over-shadowing rides, with a design
To vend his wares, or at th' Arvonian mart,
Or Maridunum, or the ancient town
Yclep'd Brechinia, or where Vaga's stream
Encircles Ariconium, fruitful soil!
Whence flows nectareous wines, that well may vie
With Massic, Setin, or renown'd Falern.
Thus while my joyless minutes tedious flow
With looks demure, and silent pace, a dun,

* Two noted alehouses in Oxford, 1700

Horrible monster! hated by gods and men,
To my aerial citadel ascends:
With vocal heel thrice thundering at my gate,
With hideous accent thrice he calls; I know
The voice ill-boding, and the solemn sound.
What should I do? or whither turn? Amaz'd?
Confounded, to the dark recess I fly
Of wood-hole; straight my bristling hairs erect
Through sudden fear: a chilly sweat bedews
My shuddering limbs, and (wonderful to tell!)
My tongue forgets her faculty of speech;
So horrible he seems! His faded brow
Entrench'd with many a frown, and conic beard,
And spreading band, admir'd by modern saints,
Disastrous acts forebode; in his right hand
Long scrolls of paper solemnly he waves,
With characters and figures dire inscrib'd,
Grievous to mortal eyes; (ye gods, avert
Such plagues from righteous men!) Behind him stalks
Another monster, not unlike himself,
Sullen of aspect, by the vulgar call'd
A catchpole, whose polluted hands the gods
With force incredible, and magic charms,
First have endued: if he his ample palm
Should haply on ill-fated shoulder lay
Of debtor, straight his body, to the touch
Obsequious (as whilom knights were wont,)
To some enchanted castle is convey'd,
Where gates impregnable, and coercive chains,
In durance strict detain him, till, in form
Of money, Pallas sets the captive free.

Beware, ye debtors! when ye walk, beware,
Be circumspect; oft with insidious ken
This caitiff eyes your steps aloof, and oft
Lies perdue in a nook or gloomy cave,
Prompt to enchant some inadvertent wretch
With his unhallow'd touch. So (poets sing)
Grimalkin, to domestic vermine sworn
An everlasting foe, with watchful eye
Lies nightly brooding o'er a chinky gap,
Protending her fell claws, to thoughtless mice
Sure ruin. So her disembowell'd web
Arachne, in a hall or kitchen, spreads
Obvious to vagrant flies: she secret stands

Within her woven cell; the humming prey,
Regardless of their fate, rush on the toils
Inextricable, nor will aught avail
Their arts, or arms, or shapes of lovely hue;
The wasp insidious, and the buzzing drone,
And butterfly, proud of expanded wings
Distinct with gold, entangled in her snares,
Useless resistance make: with eager strides,
She tow'ring flies to her expected spoils;
Then, with envenom'd jaws, the vital blood
Drinks of reluctant foes, and to her cave
Their bulky carcasses triumphant drags.
So pass my days. But, when nocturnal shades
This world envelop'd, and th' inclement air
Persuades men to repel benumbing frosts
With pleasant wines, and crackling blaze of wood,
Me, lonely sitting, nor the glimmering light
Of make-weight candle, nor the joyous talk
Of loving friend, delights; distress'd, forlorn,
Amidst the horrors of the tedious night,
Darkling I sigh, and feed with dismal thoughts
My anxious mind; or sometimes mournful verse
Indite, and sing of groves and myrtle shades,
Or desperate lady near a purling stream,
Or lover pendent on a willow-tree.
Meanwhile I labour with eternal drought,
And restless wish, and rave; my parched throat
Finds no relief, nor heavy eyes repose:
But if a slumber haply does invade
My weary limbs, my fancy's still awake,
Thoughtful of drink, and eager, in a dream,
Tipples imaginary pots of ale,
In vain; awake I find the settled thirst
Still gnawing, and the pleasant phantom curse.
Thus do I live, from pleasure quite debarr'd,
Nor taste the fruits that the sun's genial rays
Mature, John-apple, nor the downy peach,
Nor walnut in rough-furrow'd coat secure,
Nor medlar, fruit delicious in decay.
Afflictions great! yet greater still remain:
My galligaskins, that have long withstood
The winter's fury, and encroaching frosts,
By time subdu'd (what will not time subdue!)
An horrid chasm disclos'd with orifice

Wide, discontinuous; at which the winds
Eurus and Auster, and the dreadful force
Of Boreas, that congeals the Cronian waves,
Tumultuous enter with dire chilling blasts,
Portending agues. Thus a well-fraught ship,
Long sail'd secure, or through th' Ægean deep,
Or the Ionian, till cruising near
The Lilybean shore, with hideous crush
On Scylla, or Charybdis (dangerous rocks!)
She strikes rebounding; whence the shatter'd oak,
So fierce a shock unable to withstand,
Admits the sea; in at the gaping side
The crowding waves gush with impetuous rage,
Resistless, overwhelming! horrors seize
The mariners; death in their eyes appears,
They stare, they lave, they pump, they swear, they pray;
(Vain efforts!) still the battering waves rush in,
Implacable, till, delug'd by the foam,
The ship sinks foundering in the vast abyss. PHILLIPS.

THE MORNING LARK.

FEATHER'D lyric! warbling high,
Sweetly gaining on the sky,
Op'ning with thy matin lay
(Nature's hymn!) the eye of day,
Teach my soul, on early wing,
Thus to soar and thus to sing.

While bloom of orient light
Gilds thee in thy tuneful flight,
May the day-spring from on high,
Seen by Faith's religious eye,
Cheer me with his vital ray,
Promise of eternal day! THOMSON.

SEARCH OF HAPPINESS IN FOREIGN CLIMES.

FOR ease the harass'd seaman prays,
When equinoctial tempests raise
The Cape's surrounding wave
When hanging o'er the reef he hears
The crackling mast, and sees or fears,
Beneath, his wat'ry grave.

For ease the slow Mahratta spoils
And hardier Seik erratic toils,
While both their ease forego;
For ease which neither gold can buy,
Nor robes, nor gems, which oft bely
The cover'd heart, bestow.

For neither gold nor gems combin'd
Can heal the soul or suffering mind.
Lo! where their owner lies:
Perch'd on his couch Distemper breathes,
And care like smoke, in turbid wreaths,
Round the gay ceiling flies.

He who enjoys, nor covets more,
The lands his father held before,
Is of true bliss possess'd;
Let but his mind unfetter'd tread,
Far as the paths of knowledge lead,
And wise as well as blest.

No fears his peace of mind annoy,
Lest printed lies his fame destroy,
Which labour'd years have won;
Nor pack'd Committees break his rest,
Nor Avarice sends him forth in quest
Of climes beneath the sun.

Short is our span, then why engage
In schemes for which man's transient age
Was ne'er by Fate design'd?
Why slight the gifts of Nature's hand?
What wanderer from his native land
E'er left himself behind?

The restless thought and wayward will,
And discontent attend him stlll,
Nor quit him while he lives;
At sea, Care follows in the wind;
At land, it mounts the pad behind,
Or with the post-boy drives.

He who would happy live to-day,
Must laugh the present ills away,
Nor think of woes to come;
For come they will, or soon or late,
Since mix'd at best is man's estate,
By Heav'n's eternal doom.

To ripen'd age Clive liv'd renown'd,
With lacks enrich'd, with honours crown'd.
His valour's well-earn'd meed.
Too long, alas! he liv'd to hate
His envied lot, and died too late:
From life's oppression freed.

And early death was Elliott's doom;
I saw his op'ning virtues bloom,
And manly sense unfold,
Too soon to fade. I bade the stone
Record his name, 'midst hordes unknown,
Unknowing what it told.

To this, perhaps, the Fates may give,
I wish they may, in health to live,
Herds, flocks, and fruitful fields;
Thy vacant hours in mirth to shine;
With thee the Muse already thine,
Her present bounty yields.

For me, O Shore, I only claim,
To merit, not to seek, for fame,
The good and just to please;
A state above the fear of want,
Domestic love, Heaven's choicest grant,
Health, leisure, peace, and ease.

HASTINGS.

CHARACTER OF WOMEN.

THRO' many a land and clime a ranger
With toilsome steps I've held my way,
A lonely unprotected stranger,
To all the Stranger's ills a prey.

While steering thus my course precarious,
My fortune still has been to find
Men's hearts and dispositions various,
But gentle Women, ever kind.

Alive to every tender feeling,
To deeds of mercy ever prone;
The wounds of pain and sorrow healing
With soft Compassion's sweetest tone.

No proud delay, no dark suspicion
  Stints the free bounty of their heart;
They turn not from the sad petition,
  But cheerful aid at once impart.

Form'd in benevolence of Nature,
  Obliging, modest, gay, and mild,
Woman's the same endearing creature,
  In courtly town and savage wild.

When parch'd with thirst, with hunger wasted,
  Her friendly hand refreshment gave;
How sweet the coarsest food has tasted,
  What cordial in the simple wave!

Her courteous looks, her words caressing,
  Shed comfort on the fainting soul;
Woman's the stranger's general blessing
  From sultry India to the Pole! LEDYARD.

THE GOLDEN VERSES OF PYTHAGORAS,

Translated from the Greek.

FIRST to the gods thy humble homage pay;
The greatest this, and first of laws obey:
Perform thy vows, observe thy plighted troth,
And let religion bind thee to thy oath.
The heroes next demand thy just regard,
Renown'd on earth, and to the stars preferr'd,
To light and endless life, their virtue's sure reward.
Due rites perform and honours to the dead,
To every wise, to every pious shade.
With lowly duty to thy parents bow,
And grace and favour to thy kindred show:
For what concerns the rest of human kind,
Choose out the man to virtue best inclin'd;
Him to thy arms receive, him to thy bosom bind.
Possest of such a friend, preserve him still,
Nor thwart his counsels with thy stubborn will;
Pliant to all his admonitions prove,
And yield to all his offices of love:
Him from thy heart, so true, so justly dear,
Let no rash word nor light offences tear.
Bear all thou canst, still with his failings strive
And to the utmost still, and still forgive;

For strong necessity alone explores
The secret vigour of our latent powers,
Rouses and urges on the lazy heart,
Force, to itself unknown before, t' exert.
By use thy stronger appetites assuage,
Thy gluttony, thy sloth, thy lust, thy rage;
From each dishonest act of shame forbear;
Of others, and thyself, alike beware.
Let reverence of thyself thy thoughts control,
And guard the sacred temple of thy soul.
Let justice o'er thy word and deed preside,
And reason ev'n thy meanest actions guide:
For know that death is man's appointed doom,
Know that the day of great account will come,
When thy past life shall strictly be survey'd,
Each word, each deed, be in the balance laid,
And all the good and all the ill most justly be repaid.
For wealth, the perishing uncertain good,
Ebbing and flowing like the fickle flood,
That knows no sure, no fix'd abiding-place,
But wandering loves from hand to hand to pass;
Revolve the getter's joy and loser's pain,
And think if it be worth thy while to gain.
Of all those sorrows that attend mankind,
With patience bear the lot to thee assign'd;
Nor think it chance, nor murmur at the load;
For know what man calls fortune is from God.
In what thou may'st, from wisdom seek relief,
And let her healing hand assuage thy grief;
Yet still whate'er the righteous doom ordains,
What cause soever multiplies thy pains,
Let not those pains as ills be understood;
For God delights not to afflict the good.
The reasoning art, to various ends apply'd,
Is oft a sure, but oft an erring guide.
Thy judgment therefore sound and cool preserve,
Nor lightly from thy resolution swerve;
The dazzling pomp of words does oft deceive,
And sweet persuasion wins the easy to believe.
When fools and liars labour to persuade,
Be dumb, and let the babblers vainly plead.
This above all, this precept chiefly learn,
This nearly does, and first, thyself concern;

Let not example, let no soothing tongue,
Prevail upon thee with a Syren's song,
To do thy soul's immortal essence wrong.
Of good and ill by words or deeds exprest,
Choose for thyself, and always choose the best.
Let wary thought each enterprise forerun,
And ponder on thy task before begun,
Lest folly should the wretched work deface,
And mock thy fruitless labours with disgrace.
Fools huddle on, and always are in haste,
Act without thought, and thoughtless words they waste.
But thou, in all thou dost, with early cares
Strive to prevent at first a fate like their's;
That sorrow on the end may never wait,
Nor sharp repentance make thee wise too late.
Beware thy meddling hand in aught to try,
That does beyond thy reach of knowledge lie;
But seek to know, and bend thy serious thought
To search the profitable knowledge out.
So joys on joys for ever shall increase,
Wisdom shall crown thy labours, and shall bless
Thy life with pleasure, and thy end with peace.
Nor let the body want its part, but share
A just proportion of thy tender care:
For health and welfare prudently provide,
And let its lawful wants be all supply'd.
Let sober draughts refresh, and wholesome fare
Decaying nature's wasted force repair;
And sprightly exercise the duller spirits cheer.
In all things still which to this care belong,
Observe this rule to guard thy soul from wrong.
By virtuous use thy life and manners frame,
Manly and simply pure, and free from blame.
Provoke not envy's deadly rage, but fly
The glancing curse of her malicious eye.
Seek not in needless luxury to waste
Thy wealth and substance with a spendthrift's haste.
Yet flying these, be watchful, lest thy mind,
Prone to extremes, an equal danger find,
And be to sordid avarice inclin'd.
Distant alike from each, to neither lean,
But ever keep the happy golden mean.
Be careful still to guard thy soul from wrong,
And let thy thought prevent thy hand and tongue,

Let not the stealing god of sleep surprise,
Ner creep in slumbers on thy weary eyes,
Ere every action of the former day
Strictly thou dost and righteously survey.
With reverence at thy own tribunal stand,
And answer justly to thy own demand.
Where have I been? In what have I transgress'd?
What good or ill has this day's life express'd?
Where have I fail'd in what I ought to do?
In what to God, to man, or to myself I owe?
Inquire severe whate'er from first to last,
From morning's dawn, till evening's gloom, has past.
If evil were thy deeds, repenting mourn,
And let thy soul with strong remorse be torn.
If good, the good with peace of mind repay,
And to thy secret self with pleasure say,
Rejoice, my heart, for all went well to day.
These thoughts, and chiefly these thy mind should [move.
Employ thy study, and engage thy love.
These are the rules which will to virtue lead,
And teach thy feet her heavenly paths to tread.
This by his name I swear, whose sacred lore
First to mankind explain'd the mystic four,
Source of eternal nature and almighty power.
In all thou dost first let thy prayers ascend,
And to the gods thy labours first commend:
From them implore success, and hope a prosperous end.
So shall thy abler mind be taught to soar,
And wisdom in her secret ways explore;
To range through heaven above and earth below,
Immortal gods and mortal men to know.
So shalt thou learn what power does all control,
What bounds the parts, and what unites the whole:
And rightly judge, in all this wondrous frame,
How universal nature is the same;
So shalt thou ne'er thy vain affections place
On hopes of what shall never come to pass.
Man, wretched man, thou shalt be taught to know,
Who bears within himself the inborn cause of woe.
Unhappy race! that never yet could tell,
How near their good and happiness they dwell.
Depriv'd of sense, they neither hear nor see;
Fetter'd in vice, they seek not to be free,
But stupid, to their own sad fate agree:

Like ponderous rolling stones, oppress with ill,
The weight that loads them makes them roll on still,
Bereft of choice and freedom of the will;
For native strife in every bosom reigns,
And secretly an impious war maintains:
Provoke not this, but let the combat cease,
And every yielding passion sue for peace.
Wouldst thou, great Jove, thou father of mankind,
Reveal the demon for that task assign'd,
The wretched race an end of woes would find.
And yet be bold, O man, divine thou art,
And of the gods' celestial essence part.
Nor sacred nature is from thee conceal'd,
But to thy race her mystic rules reveal'd.
These if to know thou happily attain,
Soon shalt thou perfect be in all that I ordain.
Thy wounded soul to health thou shalt restore,
And free from every pain she felt before.
Abstain, I warn, from meats unclean and foul,
So keep thy body pure, so free thy soul;
So rightly judge, thy reason so maintain;
Reason which heaven did for thy guide ordain,
Let that best reason ever hold the rein.
Then if this mortal body thou forsake,
And thy glad flight to the pure ether take,
Among the gods exalted shalt thou shine,
Immortal, incorruptible, divine:
The tyrant death securely shalt thou brave,
And scorn the dark dominion of the grave. ROWE.

THE BUTTERFLY'S BALL, AND THE GRASSHOPPER'S FEAST.

COME take up your hats, and away let us haste
To the *Butterfly's* ball and the *Grasshopper's* feast:
The trumpeter *Gad-fly* has summon'd the crew,
And the revels are now only waiting for you;

On the smooth shaven grass, by the side of a wood,
Beneath a broad oak, which for ages had stood,
See the children of earth, and the tenants of air
To an ev'ning's amusement together repair;

And there came the *Beetle*, so blind and so black.
Who carried the *Emmet*, his friend, on his bac[k]

And there came the *Gnat* and the *Dragon-fly* too,
And all their relations, green, orange, and blue;

And there came the *Moth*, with her plumage of down,
And the *Hornet*, with jacket of yellow and brown,
Who with him the *Wasp*, his companion did bring,
But they promis'd, that ev'ning, to lay by their sting

Then the sly little *Dormouse* peep'd out of his hole,
And led to the feast, his blind cousin the *Mole*;
And the *Snail*, with her horns peeping out of her shell,
Came, fatigu'd with the distance, the length of an ell;

A *mushroom* the table, and on it was spread,
A *water-dock leaf*, which their table-cloth made,
The viands were various, to each of their taste,
And the *Bee* brought the honey to sweeten the feast;

With steps more majestic the *Snail* did advance,
And he promis'd the gazers a minuet to dance;
But they all laugh'd so loud that he drew in his head,
And went, in his own little chamber, to bed;

Then, as ev'ning gave way to the shadows of night,
Their watchman, the *Glow-worm*, came out with his light,
So home let us hasten, while yet we can see;
For no watchman is waiting for you or for me! ROSCOE.

CONTENT.

O'ER moorlands and mountains, rude, barren, and bare,
As wilder'd and weary'd I roam,
A gentle young shepherdess sees my despair,
And leads me o'er lawns—to her home.

Yellow sheaves from rich Ceres her cottage had crown'd,
Green rushes were strew'd on her floor:
Her casement sweet woodbines crept wantonly round,
And deck'd the sod seats at her door.

We sate ourselves down to a cooling repast,
Fresh fruits, and she cull'd me the best;
While thrown from my guard by some glances she cast,
Love slily stole into my breast!

I told my soft wishes; she sweetly reply'd,
(Ye virgins, her voice was divine!)
"I've rich ones rejected, and great ones deny'd,
"But take me, fond shepherd—I'm thine."

Her air was so modest, her aspect so meek,
So simple, yet sweet, were her charms!
I kiss'd the ripe roses that glow'd on her cheek,
And lock'd the dear maid in my arms.

Now jocund together we tend a few sheep,
And if by yon prattle, the stream,
Reclin'd on her bosom I sink into sleep,
Her image still softens my dream.

Together we range o'er the slow-rising hills,
Delighted with pastoral views,
Or rest on the rock whence the streamlet distils,
And point out new themes for my muse.

To pomp or proud titles she ne'er did aspire,
The damsel's of humble descent:
The cottager, Peace, is well known for her sire,
And shepherds have nam'd her Content.

CUNNINGHAM.

A WINTER NIGHT.

WHEN biting Boreas fell and doure,
Sharp shivers thro' the leafless bow'r;
When Phœbus gi'es a short-liv'd glow'r,
Far south the lift;
Dim dark'ning thro' the flaky show'r,
Or whirling drift.

Ae night the storm the steeples rocked,
Poor Labour sweet in sleep was locked,
While burns, wi' snawy wreeths up-choaked,
Wild-eddying swirl;
Or thro' the mining outlet boked,
Down headlong hurl.

List'ning the doors and winnocks rattle,
I thought me on the ourie cattle,
Or silly sheep, who bide this brattle
O' Winter war;
And thro' the drift, deep-lairing spratle,
Beneath a scar.

Ilk happing bird, wee, hapless thing!
That in the merry months of Spring,
Delighted me to hear thee sing,
What comes of thee?
Where wilt thou cow'r thy chittering wing,
And close thy e'e?

Ev'n now on murd'ring errands wild,
Lone from your savage homes exil'd,
The blood-stain'd roost and sheep-cote spoil'd
My heart forgets;
While pitiless the tempest wild
Sore on you beats.

Now, Phœbe, in her midnight reign,
Dark muffled view'd the tender plain;
Still crowding thoughts, a pensive train,
Rose in my soul;
When on my ear this pensive strain,
Slow, solemn, stole—

" Blow, blow, ye winds, with heavier gust!
" And freeze, thou bitter-biting frost!
" Descend, ye chilly, smothering snows!
" Not all your rage, as now, united shows,
" More hard unkindness, unrelenting,
" Than heav'n-illumin'd man on man bestows!
" See stern Oppression's iron grip,
" Or mad Ambition's gory hand,
" Sending, like blood-hounds from the slip,
" Woe, want, and murder, o'er the land!
" Ev'n in the peaceful rural vale,
" Truth, weeping, tells the mournful tale,
" How pamper'd Luxury, Flatt'ry by her side,
" The parasite empoisoning her ear,
" With all the servile wretches in the rear,
" Looks o'er proud property extended wide;
" And eyes the simple rustic hind,
" Whose toil upholds the glitt'ring show,
" A creature of another kind,
" Some coarser substance unrefin'd,
" Plac'd for his lordly use, thus far, thus vile, below!
" Where, where is Love's fond, tender throe,
" With lordly Honour's lofty brow,
" The powers you proudly own?
" Is there beneath Love's noble name,
" Can harbour, dark, the selfish aim,
" To bless himself alone!
" Mark, maiden-innocence a prey
" To love-pretending snares,
" This boasted Honour turns away,
" Shunning soft Pity's rising sway,
" Regardless of the tears, and unavailing pray'rs!

"Perhaps this hour, in Mis'ry's squalid nest,
"She strains her infant to her joyless breast,
"And with a mother's fears, shrinks at the rocking blast
"O ye! who sunk in beds of down,
"Feel not a want but what yourselves create,
"Think for a moment, on his wretched fate,
"Whom friends and fortune quite disown!
"Ill-satisfi'd keen Nature's clam'rous call,
"Stretch'd on his straw, he lays himself to sleep;
"While, thro' the ragged roof and chinky wall,
"Chill, o'er his slumbers, piles the drifty heap!
"Think on the dungeon's grim confine,
"Where Guilt and poor Misfortune pine!
"Guilt, erring man, relenting view,
"But shall thy legal rage pursue
"The wretch, already crushed low,
"By cruel Fortune's undeserved blow?
"Affliction's sons are brothers in distress,
"A brother to relieve, how exquisite the bliss!"

I heard nae mair, for Chanticleer
Shook off the pouthery snaw,
And hail'd the morning with a cheer,
A cottage-rousing craw.

But deep this truth impress'd my mind—
Thro' all his works abroad;
The heart benevolent and kind,
The most resembles God.

BURNS.

INVOCATION TO THE GOD OF NATURE.

HAIL, Source of Being! universal Soul
Of heav'n and earth! Essential Presence, hail!
To Thee I bend the knee; to Thee my thoughts
Continual climb, who, with a master-hand,
Hast the great whole into perfection touch'd.
By Thee the various vegetative tribes,
Wrapp'd in a filmy net, and clad with leaves,
Draw the live ether, and imbibe the dew:
By Thee dispos'd into congenial soils,
Stands each attractive plant, and sucks and swells
The juicy tide, a twining mass of tubes:
At thy command the vernal sun awakes
The torpid sap, detruded to the root

By wintry winds, that now in fluent dance
And lively fermentation mounting, spreads
All this innum'rous-colour'd scene of things.

As rising from the vegetable world
My theme ascends, with equal wing ascend,
My panting muse! And hark! how loud the woods
Invite you forth in all your gayest trim. THOMSON.

THE ENGLISH POETS.

SINCE, dearest Harry, you will needs request
A short account of all the muse possest,
That, down from Chaucer's days to Dryden's times,
Have spent their noble rage in British rhymes:
Without more preface, writ in formal length,
To speak the undertaker's want of strength,
I'll try to make their several beauties known,
And show their verses worth, though not my own.
Long had our dull forefathers slept supine,
Nor felt the raptures of the tuneful Nine;
Till Chaucer first, a merry bard, arose,
And many a story told in rhyme and prose.
But age has rusted what the poet writ,
Worn out his language, and obscur'd his wit:
In vain he jests in his unpolish'd strain,
And tries to make his readers laugh in vain.
Old Spenser next, warm'd with poetic rage,
In ancient tales amus'd a barbarous age;
An age that yet uncultivate and rude,
Where'er the poet's fancy led, pursu'd
Through pathless fields, and unfrequented floods,
To dens of dragons, and enchanted woods.
But now the mystic tale, that pleas'd of yore,
Can charm an understanding age no more;
The long-spun allegories fulsome grow,
While the dull moral lies too plain below.
We view well-pleas'd at distance all the sights,
Of arms and palfries, battles, fields, and fights,
And damsels in distress, and courteous knights
But when we look too near, the shades decay,
And all the pleasing landscape fades away.
Great Cowley then (a mighty genius) wrote,
O'er-run with wit, and lavish of his thought:

His turns too closely on the reader press:
He more had pleas'd us, had he pleas'd us less.
One glittering thought no sooner strikes our eyes
With silent wonder, but new wonders rise,
As in the milky-way a shining white
O'erflows the heavens with one continu'd light:
That not a single star can show his rays,
Whilst jointly all promote the common blaze.
Pardon, great Poet, that I dare to name
Th' unnumber'd beauties of thy verse with blame;
Thy fault is only wit in its excess:
But wit like thine in any shape will please.
What muse but thine can equal hints inspire,
And fit the deep-mouth'd Pindar to thy lyre:
Pindar, whom others in a labour'd strain,
And forc'd expression, imitate in vain!
Well pleas'd in thee he soars with new delight,
And plays in more unbounded verse, and takes a nobler
flight.
Blest man! whose spotless life and charming lays,
Employ'd the tuneful prelate in thy praise;
Blest man! who now shall be for ever known,
In Sprat's successful labours and thy own.
But Milton next, with high and haughty stalks,
Unfetter'd in majestic numbers walks:
No vulgar hero can his muse engage;
Nor earth's wide scene confine his hallow'd rage.
See! see! he upward springs, and towering high,
Spurns the dull province of mortality;
Shakes heaven's eternal throne with dire alarms,
And sets th' Almighty thunderer in arms.
Whate'er his pen describes I more than see,
Whilst every verse, array'd in majesty,
Bold and sublime, my whole attention draws,
And seems above the critic's nicer laws.
How are you struck with terror and delight,
When angel with archangel copes in fight!
When great Messiah's outspread banner shines,
How does the chariot rattle in his lines!
What sound of brazen wheels, what thunders scare
And stun the reader with the din of war!
With fear my spirits and my blood retire,
To see the seraphs sunk in clouds of fire

But when, with eager steps, from hence I rise,
And view the first gay scenes of Paradise;
What tongue, what words of rapture, can express
A vision so profuse of pleasantness!
O had the poet ne'er profan'd his pen,
To varnish o'er the guilt of faithless men;
His other works might have deserv'd applause!
But now the language can't support the cause;
While the clean current, though serene and bright,
Betrays a bottom odious to the sight.
But now, my muse, a softer strain rehearse,
Turn ev'ry line with art, and smooth thy verse;
The courtly Waller next commends thy lays;
Muse, tune thy verse, with art, to Waller's praise.
While tender airs and lovely dames inspire
Soft melting thoughts, and propagate desire,
So long shall Waller's strains our passions move,
And Saccarissa's beauty kindle love.
Thy verse, harmonious bard, and flattering song,
Can make the vanquish'd great, the coward strong.
Thy verse can show e'en Cromwell's innocence,
And compliment the storm that bore him hence.
Oh had thy muse not come an age too soon,
But seen great Nassau on the British throne,
How had his triumphs glitter'd in thy page,
And warm'd thee to a more exalted rage!
What scenes of death and horror had we view'd,
And how had Boyne's wide current reek'd in blood!
Or if Maria's charms thou wouldst rehearse,
In smoother numbers and a softer verse;
Thy pen had well describ'd her graceful air,
And Gloriana would have seem'd more fair.
Nor must Roscommon pass neglected by,
That makes e'en rules a noble poetry:
Rules whose deep sense and heavenly numbers show
The best of critics, and of poets too.
Nor, Denham, must we e'er forget thy strains,
While Cooper's hill commands the neighbouring plains.
But see where artful Dryden next appears,
Grown old in rhyme, but charming ev'n in years,
Great Dryden next, whose tuneful muse affords
The sweetest numbers, and the fittest words.
Whether in comic sounds or tragic airs
She forms her voice, she moves our smiles or tears.

If satire or heroic strains she writes,
Her hero pleases, and her satire bites.
From her no harsh unartful numbers fall,
She wears all dresses, and she charms in all.
How might we fear our English poetry,
That long has flourish'd should decay with thee;
Did not the muses' other hope appear,
Harmonious Congreve, and forbid our fear:
Congreve! whose fancy's unexhausted store
Has given already much, and promis'd more.
Congreve shall still preserve thy fame alive,
And Dryden's muse shall in his friend survive.
I'm tir'd with rhyming, and would fain give o'er,
But justice still demands one labour more:
The noble Montague remains unnam'd,
For wit, for humour, and for judgment fam'd;
To Dorset he directs his artful muse,
In numbers such as Dorset's self might use.
How negligently graceful he unreins
His verse, and writes in loose familiar strains;
How Nassau's godlike acts adorn his lines,
And all the hero in full glory shines!
We see his army set in just array,
And Boyne's dy'd waves run purple to the sea.
Nor Simois choak'd with men, and arms, and blood:
Nor rapid Xanthus' celebrated flood,
Shall longer be the poet's highest themes,
Though gods and heroes fought promiscuous in their streams;
But now, to Nassau's secret councils rais'd,
He aids the hero, whom before he prais'd.
I've done at length: and now, dear friend, receive
The last poor present that my muse can give.
I leave the arts of poetry and verse
To them that practise them with more success.
Of greater truths, I'll now prepare to tell
And so at once, dear friend, and muse, farewell.

ADDISON.

A STORM OF THUNDER AND LIGHTNING.

HIGH on the east the great Ben Lomond rears
His lofty head, and hides it in the clouds!
These oft attracted by his tow'ring height,
Stop short their airy flight, and form a veil

Which dark and thick descends. Condensing still,
Part slowly sails along, and swelling, shrouds
The neighb'ring hills—the glens how dark between!
The winds are hush'd—the birds expectant pause!
The ox with wistful gaze eyes the deep gloom!
Nor voice of man is heard, nor pipe nor horn,
But silent expectation reigns and boding fear!
Sudden athwart the gloom the lightning's glance
As quick reflected by the placid lake,
With lucid air darts bright! Anon sublime
In awful majesty the thuder rolls;
Onward it rolls, and louder roars,
In bursting peals successive heard afar,
Re-echo'd oft by rocks and caverns deep
From all the neighb'ring hills—till circling round—
Still gaining force, again it bursts a peal
That stuns the ear. Rocks dash'd on rocks are heard
Rattling around. The stoutest heart appall'd,
With wild dismay, scarce dare to eye the gloom:
Deep seem'd with frequent streaks of moving fire,
Darting in rapid gleams from cloud to cloud!
The clouds are seen in wildest tumults mix'd:
And now—a mighty flash with fearful glare
Wide opens half the sky! The heavy rain
Pouring in streams, resistless rushes down,
Ploughs the red mould, and bears it to the main!
Nature convuls'd, the everlasting hills
Appear to totter, and the total wreck
Of all terrestrial objects seems at hand! CRIRIE.

TO PEACE.

O THOU, who bads't my turtles bear
Swift from his grasp thy golden hair,
And sought thy native skies:
When War, by vultures drawn from far,
To Britain bent his iron car,
And bade his storms arise!

Tir'd of his rude tyrannic sway,
Our youth shall fix some festive day,
His sullen shrines to burn;
But thou, who hear'st the turning spheres,
What sounds may charm thy partial ears,
And gain thy blest return?

O Peace, thy injur'd robes upbind!
O rise and leave not one behind
Of all thy beamy train;
The British lion, goddess sweet,
Lies stretch'd on earth to kiss thy feet,
And own thy holier reign.

Let others court thy transient smile,
But come to grace thy western isle,
By warlike honour led!
And while around her ports rejoice,
While all her sons adore thy choice,
With him for ever wed!

COLLINS.

THE ROSE-BUD.

QUEEN of fragrance, lovely Rose,
The beauties of thy leaves disclose!
The winter's past, the tempests fly,
Soft gales breathe gently thro' the sky;
The lark sweet warbling on the wing,
Salutes the gay return of Spring:
The silver dews, the vernal showers,
Call forth a bloomy waste of flowers;
The joyous fields, the shady woods,
Are cloth'd with green, or swell'd with buds:
Then haste thy beauties to disclose,
Queen of fragrance, lovely Rose!

Thou beauteous flower, a welcome guest,
Shalt flourish on the fair-one's breast,
Shall grace her hand, or deck her hair,
The flower most sweet, the nymph most fair.
Breathe soft, ye winds! be calm, ye skies!
Arise, ye flowery race, arise!
And haste thy beauties to disclose,
Queen of fragrance, lovely Rose!

But thou, fair nymph, thyself survey
In this sweet offspring of a day;
That miracle of face must fail:
Thy charms are sweet, but charms are frail:
Swift as the short-liv'd flower they fly,
At morn they bloom, at evening die:
Tho' sickness yet a while forbears,
Yet time destroys what sickness spares.

Now Helen lives alone in fame,
And Cleopatra's but a name.
Time must indent that heavenly brow,
And thou must be, what they are now.

This moral to the fair disclose,
Queen of fragrance, lovely Rose. BROOME.

AN ODE.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
Th' unweary'd sun, from day to day
Does his Creator's power display;
And publishes to every land,
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale;
And nightly, to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth;
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets, in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball;
What though no real voice, nor sound,
Amidst their radiant orbs be found:
In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing as they shine,
The hand that made us is divine. ADDISON.

TO-MORROW.

TO-MORROW, didst thou say!
Methought I heard Horatio say, To-morrow.
Go to—I will not hear of it—to-morrow!
'Tis a sharper who takes penury
Against thy plenty—who takes thy ready cash,

And pays thee nought, but wishes, hopes, and promises,
The currency of idiots. Injurious bankrupt,
That gulls the easy creditor!—To-morrow!
It is a period no where to be found
In all the hoary registers of time,
Unless perchance in the fool's calendar.
Wisdom disclaims the words, nor holds society
With those who own it. No, my Horatio,
'Tis Fancy's child, and Folly is its father;
Wrought on such stuff as dreams are; and baseless
As the fantastic visions of the evening.
But soft, my friends, arrest the present moments;
For be assur'd, they all are arrant tell-tales;
And tho' their flight be silent, and their paths trackless
As the wing'd couriers of the air,
They post to Heaven, and there record their folly—
Because, tho' station'd on the important watch,
Thou, like a sleeping, faithless sentinel,
Didst let them pass unnotic'd, unimprov'd.
And know, for that thou slumber'st on the guard,
Thou shalt be made to answer at the bar
For every fugitive: and when thou thus
Shalt stand impleaded at the high tribunal
Of hood-wink'd Justice, who shall tell thy audit?
Then stay the present instant, dear Horatio
Imprint the marks of wisdom on its wings,
'Tis of more worth than kingdoms! far more precious
Than all the crimson treasures of life's fountain.
Oh! let it not elude thy grasp, but, like
The good old patriarch upon record,
Hold the fleet angel fast until he bless thee. COTTON.

CONJUGAL FELICITY.

HAPPY they! the happiest of their kind!
Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.
'Tis not the coarser tie of human laws,
Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind,
That binds their peace, but harmony itself,
Attuning all their passions into love;
Where Friendship full exerts her softest power,
Perfect esteem, enliven'd by desire

Ineffable, and sympathy of soul;
Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will,
With boundless confidence: for nought but love
Can answer love, and render bliss secure.——
————What is the world to them,
Its pomp, its pleasure, and its nonsense all?
Who in each other clasp whatever fair
High fancy forms, and lavish hearts can wish:
Something than beauty dearer, should they look
Or on the mind, or mind-illum'd face:
Truth, goodness, honour, harmony, and love,
The richest bounty of indulgent Heaven;
Meantime a smiling offspring rises round,
And mingles both their graces. By degrees
The human blossom blows! and every day,
Soft as it rolls along, shows some new charm,
The father's lustre, and the mother's bloom.
Then infant reason grows apace, and calls
For the kind hand of an assiduous care.
Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot,
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
To breathe th' enliv'ning spirit, and to fix
The gen'rous purpose in the glowing breast.
Oh speak the joy! ye whom the sudden tear
Surprises often, while you look around,
And nothing strikes your eye but sights of bliss,
All-various nature pressing on the heart:
An elegant sufficiency, content,
Retirement, rural, quiet, friendship, books,
Ease and alternate labour, useful life,
Progressive virtue, and approving Heaven;
These are the matchless joy of virtuous love;
And thus their moments fly. The seasons thus,
As ceaseless round a jarring world they roll,
Still find them happy, and consenting Spring
Sheds her own rosy garland on their heads:
'Till evening comes at last, serene and mild,
When, after the long vernal day of life,
Enamour'd more, as more remembrance swells
With many a proof of recollected love,
Together down they sink in social sleep;
Together freed, their gentle spirits fly
To scenes where love and bliss immortal reign.

THOMSON.

THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS.

THE midnight moon serenely smiles
O'er Nature's soft repose;
No low'ring cloud obscures the sky,
Nor rustling tempest blows.

Now every passion sinks to rest,
The throbbing heart lies still;
And varying schemes of life no more
Distract the lab'ring will.

In silence hush'd to Reason's voice,
Attends each mental pow'r;
Come, dear Amelia, and enjoy
Reflection's fav'rite hour.

Come, while the peaceful scene invites,
Let's search this ample round;
Where shall the lovely fleeting form
Of Happiness be found?

Does it amid the frolic mirth,
Of gay assemblies dwell;
Or hide beneath the solemn gloom,
That shades the hermit's cell?

How oft the laughing brow of joy
A sick'ning heart conceals!
And, thro' the cloister's deep recess,
Invading sorrows steal!

In vain, thro' beauty, fortune, wit,
The fugitive we trace;
It dwells not in the faithless smile,
That brightens Clodia's face.

Perhaps the joy to these deny'd,
The heart in friendship finds:
Ah! dear delusion, gay conceit,
Of visionary minds!

Howe'er our varying motions rove,
Yet all agree in one;
To place its being in some state,
At distance from our own.

O blind to each indulgent aim,
Of pow'r supremely wise;
Who fancy happiness in aught
The hand of Heaven denies!

Vain is alike the joy we seek,
And vain what we possess;
Unless harmonious Reason tunes
The passions into peace.

To temper'd wishes, just desires,
Is happiness confin'd;
And, deaf to Folly's call, attends
The music of the mind.

CARTER.

THE DISTINCTION OF AGES.

THE seven first years of life (man's break of day)
Gleams of short sense, a dawn of thought, display;
When fourteen springs have bloom'd his downy cheek,
His soft and blushful meanings learn to speak;
From twenty-one proud manhood takes its date,
Yet is not strength complete till twenty-eight;
Thence to his five-and-thirtieth, life's gay fire
Sparkles, burns loud, and flames in fierce desire:
At forty-two, his eyes grave wisdom wear,
And the dark future dims him o'er with care:
On to the nine-and-fortieth, toils increase,
And busy hopes and fears disturb his peace:
At fifty-six, cool Reason reigns entire,
Then life burns steady, and with temp'rate fire;
But sixty-three unbinds the body's strength,
Ere the unwearied mind has run her length:
And when from seventy, age surveys her last,
Tir'd she stops short—and wishes all were past,

HILL.

THE PATRIOT.

BREATHES there the man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
"This is my own—my native land?"
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd,
From wandering on a foreign strand?

If such there breathe, go mark him well,
For him—no Minstrel raptures swell!

High tho' his titles, proud his name—
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch concentrated all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonor'd, and unsung! WALTER SCOTT.

AN HYMN.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys;
Transported with the view, I'am lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

O how shall words with equal warmth,
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravish'd heart!
But thou canst read it there.

Thy providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redrest;
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

To all my weak complaints and cries,
Thy mercy lent an ear;
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themselves in pray'r.

Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whence these comforts flow'd.

When in the slippery paths of youth,
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.

Through hidden dangers, toils, and death,
It greatly clear'd my way;
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renew'd my face;
And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Reviv'd my soul with grace.

Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
Has made my cup run o'er;
And, in a kind and faithful friend,
Has doubled all my store.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more;
My ever-grateful heart, O Lord!
Thy mercy shall adore.

Through all eternity to thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
For, oh! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise. ADDISON.

LOVE OF PRAISE.

OF all the springs within the mind
Which prompt her steps in Fortune's maze;
From none more pleasing aid we find,
Than from the genuine love of praise.

Nor any partial, private end,
Such rev'rence to the public bears;
Nor any passion, Virtue's friend,
So like to Virtue's self appears.

For who in glory can delight
Without delight in glorious deeds?
What man a charming voice can slight,
Who courts the echo that succeeds?

But not the echo on the voice
  More than on Virtue praise depends;
To which, of course, its real price
  The judgment of the praiser lends.

If praise then with religious awe
  From the sole perfect Judge be sought;
A nobler aim, a purer law,
  Nor priest, nor bard, nor sage hath taught.

With which in character the same,
  Tho' in an humbler sphere it lies,
I count that soul of human fame,
  The suffrage of the good and wise. AKENSIDE.

THE BEGGAR'S PETITION.

PITY the sorrows of a poor old man,
  Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door;
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span;
  Oh! give relief, and Heaven will bless your store.

These tatter'd clothes my poverty bespeak,
  These hoary locks proclaim my lengthen'd years·
And many a furrow in my grief-worn cheek,
  Has been the channel to a flood of tears.

Yon house, erected on the rising ground,
  With tempting aspect, drew me from the road.
For Plenty there a residence has found,
  And Grandeur a magnificent abode.

Hard is the fate of the infirm and poor!
  Here, as I crav'd a morsel of their bread,
A pamper'd menial drove me from the door,
  To seek a shelter in an humbler shed.

Oh! take me to your hospitable dome;
  Keen blows the wind, and piercing is the cold!
Short is my passage to the friendly tomb!
  For I am poor, and miserably old.

Should I reveal the sources of my grief,
  If soft Humanity e'er touch'd your breast;
Your hands would not withhold the kind relief,
  And tears of pity would not be represt.

Heaven sends misfortunes—why should we repine?
'Tis Heaven has brought me to the state you see;
And your condition may be soon like mine,
The child of sorrow and of misery.

A little farm was my paternal lot;
Then like the lark I sprightly hail'd the morn;
But ah! Oppression forc'd me from my cot,
My cattle died, and blighted was my corn.

My daughter, once the comfort of my age,
Lur'd by a villain from her native home,
Is cast abandon'd on the world's wide stage,
And doom'd in scanty poverty to roam.

My tender wife, sweet soother of my care!
Struck with sad anguish at the stern decree,
Fell, ling'ring fell, a victim to despair,
And left the world to wretchedness and me.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door;
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span;
O! give relief, and Heaven will bless your store.

MOSS.

AN HYMN.

WHEN rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face;
O how shall I appear!

If yet, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought.

When thou, O Lord! shalt stand disclos'd
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul;
O how shall I appear!

But thou hast told the troubled soul,
Who does her sins lament,
The timely tribute of her tears
Shall endless woe prevent.

Then see the sorrows of my heart,
  Ere yet it be too late;
And add my Saviour's dying groans,
  To give those sorrows weight.

For never shall my soul despair
  Her pardon to procure;
Who knows thy only Son has dy'd
  To make that pardon sure. ADDISON

BRYAN AND PEREENE.

THE north-east wind did briskly blow,
  The ship was safely moor'd,
Young Bryan thought the boat's crew slow,
  And so leapt overboard.

Pereene, the pride of Indian dames,
  His heart did long inthrall;
And whoso his impatience blames,
  I wot ne'er lov'd at all.

A long, long year, one month and day,
  He dwelt on English land,
Nor once in thought would ever stray,
  Tho' ladies sought his hand.

For Bryan he was tall and strong,
  Right blithsome roll'd his een;
Sweet was his voice whene'er he sung,
  He scant had twenty seen.

But who the countless charms can draw,
  That grac'd his mistress true?
Such charms the old world never saw,
  Nor oft, I ween, the new.

Her raven hair plays round her neck,
  Like tendrils of the vine;
Her cheeks red dewy rose-buds deck,
  Her eyes like diamonds shine.

Soon as his well-known ship she spied,
  She cast her weeds away;
And to the palmy shore she hied,
  All in her best array.

In sea-green silk so neatly clad,
She there impatient stood;
The crew with wonder saw the lad
Repel the foaming flood.

Her hands a handkerchief display'd,
Which he at parting gave;
Well pleas'd the token he survey'd,
And manlier beat the wave.

Her fair companions one and all,
Rejoicing crowd the strand;
For now her lover swam in call,
And almost touch'd the land.

Then thro' the white surf did she haste,
To clasp her lovely swain;
When ah! a shark bit thro' his waist,
His heart's blood dy'd the main!

He shriek'd! his half sprung from the wave,
Streaming with purple gore,
And soon it found a living grave,
And, ah! was seen no more.

Now haste, now haste, ye maids, I pray,
Fetch water from the spring—
She falls, she falls, she dies away,
And soon her knell they ring.

Now each May morning round her tomb
Ye fair, fresh flow'rets strew;
So may your lovers 'scape his doom,
Her hapless fate 'scape you.

GRAINGER.

SCENES OF CHILDHOOD.

DEAR native brook! like Peace, so placidly
Smoothing thro' fertile fields thy current meek!
Dear native brook! where first young Poesy
Star'd wildly-eager to her noon-tide dream,
Where blameless pleasures dimple Quiet's cheek,
As water-lilies ripple a slow stream!
Dear native haunts! where Virtue still is gay:
Where Friendship's fix'd star sheds a mellow'd ray;
Where Love a crown of thornless roses wears:
Where soften'd Sorrow smiles within her tears;

And Mem'ry, with a Vestal's chate employ,
Unceasing feeds the lambent flame of Joy!
No more your sky-larks melting from the sight
Shall thrill th' untuned heart-string with delight:
No more shall deck your pensive Pleasures sweet
With wreaths of sober hue my evening seat.
Yet dear to Fancy's eye your varied scene
Of wood, hill, dale, and sparkling brook between!
Yet sweet to Fancy's ear the warbled song,
That soars on Morning's wing your vales among!

Scenes of my Hope! the asking eye ye leave
Like yon bright hues that paint the clouds of eve!
Tearful and sadd'ning with the sadden'd blaze,
Mine eye the gleam pursues with wistful gaze;
Sees shades on shades with deeper tint impend,
Till chill and damp the moonless night descend.

COLERIDGE.

EARTH AND HEAVEN.

HAST thou not seen, impatient boy?
Hast thou not read the solemn truth,
That gray experience writes for giddy youth
On every mortal joy!
Pleasure must be dash'd with pain:
And yet, with heedless haste,
The thirsty boy repeats the taste,
Nor hearkens to despair, but tries the bowl again.
The rills of pleasure never run sincere:
Earth has no unpolluted spring,
From the curs'd soil some dangerous taint they bear;
So roses grow on thorns, and honey wears a sting.

In vain we seek a heaven below the sky;
The world has false but flattering charms:
Its distant joys show big in our esteem,
But lessen still as they draw near the eye:
In our embrace the visions die:
And when we grasp the airy forms,
We lose the pleasing dream.

Earth, with her scenes of gay delight,
Is but a landscape rudely drawn,
With glaring colours, and false light;
Distance commends it to the sight,
For fools to gaze upon,

But bring the nauseous daubing nigh,
Coarse and confus'd the hideous figures lie,
Dissolve the pleasure, and offend the eye.

Look up, my soul, pant tow'rd th' eternal hills;
Those heavens are fairer than they seem;
There pleasures all sincere glide on in crystal rills,
There not a dreg of guilt defiles,
Nor grief disturbs the stream.
That Canaan knows no noxious thing,
No cursed soil, no tainted spring,
Nor roses grow on thorns, nor honey wears a sting.

WATTS.

THE HAPPY MAN.

HIGH o'er the winding of a cliffy shore,
From whose worn steep the black'ning surges roar;
Freeman! sweet lot, in quiet plenty lives:
Rich in the unbought wealth which Nature gives;
Unplanted groves rise round his shelter'd seat,
And self-sown flow'rs attract his wand'ring feet;
Lengths of wild garden his near views adorn,
And far-seen fields wave with domestic corn.

The grateful herds which his own pastures feed,
Pay their ask'd lives, and in due tribute bleed.
Here, in learn'd leisure, he relaxes life,
'Twixt prattling children and a smiling wife.
Here, on dependant want he seeds his care,
Moves amid smiles, and all he hears his pray'r.
The world lies round him like a subject soil,
Stor'd for his service, but beneath his toil.
Hence in a morning-walk his piercing eye
Skims the green ocean to the circling sky;
And marks at distance some returning sail,
Wing'd by the courtship of a flatt'ring gale.
The fearless crew, concluding danger o'er,
With gladd'ning shouts salute the op'ning shore:
They think how best they may their gains employ,
And antedate thin scenes of promis'd joy,
Till a near quick-sand check'd their shorten'd way,
And the sunk masts point thro' the rising spray.
Freeman starts sad! revolves the changeful sight,
Where mis'ry can so soon succeed delight;

Then shakes his head in pity of their fate,
And sweetly conscious, hugs his happier state. HILL.

INVOCATION TO PEACE.

COME, Peace of mind, delightful guest!
Return, and make thy downy nest
Once more in this sad heart:
Nor riches I, nor pow'r pursue,
Nor hold forbidden joys in view;
We therefore need not part.

Where wilt thou dwell, if not with me,
From Av'rice and Ambition free,
And Pleasure's fatal wiles?
From whom, alas! dost thou prepare
The sweets that I was wont to share,
The banquet of thy smiles?

The great, the gay, shall they partake
The heav'n that thou alone canst make?
And wilt thou quit the stream,
That murmurs thro' the dewy mead,
The grove and the sequester'd shade,
To be a guest with them?

For thee I panted, thee I priz'd,
To thee I gladly sacrific'd
Whate'er I lov'd before;
And shall I see thee start away,
And helpless, hopeless hear thee say,
Farewell! we meet no more! COWPER.

TRUE LEARNING.

HAPPY the feet that shining truth has led
With her own hand to tread the path she please,
To see her native lustre round her spread,
Without a veil, without a shade,
All beauty, and all light, as in herself she is.

Our senses cheat us with the pressing crowds
Of painted shapes they thrust upon the mind:
The truth they show lies wrapp'd in sevenfold shrouds,
Our senses cast a thousand clouds
On unenlighten'd souls, and leave them doubly blind.

I hate the dust that fierce disputers raise,
And lose the mind in a wild maze of thought:
What empty triflings, and what empty ways,
To fence and guard by rule and rote!
Our God will never charge us, that we knew them not.

Touch, heavenly word, O touch these curious souls;
Since I have heard but one soft hint from thee,
From all the vain opinions of the schools,
That pageantry of knowing fools,
I feel my powers released, and stand divinely free.

'Twas this Almighty word that all things made,
He grasps all nature in his single hand;
All the eternal truths in him are laid,
The ground of all things, and their head,
The circle where they move, and centre where they stand.

Without his aid I have no sure defence,
From troops of errors that besiege me round;
But he that rest his reason and his sense
Fast here, and never wanders hence,
Unmoveable he dwells upon unshaken ground.

Infinite truth, the life of my desires,
Come from the sky, and join thyself to me;
I'm tir'd with hearing, and this reading tires;
But never tir'd of telling thee,
'Tis thy fair face alone my spirit burns to see.

Speak to my soul, alone, no other hand
Shall mark my path out with delusive art;
All nature silent in his presence stand;
Creatures, be dumb at his command,
And leaves his single voice to whisper to my heart.

Retire, my soul, within thyself retire,
Away from sense and every outward show:
Now let my thoughts to loftier themes aspire,
My knowledge now on wheels of fire
May mount and spread above, surveying all below.

The Lord grows lavish of his heavenly light,
And pours whole floods on such a mind as this:
Fled from the eyes, she gains a piercing sight,
She dives into the infinite,
And sees unutterable things in that unknown abyss.

WATTS.

TO THE MOON.

QUEEN of the silver bow!—by thy pale beam,
  Alone and pensive, I delight to stray,
And watch thy shadow trembling in the stream,
  Or mark the floating clouds that cross thy way.
And while I gaze, thy mild and placid light
  Sheds a soft calm upon my troubled breast:
And oft I think—fair planet of the night,
  That in thy orb, the wretched may have rest:
The sufferers of the earth perhaps may go,
  Releas'd by death—to thy benignant sphere;
And the sad children of Despair and Woe
  Forget, in thee, the cup of sorrow here.
Oh! that I soon may reach thy world serene,
Poor wearied pilgrim—in this toiling scene!

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

ODE TO LEVEN-WATER.

On Leven's banks, while free to rove,
And tune the rural pipe to love;
I envied not the happiest swain
That ever trod th' Arcadian plain.

Pure stream, in whose transparent wave
My youthful limbs I wont to lave;
No torrents stain thy limpid source;
No rocks impede thy dimpling course,
That sweetly warbles o'er its bed,
With white, round, polish'd, pebbles spread;
While, lightly pois'd, the scaly brood
In myriads cleave thy crystal flood;
The springing trout in speckled pride;
The salmon, monarch of the tide;
The ruthless pike, intent on war;
The silver eel, and mottled par.
Devolving from thy parent lake,
A charming maze thy waters make,
By bowers of birch, and groves of pine,
And edges flower'd with eglantine.

Still on thy banks so gaily green,
May num'rous herds and flocks be seen:

And lasses chanting o'er the pail,
And shepherds piping in the dale;
And ancient Faith that knows no guile,
And Industry embrown'd with toil;
And hearts resolv'd, and hands prepar'd,
The blessings they enjoy to guard!

SMOLLET.

TO A FRIEND.

HEALTH to my Friend, and many a cheerful day,
Around his seat may peaceful shades abide;
Smooth flow the minutes, fraught with smiles away,
And till they crown our union, gently glide.

Ah me! too swiftly fleets our vernal bloom!
Lost to our wonted friendship, lost to joy!
Soon may thy breast the cordial wish resume
Ere wint'ry doubt its tender warmth destroy.

Say, were it ours, by Fortune's wild command,
By chance to meet beneath the torrid zone;
Would'st thou reject thy Damon's plighted hand?
Would'st thou with scorn thy once-lov'd friend disown?

Life is that stranger land, that alien clime;
Shall kindred souls forego their social claim?
Launch'd in the vast abyss of space and time,
Shall dark suspicion quench the generous flame?

Myriads of souls, that knew one parent mould,
See sadly sever'd by the laws of chance!
Myriads, in Time's perennial list enroll'd,
Forbid by Fate to change one transient glance!

But we have met—where ills of every form,
Where passions rage, and hurricanes descend.
Say, shall we nurse the rage, assist the storm,
And guide them to the bosom—of a Friend?

Yes, we have met—thro' rapine, fraud, and wrong,
Might our joint aid the paths of peace explore!
Why leave thy friend amidst the boisterous throng,
Ere Death divide us, and we part no more?

For oh! pale Sickness warns thy friend away;
For me no more the vernal roses bloom;
I see stern Fate his ebon wand display;
And paint the wither'd regions of the tomb.

Then the keen anguish from thine eye shall start,
Sad as thou follow'st my untimely bier;
"Fool that I was—if Friends so soon must part,
To let suspicion intermix a fear." SHENSTONE.

ON A PRESENT OF THREE ROSES.

THREE roses to her humble slave
The Mistress of the Graces gave:
Three Roses cf an eastern hue,
Sweet swelling with ambrosial dew.
How each with glowing pride displays
The riches of its circling rays!
How all, in sweet abundance, shed
Perfumes that might revive the dead!
Now tell me, fair one, if you know,
Whence these balmy spirits flow?
Whence springs this modest blush of light,
Which charms at once, and pains the sight?
The fair one knew, but would not say;
So blush'd, and smiling, went her way.
Impatient, next the Muse I call;
She comes, and thus would answer all:
"Fool (and I sure deserv'd the name,)
"Mark well the beauties of the dame;
"And can you wonder why so fair,
"And why so sweet the Roses are?
"Her cheek with living purple glows,
"Which blush'd its rays on ev'ry Rose;
"Her breath exhal'd a sweeter smell
"Than fragrant fields of asphodel;
"The sparkling spirit in her eyes
"A kindlier influence supplies,
"Than genial suns and summer skies;
"Now can you wonder why so fair,
"And why so sweet, the Roses are?"

"Hold, tuneful trifler," I reply'd,
"The beauteous cause I now descry'd-
"Hold, talk no more of summer skies,
"Of genial suns, and splendid lies;
"Of fragrant fields of asphodel,
"And brightest rays, and sweetest smell

"Whatever poetry can paint,
"Or Muse can utter—all is faint;
"Two words had better all exprest;
"She took the Roses from—her breast." THOMPSON.

TRUE WISDOM.

PRONOUNCE him blest, my muse, whom wisdom [guides
In her own path to her own heavenly seat;
Through all the storms his soul securely glides,
Nor can the tempests nor the tides,
That rise and roar around, supplant his steady feet.

Earth, you may let your golden arrows fly,
And seek in vain a passage to his breast,
Spread all your painted toys to court his eye,
He smiles, and sees them vainly try
To lure his soul aside from her eternal rest.

Our head-strong lusts, like a young fiery horse.
Start, and flee, raging in a violent course;
He tames and breaks them, manages and rides them,
Checks their career, and turns and guides them,
And bids his reason bridle their licentious force.

Lord of himself, he rules his wildest thoughts,
And boldly acts what calmly he design'd,
While he looks down and pities human faults;
Nor can he think, nor can he find
A plague like reigning passions, and a subject mind.

But oh! 'tis mighty toil to reach this height,
To vanquish self is a laborious art;
What manly courage to sustain the fight,
To bear the noble pain, and part
With those dear charming tempters rooted in the heart!

'Tis hard to stand when all the passions move,
Hard to awake the eye that passion blinds;
To rend and tear out this unhappy love,
That clings so close about our minds,
And where th' enchant'd soul so sweet a poison finds.

Hard; but it may be done. Come, heavenly fire,
Come to my breast, and with one powerful ray
Melt off my lusts, my fetters: I can bear
Awhile to be a tenant here,
But not be chain'd and prison'd in a cage of clay.

Heaven is my home, and I must use my wings;
Sublime above the globe my flight aspires:
I have a soul was made to pity kings,
And all their little glittering things;
I have a soul was made for infinite desires.

Loos'd from the earth, my heart is upward flown;
Farewell, my friends, and all that once was mine;
Now, should you fix my feet on Cæsar's throne:
Crown me, and call the world my own,
The gold that binds my brows could ne'er my soul confine.

I am the Lord's, and Jesus is my love;
He, that dear God, shall fill my vast desire.
My flesh below; yet I can dwell above,
And nearer to my Saviour move;
There all my soul shall centre, all my powers conspire.

Thus I with angels live; thus half divine
I sit on high, nor mind inferior joys:
Fill'd with his love, I feel that God is mine,
His glory is my great design,
That everlasting project all my thoughts employ. WATTS.

GRONGAR HILL.

SILENT Nymph! with curious eye,
Who, the purple evening, lie
On the mountain's lonely van,
Beyond the noise of busy man,
Painting fair the form of things,
While the yellow linnet sings;
Or the tuneful nightingale
Charms the forest with her tale;
Come, with all thy various hues,
Come, and aid thy sister muse.
Now, while Phœbus riding high,
Gives lustre to the land and sky,
Grongar Hill invites my song,
Draw the landscape bright and strong;
Grongar! in whose mossy cells,
Sweetly musing Quiet dwells;
Grongar! in whose silent shade,
For the modest Muses made,
So oft I have, the evening still,
At the fountain of a rill,

Sat upon a flow'ry bed,
With my hand beneath my head,
While stray'd my eyes o'er Towy's flood,
Over mead and over wood,
From house to house, from hill to hill,
Till contemplation had her fill.
  About his chequer'd sides I wind,
And leave his brooks and meads behind;
And groves and grottos, where I lay,
And vistos shooting beams of day.
Wide and wider spreads the vale,
As circles on a smooth canal:
The mountains round, unhappy fate!
Sooner or later, of all height,
Withdraw their summits from the skies,
And lessen as the others rise.
Still the prospect wider spreads,
Adds a thousand woods and meads;
Still it widens, widens still,
And sinks the newly-risen hill.
  Now I gain the mountain's brow;
What a landscape lies below!
No clouds, no vapours, intervene;
But the gay, the open scene,
Does the face of Nature show
In all the hues of heaven's bow;
And, swelling to embrace the light,
Spreads around beneath the sight.
  Old castles on the cliffs arise,
Proudly tow'ring in the skies;
Rushing from the woods, the spires
Seem from hence ascending fires:
Half his beams Apollo sheds
On the yellow mountain-heads,
Gilds the fleeces of the flocks,
And glitters on the broken rocks.
  Below me trees unnumber'd rise,
Beautiful in various dyes:
The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,
The yellow beech, the sable yew:
The slender fir that taper grows,
The sturdy oak with broad-spread boughs;
And, beyond the purple grove,
Haunt of Phillis, queen of love!

Gaudy as the op'ning dawn,
Lies a long and level lawn,
On which a dark hill, steep, and high,
Holds and charms the wand'ring eye.
Deep are his feet in Towy's flood;
His sides are cloth'd with waving wood;
And ancient towers crown his brow,
That cast an awful look below;
Whose ragged walls the ivy creeps,
And with her arms from falling keeps;
So both a safety from the wind
On mutual dependence find.
'Tis now the raven's bleak abode,
'Tis now th' apartment of the toad;
And there the fox securely feeds,
And there the pois'nous adder breeds,
Conceal'd in ruins, moss, and weeds;
While, ever and anon, there falls,
Huge heaps of hoary moulder'd walls.
Yet time has seen, that lifts the low,
And level lays the lofty brow,
Has seen this broken pile complete,
Big with the vanity of state:
But transient is the smile of Fate!
A little rule, a little sway,
A sun-beam in a winter's day,
Is all the proud and mighty have
Between the cradle and the grave.
And see the rivers, how they run
Thro' woods and meads, in shade and sun!
Sometimes swift, sometimes slow,
Wave succeeding wave, they go
A various journey to the deep,
Like human life, to endless sleep!
Thus is Nature's vesture wrought,
To instruct our wand'ring thought;
Thus she dresses green and gay,
To disperse our cares away.
Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landscape tire the view?
The fountain's fall, the river's flow,
The woody valleys, warm and low;
The windy summit, wild and high,
Roughly rushing on the sky!

The pleasant seat, the ruin'd tow'r,
The naked rock, the shady bow'r;
The town and village, dome and farm,
Each give each a double charm,
As pearls upon an Ethiop's arm.
  See on the mountain's southern side
Where the prospect opens wide
Where the evening gilds the tide,
How close and small the hedges lie!
What streaks of meadows cross the eye!
A step, methinks! may pass the stream,
So little distant dangers seem:
So we mistake the future's face,
Ey'd through Hope's deluding glass.
As yon summits soft and fair,
Clad in colours of the air,
Which, to those who journey near,
Barren, brown, and rough, appear;
Still we tread the same coarse way;
The present's still a cloudy day.
  O may I with myself agree,
And never covet what I see!
Content me with a humble shade,
My passions tam'd, my wishes laid;
For while our wishes wildly roll,
We banish quiet from the soul:
'Tis thus the busy beat the air,
And misers gather wealth and care.
  Now, e'en now, my joys run high,
As on the mountain-turf I lie;
While the wanton Zephyr sings,
And in the vale perfumes his wings;
While the waters murmur deep;
While the shepherd charms his sheep;
While the birds unbounded fly,
And with music fill the sky;
Now, e'en now, my joys run high.
Be full, ye courts! be great who will;
Search for peace with all your skill;
Open wide the lofty door,
Seek her on the marble floor:
In vain ye search, she is not there:
In vain ye search the domes of Care!

Grass and flowers Quiet treads,
On the meads and mountain-heads,
Along with Pleasure close ally'd,
Ever by each others' side;
And often, by the murm'ring rill,
Hears the thrush, while all is still,
Within the groves of Grongar Hill.

DYER.

TO NIGHT.

I LOVE thee, mournful, sober-suited Night!
When the faint moon, yet lingering in her wane,
And veil'd in clouds, with pale uncertain light
Hangs o'er the waters of the restless main.
In deep depression sunk, the enfeebled mind
Will to the deaf cold elements complain,
And tell the embosom'd grief, however vain,
To sullen charges and the viewless wind.
Tho' no repose on thy dark breast I find,
I still enjoy thee—cheerless as thou art;
For in thy quiet gloom the exhausted heart
Is calm, tho' wretched; hopeless, yet resign'd.
While to the winds and waves its sorrows given,
May reach—tho' lost on earth—the ear of Heaven!

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

FREEDOM.

TEMPT me no more. My soul can ne'er comport
With the gay slaveries of a court;
I've an aversion to those charms,
And hug dear liberty in both mine arms.
Go, vassal souls, go cringe and wait,
And dance attendance at Honorio's gate,
Then run in troops before him to compose his state;

Move as he moves; and when he loiters, stand;
You're but the shadows of a man.
Bend when he speaks; and kiss the ground:
Go, catch the impertinence of sound:
Adore the follies of the great;
Wait till he smiles: but lo, the idol frown'd,
And drove them to their fate.

Thus base-born minds: but as for me,
I can and will be free:
Like a strong mountain, or some stately tree,
My soul grows firm upright,
And as I stand, and as I go,
It keeps my body so;
No, I can never part with my creation right.
Let slaves and asses stoop and bow,
I cannot make this iron knee
Bend to a meaner power than that which form'd it free.

Thus my bold harp profusely play'd
Pindarical; then on a branchy shade
I hung my harp aloft, myself beneath it laid.
Nature, that listen'd to my strain,
Resum'd the theme, and acted it again.
Sudden rose a whirling wind,
Swelling like Honorio proud,
Around the straws and feathers crowd,
Types of a slavish mind,
Upwards the stormy forces rise,
The dust flies up and climbs the skies,
And as the tempest fell, th' obedient vapours sunk;
Again it roars with bellowing sound,
The meaner plants that grew around,
The willow, and the asp, trembled and kiss'd the ground.
Hard by, there stood the iron trunk
Of an old oak, and all the storm defy'd;
In vain the winds their forces try'd,
In vain they roar'd; the iron oak
Bow'd only to the heavenly thunder's stroke. WATTS.

ON A TEAR.

OH! that the chemist's magic art
Could crystallize this sacred treasure!
Long should it glitter near my heart,
A secret source of pensive pleasure.

The little brilliant, ere it fell,
Its lustre caught from Chloe's eye;
Then, trembling, left its coral cell—
The spring of sensibility!

Sweet drop of pure and pearly light!
In thee the rays of Virtue shine;
More calmly clear, more mildly bright,
Than any gem that gilds the mine.

Benign restorer of the soul!
Who ever fly'st to bring relief,
When first she feels the rude control
Of Love or Pity, Joy or Grief.

The sage's and the poets theme,
In every clime, and every age;
Thou charm'st in Fancy's idle dream,
In Reason's philosophic page.

ROGERS.

THE GARDEN WINDOW.

HERE, Amanda, gently bending,
Sweetly pensive, loves to lean;
O'er the groves, her sight extending
Thro' the walks that shoot between.

Plac'd, says she, within this window
Screen'd, I distant charms survey,
Taught by poor, deceiv'd Olindo,
Nothing's safe that looks too gay.

Here, I view, in soften'd shadings,
Am'rous flow'r to flow'r incline,
Too remote to mourn their fadings,
When with hanging head they pine.

Here I smell the fragrant breezes,
Safe from evening's chilly blasts;
Here the noon-day sunshine pleases,
Fearless when 'twill overcast.

Hence I hear the tempest rising,
See the grovy greatness shake,
Ev'ry distant ill despising,
While I every good partake.

So commanding Life's gay garden,
Let me thornless wear the Rose;
Choice like mine let Fashion pardon,
Tasting charms, but shunning woes.

HILL.

WRITTEN IN THE HOLY BIBLE.

YE sacred tombs, be my unerring guide,
Dove-hearted saints, and prophets, eagle-ey'd!
I scorn the moral fop, and ethic sage,
But drink in truth from your illumin'd page:
Like Moses' bush each leaf divinely bright,
Where God invests himself in milder light!
Taught by your doctrines we devoutly rise,
Faith points the way, and Hope unbars the skies:
You tune our passions, teach them how to roll,
And sink the body but to raise the soul;
To raise it, bear it to mysterious day,
Nor want an angel to direct the way! THOMPSON.

TRUE RICHES.

I AM not concern'd to know
What to-morrow fate will do;
'Tis enough that I can say
I've possess'd myself to-day:
Then if happily midnight death
Seize my flesh and stop my breath,
Yet to-morrow I shall be
Heir to the best part of me.
Glittering stones, and golden things,
Wealth and honors that have wings,
Ever fluttering to be gone,
I could never call my own:
Riches that the world bestows
She can take, and I can lose;
But the treasures that are mine
Lie afar beyond her line.
When I view my spacious soul,
And survey myself a whole,
And enjoy myself alone,
I'm a kingdom of my own.
I have a mighty part within,
That the world hath never seen,
Rich as Eden's happy ground,
And with choicer plenty crown'd.
Here on all the shining boughs,
Knowledge fair and useful grows;

On the same young flowery tree
All the seasons you may see;
Notions in the bloom of light,
Just disclosing to the sight;
Here are thoughts of larger growth,
Ripening into solid truth;
Fruits refin'd, of noble taste;
Seraphs feed on such repast.
Here, in a green and shady grove,
Streams of pleasure mix with love:
There beneath the smiling skies
Hills of contemplation rise;
Now upon some shining top
Angels light and call me up;
I rejoice to raise my feet,
Both rejoice when there we meet.
 There are endless beauties more
Earth hath no resemblance for;
Nothing like them round the pole,
Nothing can describe the soul:
'Tis a region half unknown,
That has treasures of its own,
More remote from public view
Than the bowels of Peru;
Broader 'tis, and brighter far,
Than the golden Indies are;
Ships that trace the watery stage
Cannot coast it in an age;
Harts, or horses, strong and fleet,
Had they wings to help their feet,
Could not run it half way o'er
In ten thousand days and more.
 Yet the silly wandering mind,
Loath to be too much confin'd,
Roves and takes her daily tours,
Coasting round the narrow shores,
Narrow shores of flesh and sense,
Picking shells and pebbles thence:
Or she sits at fancy's door,
Calling shapes and shadows to her,
Foreign visits still receiving,
And t' herself a stranger living.
Never, never, would she buy
Indian dust, or Tyrian dye,

Never trade abroad for more,
If she saw her native store;
If her inward worth were known,
She might ever live alone.

WATTS.

THE ALPS AT DAY-BREAK.

THE sun-beams streak the azure skies,
And line with light the mountain's brow:
With hounds and horns the hunters rise,
And chase the roebuck thro' the snow.

From rock to rock, with giant-bound,
High on their iron poles they pass;
Mute, lest the air, convuls'd by sound,
Rend from above a frozen mass.

The goats wind slow their wonted way,
Up craggy steeps and ridges rude;
Mark'd by the wild wolf for his prey,
From desert cave or hanging wood.

And while the torrent thunders loud,
And as the echoing cliffs reply,
The huts peep o'er the morning cloud,
Perch'd, like an eagle's nest on high.

ROGERS.

THE GRAVE.

WHILST some affect the sun, and some the shade,
Some flee the city, some the hermitage;
Their aims as various, as the roads they take,
In journeying through life;—the task be mine
To paint the gloomy horrors of the tomb;
Th' appointed place of rendezvous, where all
These travellers meet. Thy succours I implore,
Eternal king! whose potent arm sustains
The keys of hell and death. The grave, dread thing!
Men shiver when thou'rt nam'd: Nature appall'd,
Shakes off her wonted firmness. Ah! how dark
Thy long-extended realms, and rueful wastes!
Where nought but silence reigns, and night, dark night,
Dark as was chaos, ere the infant sun
Was roll'd together, or had try'd his beams

Athwart the gloom profound. The sickly taper,
By glimm'ring through thy low-brow'd misty vaults,
Furr'd round with mouldy damps, and ropy slime,
Lets fall a supernumerary horror,
And only serves to make thy night more irksome.
Well do I know thee by thy trusty yew,
Cheerless, unsocial plant; that loves to dwell
'Midst sculls and coffins, epitaphs and worms:
Where light-heel'd ghosts, and visionary shades.
Beneath the wan, cold moon, as fame reports,
Embody'd, thick, perform their mystic rounds.
No other merriment, dull-tree, is thine.
  See yonder hallow'd fane; the pious work
Of names once fam'd, now dubious or forgot,
And bury'd 'midst the wreck of things which were;
There lie interr'd the more illustrious dead.
The wind is up: hark! how it howls! Methinks
Till now I never heard a sound so dreary:
Doors creak, and windows clap, and night's foul bird
Rook'd in the spire, screams loud: the gloomy aisles
Black plaster'd, and hung round with shreds of scutcheons
And tatter'd coats of arms, send back the sound
Laden with heavier airs, from the low vaults,
The mansions of the dead. Rous'd from their slumbers
In grim array the grisly spectres rise,
Grin horrible, and obstinately sullen,
Pass and repass, hush'd as the foot of night.
Again the screech owl shrieks, ungracious sound!
I'll hear no more; it makes one's blood run chill.
  Quite round the pile, a row of reverend elms,
Coeval near with that, all ragged show,
Long lash'd by the rude winds. Some rift half down
Their branchless trunks; others so thin a top,
That scarce two crows could lodge in the same tree.
Strange things, the neighbours say, have happen'd here:
While shrieks have issu'd from the hollow tombs:
Dead men have come again, and walk'd about;
And the great bell has toll'd, unrung, untouch'd;
Such tales their cheer at wake or gossiping,
When it draws near to witching time of night.
  Oft, in the lone church-yard at night I've seen,
By glimpse of moon-shine chequering through the trees,
The school-boy with his satchel in his hand,
Whistling aloud to bear his courage up,

And lightly tripping o'er the long flat stones,
With nettles skirted, and with moss o'ergrown,
That tell, in homely phrase, who lie below.
Sudden he starts, and hears, or thinks he hears,
The sound of something purring at his heels;
Full fast he flies, and dares not look behind him,
Till out of breath he overtakes his fellows;
Who gather round, and wonder at the tale
Of horrid apparition, tall and ghastly,
That walks at dead of night, or takes his stand
O'er some new-open'd grave; and strange to tell!
Evanishes at the crowing of the cock.
The new-made widow too I've sometimes spy'd,
Sad sight! slow moving o'er the prostrate dead:
Listless, she crawls along in doleful black,
Whilst bursts of sorrow gush from either eye,
Fast falling down her now untasted cheek.
Prone on the lowly grave of the dear man
She drops; while busy meddling memory,
In barbarous succession musters up
The past endearments of their softer hours,
Tenacious of its theme. Still, still, she thinks
She sees him, and, indulging the fond thought,
Clings yet more closely to the senselss turf,
Nor heeds the passenger who looks that way.
Invidious grave! how dost thou rend in sunder
Whom love has knit, and sympathy made one!
A tie more stubborn far than nature's band!
Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul;
Sweetener of life, and soldier of society,
I owe thee much. Thou hast deserv'd from me,
Far, far beyond what I can ever pay.
Oft have I prov'd the labours of thy love,
And the warm efforts of thy gentle heart,
Anxious to please. Oh! when my friend and I
In some thick wood have wander'd heedless on,
Hid from the vulgar eye, and sat us down
Upon the sloping cowslip-cover'd bank,
Where the pure limpid stream has slid along
In grateful errors through the under-wood,
Sweet murmuring; methought the shrill-tongu'd thrush
Mended his song of love; the sooty black-bird
Mellow'd his pipe, and soften'd every note:
The eglantine smell'd sweeter, and the rose,

Assum'd a dye more deep; whilst ev'ry flower
Vied with its fellow plant in luxury
Of dress. Oh! then, the longest summer's day
Seem'd too, too much in haste! still the full heart
Had not imparted half; 'twas happiness
Too exquisite to last. Of joys departed,
Not to return, how painful the remembrance!
Dull grave—thou spoil'st the dance of youthful blood,
Strik'st out the dimple from the cheek of mirth,
And ev'ry smirking feature from the face;
Branding our laughter with the name of madness.
Where are the jesters now? the men of health
Complexionally pleasant? Where the droll,
Whose ev'ry look and gesture was a joke
To clapping theatres, and shouting crowds,
And made ev'n thick-lipp'd musing Melancholy
To gather up her face into a smile
Before she was aware? Ah! sullen now,
And dumb as the green turf that covers them. BLAIR.

HOME.

THE adventurous boy, that asks his little share,
And hies from home, with many a gossip's prayer,
Turns on the neighbouring hill, once more to see
The dear abode of peace and privacy;
And as he turns, the thatch among the trees,
The smoke's blue wreaths ascending with the breeze,
The village common spotted with white sheep,
The church-yard yews round which his fathers sleep;
All rouse Reflection's sadly-pleasing train,
And oft he looks and weeps, and looks again!
So, when the mild Tupia dar'd explore
Arts yet untaught, and worlds unknown before,
And, with the sons of Science, woo'd the gale
That rising swell'd their strange expanse of sail;
So, when he breath'd his firm yet fond adieu,
Borne from his leafy hut, his carv'd canoe,
And all his soul best lov'd, such tears he shed,
While each soft scene of summer beauty fled:
Long o'er the wave a wistful look he cast,
Long watch'd the streaming signal from the mast;
Till twilight's dewy tints deceiv'd his eye,
And fairy forests fring'd the evening sky!

So Scotia's Queen, as slowly dawn'd the day,
Rose on her couch, and gaz'd her soul away.
Her eyes had bless'd the beacon's glimmering height,
That faintly tipt the feathery surge with light;
But now the morn with orient hues portray'd
Each castled cliff, and brown monastic shade;
All touch'd the talisman's resistless spring,
And lo—what busy tribes were instant on the wing!

ROGERS.

THE WISH.

MINE be a cot beside the hill;
  A bee-hive's hum shall soothe my ear;
A willow brook, that turns a mill,
  With many a fall, shall linger near.

The swallow, oft, beneath my thatch,
  Shall twitter from her clay-built nest;
Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,
  And share my meal, a welcome guest.

Around my ivy'd porch shall spring
  Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew;
And Lucy, at her wheel, shall sing,
  In russet gown and apron blue.

The village church, among the trees,
  Where first our marriage vows were giv'n,
With merry peals shall swell the breeze,
  And point with taper spire to heav'n.

ROGERS.

HYMN TO HUMANITY.

PARENT of Virtue, if thine ear
  Attend not now to Sorrow's cry;
If now the pity-streaming tear
  Should haply on thy cheeks be dry;
Indulge my votive strain, O sweet Humanity.

  Come, ever welcome to my breast!
A tender, but a cheerful, guest;
Nor always in the gloomy cell
Of life-consuming Sorrow dwell;
For sorrow, long-indulg'd and slow,
Is to Humanity a foe;

And grief, that makes the heart its prey,
Wears sensibility away.
Then come, sweet nymph, instead of thee,
The gloomy fiend, Stupidity.

O may that fiend be banish'd far,
Tho' passions hold eternal war!
Nor ever let me cease to know
The pulse that throbs at joy or woe.
Nor let my vacant cheek be dry,
When sorrow fills a brother's eye;
Nor may the tear that frequent flows
From private or from social woes,
E'er make this pleasing sense depart,
Ye Cares, oh, harden not my heart!

If the fair star of Fortune smile,
Let not its flattering power beguile;
Nor borne along the fav'ring tide,
My full sails swell with bloating pride.
Let me from wealth but hope content,
Remembering still it was but lent;
To modest merit spread my store,
Unbar my hospitable door;
Nor feed, for pomp, an idle train,
While Want unpitied pines in vain.

If Heaven, in every purpose wise,
The envied lot of Wealth denies;
If doom'd to drag Life's painful load
Thro' Poverty's uneven road,
And for the due bread of the day,
Destin'd to toil as well as pray;
To thee, Humanity, still true,
I'll wish the good I cannot do;
And give the wretch that passes by,
A soothing word—a tear—a sigh.

Howe'er exalted, or deprest,
Be ever mine the feeling breast.
From me remove the stagnant mind
Of languid Indolence, reclin'd;
The soul that one long Sabbath keeps,
And thro' the Sun's whole circle sleeps;
Dull Peace, that dwells in Folly's eye,
And self-attending Vanity.

Alike the foolish, and the vain,
Are strangers to the sense humane.

O for that sympathetic glow
Which taught the holy tear to flow,
When the prophetic eye survey'd
Sion in future ashes laid;
Or, rais'd to Heav'n, implor'd the bread
That thousands in the desert fed!
Or, when the heart o'er Friendship's grave
Sigh'd—and forgot its power to save—
O for that sympathetic glow,
Which taught the holy tear to flow!

It comes: it fills my labouring breast!
I feel my beating heart opprest—
Oh! hear that lonely widow's wail!
See her dim eye! her aspect pale!
To Heav'n she turns in deep despair,
Her infants wonder at her pray'r.
And, mingling tears they know not why,
Lift up their little hands, and cry.
O God! their moving sorrows see!
Support them, sweet Humanity!
Life, fill'd with Grief's distressful train,
For ever asks the tear humane.
Behold in yon unconscious grove
The victims of ill-fated love!
Heard you that agonizing throe?
Sure this is not romantic woe!
The golden day of joy is o'er;
And now they part—to meet no more.
Assist them, hearts from anguish free!
Assist them, sweet Humanity!

Parent of Virtue, if thine ear
Attend not now to Sorrow's cry,
If now the pity-streaming tear
Should haply on thy cheek be dry,
Indulge my votive strain, O sweet Humanity!

LANGHORNE.

WONDERS OF THE CREATION IN MINUTE OBJECTS.

——————NOR shall the muse disdain
To let the little noisy summer race
Live in her lay, and flutter through her song:

Not mean, though simple; to the sun ally'd,
From him they draw their animating fire.
Wak'd by his warmer ray, the reptile young
Come wing'd abroad; by the light air upborne,
Lighter, and full of soul. From every chink,
And secret corner, where they slept away
The wintry storms; or rising from their tombs,
To higher life; by myriads, forth at once,
Swarming they pour; of all the varied hues
The beauty-beaming parent can disclose.
Ten thousand forms! ten thousand different tribes;
People the blaze. To sunny waters some
By fatal instinct fly; where on the pool
They, sportive, wheel; or, sailing down the stream,
Are snatch'd immediate by the quick-ey'd trout,
Or darting salmon. Through the green-wood glade
Some love to stray; there lodg'd, amus'd and fed,
In the fresh leaf. Luxurious, others make
The meads their choice, and visit every flower,
And every latent herb: for the sweet task,
To propagate their kinds, and where to wrap,
In what soft beds, their young yet undisclos'd,
Employs their tender care. Some to the house,
The fold, and dairy, hungry, bend their flight;
Sip round the pail, or taste the curdling cheese:
Oft, inadvertent, from the milky stream
They meet their fate; or, weltering in the bowl,
With powerless wings around them wrapt, expire.
But chief to heedless flies the window proves
A constant death; where, gloomily retir'd,
The villain spider lives, cunning, and fierce,
Mixture abhorr'd! Amid a mangled heap
Of carcasses, in eager watch he sits,
O'erlooking all his waving snares around.
Near the dire cell the dreadless wander oft
Passes, as oft the ruffian shows his front;
The prey at last ensnar'd, he dreadful darts,
With rapid glide, along the leaning line;
And, fixing in the wretch his cruel fangs,
Strikes backward, grimly pleas'd: the fluttering wind,
And shriller sound declare extreme distress,
And ask the helping hospitable hand.
Resounds the living surface of the ground:
Nor undelightful is the ceaseless hum,

To him who muses through the woods at noon:
Or drowsy shepherd, as he lies reclin'd,
With half-shut eyes, beneath the floating shade
Of willows gray, close-crowding o'er the brook.
Gradual, from these what numerous kinds descend
Evading e'en the microscopic eye!
Full Nature swarms with life; one wondrous mass
Of animals, or atoms organiz'd,
Waiting the *vital Breath*, when Parent-Heaven
Shall bid his spirit blow. The hoary fen,
In putrid streams, emits the living cloud
Of pestilence. Through subterranean cells,
Where searching sun-beams scarce can find a way,
Earth animated heaves. The flowery leaf
Wants not its soft inhabitants. Secure,
Within its winding citadel, the stone
Holds multitudes. But chief the forest-boughs,
That dance unnumber'd to the playful breeze,
The downy orchard, and the melting pulp
Of mellow fruits, the nameless nations feed
Of evanescent insects. Where the pool
Stands mantled o'er with green, invisible,
Amid the floating verdure, millions stray.
Each liquid too, whether it pierces, soothes,
Inflames, refreshes, or exalts the taste,
With various forms abounds. Nor is the stream
Of purest crystal, nor the lucid air,
Though one transparent vacancy it seems,
Void of their unseen people. These, conceal'd
By the kind art of forming Heaven, escape
The grosser eye of man: for if the worlds
In worlds inclos'd should on his senses burst,
From cates ambrosial, and the nectar'd bowl,
He would abhorrent turn; and in dead night,
Whence silence sleeps o'er all, be stunn'd with noise.
Let no presuming impious railer tax
Creative Wisdom, as if aught was form'd
In vain, or not for admirable ends.
Shall little haughty ignorance pronounce
His works unwise, of which the smallest part
Exceeds the narrow vision of her mind?
As if upon a full-proportion'd dome,
On swelling columns heav'd, the pride of art!
A critic fly, whose feeble ray scarce spreads

An inch around, with blind presumption bold,
Should dare to tax the structure of the whole.
And lives the man whose universal eye
Has swept at once the unbounded scheme of things;
Mark'd their dependence so, and firm accord,
As with unfaltering accent to conclude
That *this* availeth nought? Has any seen
The mighty chain of beings, lessening down
From Infinite Perfection to the brink
Of dreary *nothing*, desolate abyss!
From which astonished thought, recoiling turns?
Till then alone let zealous praise ascend,
And hymns of holy wonder, to that Power
Whose wisdom shines as lovely on our minds,
As on our smiling eyes his servant-sun.
  Thick, in yon stream of light, a thousand ways,
Upward, and downward, thwarting, and convolv'd,
The quivering nations sport; till, tempest-wing'd,
Fierce Winter sweeps them from the face of day.
E'en so luxurious man, unheeding, pass
An idle summer's life in fortune's shine,
A season's glitter! Thus they flutter on
From toy to toy, from vanity to vice;
Till, blown away by death, oblivion comes
Behind, and strikes them from the book of life.

THOMSON.

TO SPRING.

AGAIN the wood, and long-withdrawing vale,
  In many a tint of tender green are drest,
Where the young leaves, unfolding, scarce conceal
  Beneath their early shade, the half-form'd nest
Of finch or woodlark; and the primrose pale,
  And lavish cowslip, wildly scatter'd round,
Give their sweet spirits to the sighing gale.
  Ah! season of delight!—could aught be found
    To soothe awhile the tortur'd bosom's pain,
  Of Sorrow's rankling shaft to cure the wound,
    And bring life's first delusions once again,
'Twere surely met in thee!—thy prospect fair,
Thy sounds of harmony, thy balmy air,
Have power to cure all sadness—but despair!

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

SONG.

I TOLD my nymph, I told her true.
My fields were small, my flocks were few;
While faltering accents spoke my fear,
That Flavia might not prove sincere.

Of crops destroy'd by vernal cold,
And vagrant sheep that left my fold:
Of these she heard, yet bore to hear;
And is not Flavia then sincere?

How, chang'd by Fortune's fickle wind,
The friends I lov'd became unkind,
She heard, and shed a generous tear;
And is not Flavia then sincere?

How, if she design my love to bless,
My Flavia must not hope for dress;
This too she heard, and smil'd to hear;
And Flavia, sure, must be sincere.

Go shear your flocks, ye jovial swains,
Go reap the plenty of your plains;
Despoil'd of all which you revere,
I know my Flavia's love sincere. SHENSTONE.

LESSON OF HUMILITY.

AH, little think the gay licentious proud,
Whom pleasure, power, and affluence, surround;
They, who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth,
And wanton, often cruel, riot waste;
Ah, little think they, while they dance along,
How many feel, this very moment, death
And all the sad variety of pain,
How many sink in the devouring flood,
Or more devouring flame. How many bleed,
By shameful variance 'twixt man and man.
How many pine in want, and dungeon glooms;
Shut from the common air, and common use
Of their own limbs. How many drink the cup
Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread
Of misery, Sore pierc'd by wintry winds,
How many shrink into the sordid hut

Of cheerless poverty. How many shake
With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,
Unbounded passion, madness, guilt, remorse;
Whence tumbled headlong from the height of life,
They furnish matter for the tragic muse.
Ev'n in the vale, where wisdom loves to dwell,
With friendship, peace, and contemplation join'd,
How many, rack'd with honest passions, droop
In deep retir'd distress. How many stand
Around the death-bed of their dearest friends,
And point the parting anguish. Thought, fond man,
Of these, and all the thousand nameless ills,
That one incessant struggle render life,
One scene of toil, of suffering, and of fate,
Vice in his high career would stand appall'd,
And heedless rambling impulse learn to think;
The conscious heart of charity would warm,
And her wide wish benevolence dilate;
The social tear would rise, the social sigh,
And into clear perfection, gradual bliss,
Refining still, the social passions work.
　And here can I forget the generous band,
Who, touch'd with human woe, redressive search'd
Into the horrors of the gloomy jail?
Unpitied, and unheard, where misery moans;
Where sickness pines; where thirst and hunger burn,
And poor misfortune feels the lash of vice.
While in the land of liberty, the land
Whose every street and public meeting glow
With open freedom, little tyrants rag'd;
Snatch'd the lean morsel from the starving mouth;
Tore from the cold wintry limbs the tatter'd weed;
Ev'n robb'd them of the last of comforts, sleep;
The free-born Briton to the dungeon chain'd,
Or, as the lust of cruelty prevail'd,
At pleasure mark'd him with inglorious stripes;
And crush'd out lives, by secret barbarous ways,
That for their country would have toil'd, or bled.
O, great design! if executed well,
With patient care, and wisdom-temper'd zeal.
Ye sons of mercy! yet resume the search;
Drag forth the legal monsters into light,
Wrench from their hands oppression's iron rod,
And bid the cruel feel the pains they give.

Much still untouch'd remains; in this rank age,
Much is the patriot's weeding hand requir'd.
The toils of law, (what dark insidious men
Have cumbrous added to perplex the truth,
And lengthen simple justice into trade)
How glorious were the day that saw these broke!
And every man within the reach of right.

THOMSON.

LIFE.

AH me, my friend! it will not, will not last!
  This fairy scene, that cheats our youthful eyes
The charm dissolves; th' aerial music's past;
  The banquet ceases, and the vision flies.

Where are the splendid forms, the rich perfumes,
  Where the gay tapers, where the spacious dome?
Vanish'd the costly pearls, the crimson plumes,
  And we, delightless, left to wander home!

Vain now are books, the sage's wisdom vain!
  What has the world to bribe our steps astray?
Ere reason learns by study'd laws to reign,
  The weaken'd passions, self-subdu'd, obey.

Scarce has the sun seven annual courses roll'd,
  Scarce shown the whole that fortune can supply;
Since, not the miser so caress'd his gold,
  As I, for what it gave, was heard to sigh.

On the world's stage I wish'd some sprightly part;
  To deck my native fleece with tawdry lace!
'Twas life, 'twas taste, and—Oh my foolish heart,
  Substantial joy was fix'd in power and place.

And you, ye works of art! allur'd mine eye,
  The breathing picture and the living stone:
"Though gold, though splendour, heaven and fate deny,
  "Yet might I call one Titian stroke my own!"

Smit with the charms of fame, whose lovely spoil,
  The wreath, the garland, fire the poet's pride,
I trimm'd my lamp, consum'd the midnight oil—
  But soon the paths of health and fame divide!

Oft too I pray'd, 'twas Nature form'd the prayer,
  To grace my native scenes, my rural home;
To see my trees express my planter's care,
  And gay, on Attic models, raise my dome.

But now 'tis o'er, the dear delusion's o'er!
  A stagnant breezeless air becalms my soul:
A fond aspiring candidate no more,
  I scorn the palm, before I reach'd the goal.

O youth! enchanting state, profusely blest!
  Bless ev'n obtrusive courts the frolic mind;
Of health neglectful, yet by health carest:
  Careless of favour, yet secure to find.

Then glows the breast, as opening roses fair;
  More free, more vivid, than the linnet's wing;
Honest as light, transparent ev'n as air,
  Tender as buds, and lavish as the spring.

Not all the force of manhood's active might,
  Not all the craft to subtle age assign'd;
Not science shall extort that dear delight,
  Which gay delusion gave the tender mind.

Adieu soft raptures, transports void of care!
  Parent of raptures, dear deceit, adieu!
And you, her daughters, pining with despair,
  Why, why so soon her fleeting steps pursue!

Tedious again to curse the drizzling day!
  Again to trace the wintry tracks of snow!
Or, sooth'd by vernal airs, again survey,
  The self-same hawthorns bud, and cowslips blow!

O life! how soon of every bliss forlorn!
  We start false joys, and urge the devious race:
A tender prey; that cheers our youthful morn,
  Then sinks untimely, and defrauds the chase.

SHENSTONE.

FIRST OF DECEMBER.

THO' now no more the musing ear
Delights to listen to the breeze,
That lingers o'er the green wood shade
  I love thee, Winter, well.

Sweet are the harmonies of Spring,
Sweet is the Summer's evening gale,
Pleasant the Autumnal winds shall shake
  The many-colour'd grove.

And pleasant to the sober soul
The silence of the wintry scene,
When Nature shrouds her in her trance
In deep tranquillity.

Not undelightful now to roam
The wild heath sparkling on the sight;
Not undelightful now to pace
The forest's ample rounds;

And see the spangled branches shine,
And mark the moss of many a hue
That varies the old tree's brown bark,
Or o'er the gray stone spreads.

The cluster'd berries claim the eye
O'er the bright holly's gay green leaves:
The ivy round the leafless oak
Clasps its full foliage close.

So Virtue, diffident of strength,
Clings to Religion's firmer aid,
And by Religion's aid upheld
Endures calamity.

Nor void of beauties now the spring,
Whose waters hid from summer's sun,
Have sooth'd the thirsty pilgrim's ear
With more than melody.

The green moss shines with icy glare;
The long grass bends in spear-like form;
And lovely is the silvery scene
When faint the sun-beams smile.

Reflection too may love the hour
When Nature, hid in Winter's grave,
No more expands the bursting bud,
Or bids the flow'ret bloom.

For Nature soon in Spring's best charms,
Shall rise reviv'd from Winter's grave,
Again expand the bursting bud,
And bid the flow'ret bloom! SOUTHEY

FIRST OF JANUARY.

COME, melancholy Moralizer—come!
Gather with me the dark and wintry wreath;
With me engarland now
The Sepulchre of Time!

Come Moralizer to the funeral song;
I pour the dirge of the departed days;
  For well the funeral song
  Befits this solemn hour.

But hark! ev'n now the merry bells ring round
With clamorous joy to welcome in this day,
  This consecrated day,
  To Mirth and Indolence.

Mortal! whilst Fortune with benignant hand
Fills to the brim thy cup of happiness,
  Whilst her unclouded sun
  Illumes thy summer day,

Canst thou rejoice—rejoice that Time flies fast!
That Night shall shadow soon thy summer sun?
  That swift the stream of Years
  Rolls to Eternity?

If thou hast wealth to gratify each wish,
If pow'r be thine, remember what thou art—
  Remember thou art Man,
  And Death thine heritage!

Hast thou known Love—does Beauty's better sun
Cheer thy fond heart with no capricious smile,
  Her eye all eloquence,
  Her voice all harmony?

Oh state of happiness! hark how the gale
Moans deep and hollow o'er the leafless grove!
  Winter is dark and cold—
  Where now the charms of Spring!

Sayst thou that Fancy paints the future scene
In hues too sombrous? that the dark stol'd Maid
  With stern and frowning front
  Appals the shuddering soul?

And wouldst thou bid me court her fairy form
When as she sports her in some happier mood,
  Her many-colour'd robes
  Dance varying to the sun?

Ah vainly does the Pilgrim, whose long road
Leads o'er the barren mountain's storm-vex'd height,
  With anxious gaze survey
  The fruitful far-off vale.

Oh! there are those who love the pensive song,
To whom all sounds of Mirth are dissonant!
There are, who at this hour
Will love to contemplate!

For hopeless Sorrow hail the lapse of Time,
Rejoicing when the fading orb of day
Is sunk again in night,
That one day more is gone!

And he who bears affliction's heavy load
With patient piety, well pleas'd he knows
The World a pilgrimage,
The Grave the inn of rest!

SOUTHEY.

HEALTH: AN ECLOGUE.

NOW early shepherds o'er the meadow pass,
And print long footsteps in the glittering grass;
The cows neglectful of their pasture stand,
By turns obsequious to the milker's hand;
When Damon softly trod the shaven lawn,
Damon a youth from city cares withdrawn,
Long was the pleasing walk he wander'd through,
A cover'd arbour clos'd the distant view;
There rests the youth, and while the feather'd throng
Raise their wild music, thus contrives a song:
Here, wafted o'er by mild Etesian air,
Thou, country goddess, beauteous Health! repair;
Here let my breast thro' quivering trees inhale
Thy rosy blessings with the morning gale.
What are the fields, or flowers, or all I see?
Ah! tasteless all, if not enjoy'd with thee.

Joy to my soul! I feel the goddess nigh,
The face of Nature cheers as well as I;
O'er the flat green refreshing breezes run,
The smiling daisies blow beneath the sun;
The brooks run purling down with silver waves,
The planted lanes rejoice with dancing leaves,
The chirping birds from all the compass rove
To tempt the tuneful echoes of the grove:
High sunny summits, deeply-shaded dales,
Thick mossy banks, and flowery winding vales,
With various prospect gratify the sight,
And scatter fix'd attention in delight.

Come, country goddess, come; nor thou suffice,
But bring thy mountain-sister, Exercise.
Call'd by thy lovely voice, she turns her pace,
Her winding horn proclaims the finish'd chace;
She mounts the rocks, she skims the level plain,
Dogs, hawks, and horses, crowd her early train.
Her hardy face repels the tanning wind,
And lines and meshes loosely float behind.
All these as means of toil the feeble see,
But these are helps of pleasure join'd with thee.

Let Sloth lie softning till high noon in down,
Or lolling fan her in the sultry town,
Unnerv'd with rest; and turn her own disease,
Or foster others in luxuriant ease:
I mount the courser, call the deep-mouth'd hounds,
The fox unkennell'd flies to covert grounds;
I lead where stags thro' tangled thickets tread,
And shake the saplings with their branching head;
I make the falcons wing their airy way,
And soar to seize, or stooping, strike their prey;
To snare the fish, I fix the luring bait;
To wound the fowl, I load the gun with fate.
'Tis thus thro' change of exercise I range,
And strength and pleasure rise from every change.

Here, beauteous Health, for all the year remain,
When the next comes, I'll charm thee thus again:
Oh come, thou goddess of my rural song,
And bring thy daughter, calm Content, along,
Dame of the ruddy cheek and laughing eye,
From whose bright presence clouds of sorrow fly:
For her I mow my walks, I plat my bowers,
Clip my low hedges, and support my flowers;
To welcome her, this summer-seat I drest,
And here I court her when she comes to rest;
When she from exercise to learned ease
Shall change again, and teach the change to please.

Now friends conversing my soft hours refine,
And Tully's Tusculum revives in mine:
Now to grave books I bid the mind retreat,
And such as make me rather good than great,
Or o'er the works of easy Fancy rove,
Where flutes and innocence amuse the grove:

The native bard, that on Sicilian plains
First sung the lowly manners of the swains;
Or Maro's Muse, that in the fairest light
Paints rural prospects and the charms of sight;
These soft amusements bring Content along,
And Fancy, void of Sorrow, turns to song.
Here, beauteous Health, for all the year remain;
When the next comes, I'll charm thee thus again.

PARNELL.

DISPUTE BETWEEN NOSE AND EYES.

BETWEEN Nose and Eyes a strange contest arose,
The spectacles set them unhappily wrong:
The point in dispute was, as all the world knows,
To which the said spectacles ought to belong.

So Tongue was the lawyer, and argued the cause
With a great deal of wit, and a wig full of learning,
While chief baron Ear, sat to balance the laws,
So fam'd for his talent in nicely discerning.

In behalf of the Nose it will quickly appear,
And your lordship, he said, will undoubtedly find,
That the Nose has had spectacles always in wear,
Which amounts to possession time out of mind.

Then holding the spectacles up to the court—
Your lordship observes they are made with a straddle,
As wide as the ridge of the Nose is, in short,
Design'd to sit close to it, just like a saddle.

Again; would your lordship a moment suppose
('Tis a case that has happen'd, and may be again)
That the visage or countenance had not a nose,
Pray who would, or who could, wear spectacles then?

On the whole it appears, that my argument shows,
With a reasoning, the court will never condemn,
That the spectacles plainly were made for the nose,
And the nose was as plainly intended for them.

Then shifting his side (as the lawyer knows how,)
He pleaded again in behalf of the Eyes:
But what were his arguments few people know,
For the court did not think they were equally wise.

So his lordship decreed, with a grave solemn tone,
Decisive and clear, without one if or but,
That, whenever the Nose put his spectacles on,
By day-light, or candle-light, Eyes should be shut.

COWPER.

FOLLY OF PRIDE FOUNDED ON HIGH BIRTH.

WHEN genius grac'd with lineal splendour glows,
When title shines with ambient virtues crown'd,
Like some fair almond's flowery pomp it shows
The pride, the perfume, of the regions round.

Then learn, ye fair! to soften splendour's ray;
Endure the swain, the youth of low degree;
Let meekness join'd its temperate beam display;
'Tis the mild verdure that endears the tree.

Pity the sandal'd swain, the shepherd's boy;
He sighs to brighten a neglected name;
Foe to the dull applause of vulgar joy,
He mourns his lot; he wishes, merits, fame.

In vain to groves and pathless vales we fly;
Ambition there the bowery haunt invades;
Fame's awful rays fatigue the courtier's eye,
But gleam still lovely through the chequer'd shades.

Vainly, to guard from love's unequal chain,
Has fortune rear'd us in the rural grove;
Should ****'s illume the desert plain,
Ev'n I may wonder, and ev'n I must love.

Nor unregarded sighs the lowly hind;
Though you contemn, the gods respect his vow;
Vindictive rage awaits the scornful mind,
And vengeance, too severe! the gods allow.

On Sarum's plain I met a wandering fair;
The look of sorrow, lovely, still she bore;
Loose flow'd the soft redundance of her hair,
And, on her brow, a flowery wreath she wore.

Oft stooping as she stray'd, she cull'd the pride
Of every plain; she pillag'd every grove;
The fading chaplet daily she supply'd,
And still her hand some various garland wove.

Erroneous fancy shap'd her wild attire;
  From Bethlem's walls the poor lymphatic stray'd;
Seem'd with her air her accent to conspire,
  When, as wild fancy taught her, thus she said:

"Hear me, dear youth! oh hear a hapless maid,
  Sprung from the scepter'd line of ancient kings!
Scorn'd by the world, I ask thy tender aid;
  Thy gentle voice shall whisper kinder things.

The world is frantic—fly the race profane—
  Nor I, nor you, shall its compassion move;
Come friendly let us wander, and complain,
  And tell me, shepherd! hast thou seen my love?

My love is young—but other loves are young;
  And other loves are fair, and so is mine;
An air divine discloses whence he sprung;
  He is my love, who boasts that air divine.

No vulgar Damon robs me of my rest,
  Ianthe listens to no vulgar vow;
A prince, from gods descended, fires her breast;
  A brilliant crown distinguishes his brow.

What, shall I stain the glories of my race?
  More clear, more lovely bright, than Hesper's beam?
The porcelain pure with vulgar dirt debase?
  Or mix with puddle the pellucid stream?

See through these veins the sapphire current shine!
  'Twas Jove's own nectar gave the ethereal hue;
Can base plebeian forms contend with mine?
  Display the lovely white, or match the blue?

The painter strove to trace its azure ray;
  He chang'd his colours, and in vain he strove;
He frown'd—I smiling view'd the faint essay;
  Poor youth! he little knew it flow'd from Jove.

Pitying his toil, the wondrous truth I told;
  How amorous Jove trepann'd a mortal fair;
How through the race the generous current roll'd,
  And mock'd the poet's art, and painter's care.

Yes, from the gods, from earliest Saturn, sprung
  Our sacred race! through demi-gods convey'd;
And he, ally'd to Phœbus, ever young,
  My godlike boy, must wed their duteous maid.

Oft when a mortal vow profanes my ears,
  My sire's dread fury, murmurs through the sky;
And should I yield—his instant rage appears;
  He darts the uplifted vengeance, and I die.

Have you not heard unwonted thunders roll!
  Have you not seen more horrid lightnings glare!
'Twas then a vulgar love ensnar'd my soul:
  'Twas then—I hardly scap'd the fatal snare.

'Twas then a peasant pour'd his amorous vow,
  All as I listen'd to his vulgar strain;—
Yet such his beauty—would my birth allow,
  Dear were the youth, and blissful were the plain.

But oh! I faint! why wastes my vernal bloom,
  In fruitless searches ever doom'd to rove?
My nightly dreams the toilsome path resume,
  And I shall die—before I find my love.

When last I slept, methought my ravish'd eye,
  On distant heaths his radiant form survey'd;
Though night's thick clouds encompass'd all the sky,
  The gems that bound his brow, dispell'd the shade.

O how this bosom kindled at the sight!
  Led by their beams I urg'd the pleasing chase!
Till, on a sudden, these withheld their light—
  All, all things envy the sublime embrace.

But now no more—behind the distant grove,
  Wanders my destin'd youth, and chides my stay:
See, see, he grasps the steel—forbear, my love—
  Ianthe comes; thy princess hastes away."

Scornful she spoke, and heedless of reply,
  The lovely maniac bounded o'er the plain:
The piteous victim of an angry sky!
  Ah me! the victim of her proud disdain!

SHENSTONE.

CHELSEA AND GREENWICH HOSPITALS.

NOR yet to pleasing objects are confin'd
The silent feasts of the reflecting mind.
Danger and death a dread delight inspire;
And the bald veteran glows with wonted fire,

When, richly bronz'd by many a summer-sun,
He counts his scars, and tells what deeds were done:
Go, with old Thames, view Chelsea's glorious pile;
And ask the shatter'd hero, whence his smile?
Go, with the splendid domes of Greenwich;—go,
And own what raptures from Reflection flow.
Hail, noblest structures imag'd in the wave!
A nation's grateful tribute to the brave!
Hail, blest retreats from war and shipwreck, hail!
That oft arrest the wondering stranger's sail.
Long have ye heard the narratives of age,
The battle's havock, and the tempest's rage;
Long have ye known Reflection's genial ray
Gild the calm close of Valour's various day! ROGERS.

ODE TO CONTENT.

O THOU, the nymph with placid eye;
O seldom found, yet ever nigh,
Receive my temp'rate vow:
Not all the storms that shake the pole
Can e'er disturb thy halcyon soul,
And smooth, unalter'd brow.

O come in simplest vest array'd,
With all thy sober cheer display'd,
To bless my longing sight;
Thy mien compos'd, thy even pace,
Thy meek regard, thy matron grace,
And chaste subdu'd delight.

No more by varying passions beat,
O gently guide my pilgrim feet
To find thy hermit cell;
Where in some pure and equal sky,
Beneath thy soft indulgent eye,
The modest virtues dwell.

Simplicity, in attic vest,
And Innocence, with candid breast,
And clear undaunted eye;
And Hope, who points to distant years
Fair op'ning thro' this vale of tears,
A vista to the sky.

There Health, thro' whose kind bosom glide
The temperate joys in even tide,
That rarely ebb or flow;
And Patience there, thy sister meek,
Presents her mild unvarying cheek,
To meet th' offer'd blow.

Her influence taught the Phrygian sage
A tyrant master's wanton rage,
With settled smiles to meet:
Inur'd to toil and bitter bread,
He bow'd his meek submitted head,
And kiss'd thy sainted feet.

But thou, O nymph, retir'd and coy!
In what brown hamlet dost thou joy
To tell thy tender tale?
The lowliest children of the ground,
Moss-rose, and violet, blossom round,
And lily of the vale.

O say, what soft propitious hour
I best may choose to hail thy power,
And court thy gentle sway?
When Autumn, friendly to the Muse,
Shall thy own modest tints diffuse,
And shed thy milder ray?

When Eve, her dewy star beneath,
Thy balmy spirit loves to breathe,
And ev'ry storm is laid?
If such an hour was e'er thy choice,
Oft let me hear thy soothing voice,
Low whisp'ring thro' the shade.

BARBAULD.

MAY MORNING.

Now the bright Morning star, Day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flow'ry May, who from her green lap throws
They yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose.
Hail, bounteous May! that dost inspire
Mirth and youth, and warm desire;
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

MILTON.

THE SHORTNESS OF MAN'S LIFE.

MARK that swift arrow, how it cuts the air,
How it outruns thy following eye!
Use all persuasions now, and try
If thou canst call it back, or stay it there.
That way it went, but thou shalt find
No track is left behind.

Fool! 'tis thy life, and the fond archer thou,
Of all the time thou'st shot away,
I'll bid thee fetch but yesterday,
And it shall be too hard a task to do.
Besides repentance, what can'st find
That it hath left behind?

Our life is carry'd with too strong a tide,
A doubtful cloud our substance bears,
And is the horse of all our years;
Each day doth on a winged whirlwind ride.
We and our glass run out, and must
Both render up our dust

But his past life, who without grief can see,
Who never thinks his end too near,
But says to Fame, thou art mine heir;
That man extends Life's natural brevity.
This is, this is the only way
To out-live Nestor in a day.

COWLEY.

MORNING.

SEE the Star that leads the day,
Rising, shoots a golden ray,
To make the shades of darkness go
From heaven above and earth below;
And warns us early with the sight,
To leave the beds of silent night;
From a heart sincere and sound,
From its very deepest ground;
Send Devotion up on high,
Wing'd with heat to reach the sky.
See the time for sleep has run,
Rise before or with the sun;

Lift thy hands, and humbly pray
The fountain of eternal day;
That, as the light serenely fair,
Illustrates all the tracts of air,
The sacred Spirit so may rest,
With quickening beams upon thy breast;
And kindly clean it all within,
From darker blemishes of sin;
And shine with grace, until we view
The realm it gilds with glory too.
See the day that dawns in air,
Brings along its toil and care:
From the lap of Night it springs,
With heaps of business on its wings;
Prepare to meet them in a mind,
That bows submissively resign'd;
That would to works appointed fall,
That knows that God has order'd all.
And whether, with a small repast,
We break the sober morning fast;
Or in our thoughts and houses lay
The future methods of the day;
Or early walk abroad to meet
Our business, with industrious feet:
Whate'er we think, whate'er we do,
His glory still be kept in view.
O, giver of eternal bliss,
Heavenly Father, grant me this;
Grant it all, as well as me,
All whose hearts are fix'd on thee;
Who revere thy Son above,
Who thy sacred Spirit love. PARNELL.

ETERNAL PROVIDENCE.

LIGHT of the world, Immortal Mind;
Father of all the human kind!
Whose boundless eye that knows no rest,
Intent on Nature's ample breast,
Explores the space of earth and skies,
And sees eternal incense rise!
To thee my humble voice I raise;
Forgive, while I presume to praise

Tho' thou this transient being gave,
That shortly sinks into the grave;
Yet 'twas thy goodness, still to give
A being that can think and live;
In all thy works thy wisdom see,
And stretch its tow'ring mind to thee.
To thee my humble voice I raise;
Forgive, while I presume to praise.

And still this poor contracted span,
This life, that bears the name of man;
From thee derives its vital ray,
Eternal source of life and day!
Thy bounty still the sunshine pours,
That gilds its morn and ev'ning hours,
To thee my humble voice I raise;
Forgive, while I presume to praise.

Thro' Error's maze, thro' Folly's night,
The lamp of Reason lends me light;
Where stern affliction waves her rod,
My heart confides in thee, my God!
When Nature shrinks, oppress'd with woes,
E'en then she finds in thee repose.
To thee my humble voice I raise;
Forgive, while I presume to praise.

Affliction flies, and Hope returns;
Her lamp with brighter splendour burns;
Gay Love with all his smiling train,
And Peace and Joy are here again,
These, these, I know, 'twas thine to give;
I trusted; and, behold, I live!
To thee my humble voice I raise;
Forgive, while I presume to praise.

O may I still thy favour prove!
Still grant me gratitude and love.
Let truth and virtue guard my heart;
Nor peace, nor hope, nor joy depart:
But yet, whate'er my life may be,
My heart shall still repose on thee!
To thee my humble voice I raise!
Forgive, while I presume to praise. LANGHORNE.

JOHN GILPIN.

JOHN GILPIN was a citizen
Of credit and renown;
A train-band captain eke was he
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,
Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen.

To-morrow is our wedding-day,
And we will then repair
Unto the Bell at Edmonton,
All in a chaise and pair.

My sister and my sister's child,
Myself and children three,
Will fill the chaise, so you must ride
On horseback after we.

He soon replied, I do admire
Of womenkind but one;
And you are she, my dearest dear,
Therefore it shall be done.

I am a linen-draper bold,
As all the world doth know,
And my good friend, the calender,
Will lend his horse to go.

Quoth Mistress Gilpin, that's well said;
And, for that wine is dear,
We will be furnish'd with our own,
Which is both bright and clear.

John Gilpin kiss'd his loving wife;
O'erjoy'd was he to find
That, though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
But yet was not allow'd
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stay'd,
Where they did all get in;
Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,
Were never folks so glad;
The stones did rattle underneath
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side
Seiz'd fast the flowing mane;
And up he got in haste to ride,
But soon came down again.

For saddle-tree scarce reach'd had he,
His journey to begin,
When turning round his head, he saw
Three customers come in.

So down he came; for loss of time,
Although it griev'd him sore;
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers
Were suited to their mind;
When Betty, screaming, came down stairs,
"The wine is left behind!"

Good lack! quoth he—yet bring it me,
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword
When I do exercise.

Now Mistress Gilpin, careful soul!
Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she lov'd,
And kept it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew;
And hung a bottle on each side,
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be
Equipp'd from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brush'd and neat,
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which gall'd him in his seat.

So, fair and softly, John, he cried,
But John he cried in vain;
That trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must
Who cannot sit upright,
He grasp'd the mane with both his hands,
And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought,
Away went hat and wig;
He little dreamt, when he set out,
O' running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
Like streamer long and gay,
Till, loop and button failing both,
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
The bottles he had slung:
A bottle swinging at each side,
As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children scream'd,
Up flew the windows all;
And ev'ry soul cried out, Well done!
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he?
His fame soon spread around—
He carries weight! he rides a race!
'Tis for a thousand pound.

And still as fast as he drew near,
'Twas wonderful to view,
How in a trice the turnpike-men
Their gates wide open threw.

And now as he went bowing down
His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
Were shatter'd at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
Most piteous to be seen,
Which makes his horse's flanks to smoke
As they had basted been.

But still he seem'd to carry weight
With leathern girdle brac'd;
For all might see the bottle-necks
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington
These gambols he did play,
And till he came unto the Wash
Of Edmonton so gay.

And there he threw the wash about
On both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trundling mop,
Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton his loving wife
From balcony espied
Her tender husband, wond'ring much
To see how he did ride.

Stop, stop, John Gilpin! here's the house—
They all at once did cry;
The dinner waits, and we are tir'd:
Said Gilpin—so am I.

But yet his horse was not a whit
Inclin'd to tarry there;
For why? his owner had a house
Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,
Shot by an archer strong;
So did he fly—which brings me to
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin, out of breath,
  And sore against his will,
Till at his friend's, the calender's
  His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amaz'd to see,
  His neighbour in such trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
  And thus accosted him:

What news? what news? your tidings tell,
  Tell me ye must and shall—
Say why bare-headed you are come,
  Or why you come at all?

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
  And lov'd a timely joke;
And thus unto the calender
  In merry guise he spoke:

I came because your horse would come,
  And, if I well forbode,
My hat and wig will soon be here,
  They are upon the road.

The calender, right glad to find
  His friend in merry pin,
Return'd him not a single word,
  But to the house went in.

When straight he came with hat and wig,
  A wig that flow'd behind,
A hat not much the worse for wear,
  Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn
  Thus show'd his ready wit:
My head is twice as big as your's,
  They therefore needs must fit.

But let me scrape the dirt away
  That hangs upon your face;
And stop and eat, for well you may
  Be in a hungry case.

Said John, It is my wedding-day,
  And all the world would stare,
If wife should dine at Edmonton,
  And I should dine at Ware.

So turning to his horse, he said,
I am in haste to dine:
'Twas for your pleasure you came here,
You shall go back for mine.

Ah, luckless speech, and bootless boast!
For which he paid full dear;
For while he spake, a braying ass
Did sing most loud and clear;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
Had heard a lion roar;
And gallop'd off with all his might,
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went Gilpin's hat and wig;
He lost them sooner than at first,
For why? they were too big.

Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw
Her husband posting down
Into the country far away,
She pull'd out half-a-crown;

And thus unto the youth she said
That drove them to the Bell,
This shall be yours when you bring back
My husband safe and well.

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
John coming back amain,
Whom in a trice he tried to stop
By catching at his rein;

But not performing what he meant,
And gladly would have done;
The frighted steed he frighted more,
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went post-boy at his heels;
The post-boy's horse right glad to miss
The lumb'ring of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With post-boy scamp'ring in the rear,
They rais'd the hue and cry:

Stop thief! stop thief!—a highwayman!
Not one of them was mute;
And all and each that pass'd that way
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike gates again
Flew open in short space;
The toll-men thinking, as before,
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too,
For he got first to town;
Nor stopp'd till where he first got up
He did again get down.

Now let us sing, Long live the king,
And Gilpin, long live he;
And when he next doth ride abroad
May I be there to see!

COWPER.

DOVER CLIFFS.

ON these white cliffs, that, calm above the flood,
Uplift their shadowing heads, and, at their feet,
Scarce hear the surge that has for ages beat,
Sure many a lonely wand'rer has stood!
And, whilst the lifted murmur met his ear,
And o'er the distant billows the still Eve
Sail'd slow, has thought of all his heart must leave
To-morrow! of the friends he lov'd most dear!
Of social scenes, from which he wept to part:
But if, like me, he knew how fruitless all
The thoughts that would full fain the past recal,
Soon would he quell the risings of his heart,
And brave the wild winds and unhearing tide,
The World his country, and his God his guide!

BOWLES.

THE WORLD A STAGE.

ALL the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,

Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms:
And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail,
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover;
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eye-brow. Then, the soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances,
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on's nose, and pouch on's side;
His youthful hose, well sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk shanks; and his big manly voice,
Turning again towards childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE HAPPY MAN.

HE'S not the happy Man, to whom is giv'n
A plenteous fortune by indulgent Heaven;
Whose gilded roofs on shining columns rise,
And painted walls enchant the gazer's eyes:
Whose table flows with hospitable cheer,
And all the various bounty of the year;
Whose valleys smile, whose gardens breathe the spring,
Whose carved mountains bleat, and forests sing;
For whom the cooling shade in Summer twines,
While his full cellars give their generous wines;
From whose wide fields unbounded Autumn pours
A golden tide into his swelling stores:
Whose Winter laughs; for whom the liberal gales
Stretch the big sheet, and toiling Commerce sails;
When yielding crowds attend, and pleasure serves;
While youth, and health, and vigour, string his nerves.

Ev'n not all these, in one rich lot combin'd,
Can make the Happy Man, without the Mind;
Where Judgment sits clear-sighted, and surveys
The chain of Reason, with unerring gaze;
Where Fancy lives, and to the brightening eyes,
His fairer scenes, and bolder figures rise;
Where social Love exerts her soft command,
And plays the passions with a tender hand;
Whence every virtue flows, in rival strife,
And all the moral harmony of life. THOMSON.

CATO'S SOLILOQUY.

It must be so—Plato, thou reason'st well—
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this sacred dread and inward horror,
Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis Heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.
Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought!
Through what variety of untried being,
Thro' what new scenes and changes must we pass!
The wide, th' unbounded prospect, lies before me;
But shadows, clouds, and darkness, rest upon it.
Here will I hold. If there's a power above us,
(And that there is all nature cries aloud,
Through all her works,) he must delight in virtue;
And that which he delights in must be happy.
But when, or where?—this world was made for Cæsar.
I'm weary of conjectures—this must end 'em.
[*Laying his hand on his sword.*
Thus am I doubly arm'd; my death and life,
My bane and antidote, are both before me.
This in a moment brings me to an end;
But this informs me I shall never die.
The soul, secur'd in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years,
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,

Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.
What means this heaviness that hangs upon me?
This lethargy that creeps through all my senses?
Nature oppress'd, and harass'd out with care,
Sinks down to rest. This once I'll favour her,
That my awaken'd soul may take her flight,
Renew'd in all her strength, and fresh with life,
An off'ring fit for Heaven. Let guilt or fear
Disturb man's rest; Cato knows neither of 'em,
Indiff'rent in his choice, to sleep or die. ADDISON.

DOMESTIC PEACE.

TELL me, on what holy ground,
May Domestic Peace be found?
Halcyon Daughter of the skies,
Far on fearful wings she flies,
From the pomp of scepter'd State,
From the Rebel's noisy hate;
In a cottag'd vale she dwells
List'ning to the Sabbath bells!
Still around her steps are seen
Spotless Honour's meeker mien,
Love, the sire of pleasing fears,
Sorrow smiling through her tears,
And conscious of the past employ
Memory, bosom-spring of joy! COLERIDGE.

ON SLEEP.

——O GENTLE Sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness!
Why rather, Sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber;
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?
O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile,
In loathsome beds; and leav'st the kingly couch,

A watch-case to a common larum-bell?
Wilt thou, upon the high and giddy mast,
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge;
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With deaf'ning clamours in the slipp'ry shrouds,
That, with the hurly, death itself awakes?
Canst thou, O partial Sleep! give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude:
And, in the calmest and the stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king? SHAKESPEARE.

ORATION OF MARK ANTONY OVER THE BODY OF CÆSAR.

FRIENDS, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ears
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is often interred with their bones·
So let it be with Cæsar! The noble Brutus
Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous fault;
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
Here, under the leave of Brutus, and the rest,
(For Brutus is an honourable man;
So are they all, all honourable men)
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful, and just to me:
But Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept;
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see, that, on the Lupercal,
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;

And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause;
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it comes back to me.

* * * * * * *

But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world: now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters! if I were dispos'd to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men:
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.
But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar;
I found it in his closet, 'tis his will;
Let but the commons hear this testament
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,)
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him, for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue.

SHAKESPEARE.

INVITATION TO A FRIEND AT COURT.

IF you can leave for books the crowded Court,
And gen'rous Bourdeaux for a glass of Port,
To these sweet solitudes, without delay,
Break from the world's impertinence away.

Soon as the sun the face of Nature gilds,
For health and pleasure will we range the fields;
O'er her gay scenes and opening beauties run,
While all the vast creation is our own.
But when his golden globe with faded light
Yields to the solemn empire of the night;

And in her sober majesty the moon
With milder glories mounts her silver throne;
Amidst ten thousand orbs with splendour crown'd,
That pour their tributary beams around,
Thro' the long levell'd tube our strengthen'd sight
Shall mark distinct the spangles of the night:
From world to world shall dart the boundless eye,
And stretch from star to star, from sky to sky

The buzzing insect families appear,
When suns unbind the rigour of the year;
Quick glance the myriads round the evening bower,
Hosts of a day, or nations of an hour.
Astonish'd we shall see th' unfolding race,
Stretch'd out in bulk, within the polish'd glass;
Thro' whose small convex a new world we spy,
Ne'er seen before, but by a Seraph's eye!
So long in darkness shut from human kind
Lay half God's wonders to a point confin'd!
But in one peopled drop we now survey
In pride of power some little monster play;
O'er tribes invisible he reigns alone,
And struts a tyrant of a world his own.

Now will we study Homer's awful page,
Now warm our souls with Pindar's noble rage:
To English lays shall Flaccus' lyre be strung,
And lofty Virgil speak the British tongue.
Immortal Virgil! at thy sacred name
I tremble now, and now I pant for fame;
With eager hopes this moment I aspire
To catch or emulate thy glorious fire;
The next, pursue the rash attempt no more,
But drop the quill, bow, wonder, and adore;
By thy strong genius overcome and aw'd!
That fir'd from Heaven! that spirit of a god!
Pleas'd and transported with thy name I tend
Beyond my theme, forgetful of my friend;
And from my first design by rapture led,
Neglect the living poet for the dead. PITT.

ON A COUNTRY LIFE.

OH! knew he but his happiness, of men
The happiest he, who, far from public rage,

Deep in the vale, with a choice few retir'd
Drinks the pure pleasures of the rural life.
What tho' the dome be wanting, whose proud gate
Each morning vomits out the sneaking crowd
Of flatt'rers false, and in their turn abus'd?
Vile intercourse! What tho' the glitt'ring robe,
Of ev'ry hue reflected light can give,
Or floating loose, or stiff with mazy gold,
The pride and gaze of fools! oppress him not?
What tho', from utmost land and sea purvey'd,
For him each rarer tributary life
Bleeds not, and his insatiate table heaps
With luxury and death? What tho' his bowl
Flames not with costly juice; nor sunk in beds,
Oft of gay care, he tosses out the night,
Or melts the thoughtless hours in idle state?
What tho' he knows not those fantastic joys
That still amuse the wanton, still deceive,
A face of pleasure, but a heart of pain;
Their hollow moments undelighted all?
Sure peace is his; a solid life, estrang'd
From disappointment and fallacious hope
Rich in content, in Nature's bounty rich,
In herbs and fruits. Whatever greens the spring,
When heav'n descends in show'rs; or bends the bough,
When summer reddens, and when autumn beams;
Or in the wintry glebe whatever lies
Conceal'd, and fattens with the richest sap,
These are not wanting; nor the milky drove,
Luxuriant, spread o'er all the lowing vale;
Nor bleating mountains; nor the chide of streams,
And hum of bees, inviting sleep sincere
Into the guiltless breast, beneath the shade,
Or thrown at large amid the fragrant hay;
Nor aught besides of prospect, grove, or song,
Dim grottos, gleaming lakes, and fountains clear.
Here, too, dwell simple truth, plain innocence,
Unsully'd beauty, sound unbroken youth,
Patient of labour, with a little pleas'd,
Health ever blooming, unambitious toil,
Calm contemplation, and poetic ease.
  Let others brave the flood in quest of gain,
And beat for joyless months the gloomy wave.
Let such as deem it glory to destroy,

Rush into blood, the sack of cities seek,
Unpierc'd, exulting in the widow's wail,
The virgin's shriek, and infant's trembling cry.
Let some, far distant from their native soil,
Urg'd or by want or harden'd avarice,
Find other lands beneath another sun.
Let this thro' cities work his eager way,
By legal outrage and establish'd guile,
The social sense extinct; and that ferment
Mad into tumult the seditious herd,
Or melt them down to slavery! let these
Ensnare the wretched in the toils of law,
Fomenting discord and perplexing right,
An iron race; and those of fairer front,
But equal inhumanity, in courts,
Delusive pomp, and dark cabals, delight,
Wreathe the deep bow, diffuse the lying smile,
And tread the weary labyrinth of state;
While he, from all the stormy passions free
That restless men involve, hears, and but hears,
At distance safe, the human tempest roar,
Wrapp'd close in conscious peace. The fall of kings,
The rage of nations, and the crush of states,
Move not the man who, from the world escap'd,
In still retreats, and flow'ry solitudes,
To Nature's voice attends, from month to month,
And day to day, thro' the revolving year;
Admiring, sees her in her ev'ry shape,
Feels all her sweet emotions at his heart,
Takes what she lib'ral gives, nor thinks of more.
He, when young Spring protrudes the bursting gems,
Marks the first bud, and sucks the healthful gale
Into his freshen'd soul; her genial hours
He full enjoys; and not a beauty blows,
And not an op'ning blossom breathes, in vain.
The touch of kindred, too, and love he feels;
The modest eye, whose beams on his alone
Ecstatic shine; the little strong embrace
Of prattling children, twin'd around his neck,
And emulous to please him, calling forth
The fond parental soul. Nor purpose gay;
Amusement, dance, or song, he sternly scorns:
For happiness and true philosophy
Are of the social, still, and smiling kind.

This is the life which those who fret in guilt,
And guilty cities, never knew; the life
Led by primeval ages, uncorrupt,
When angels dwelt, and God himself, with man!

THOMSON.

ON DREAMS.

O THEN, I see queen Mab hath been with you.
She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies,
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep:
Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs;
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;
The traces of the smallest spider's web;
The collar's, of the moonshine's wat'ry beams;
Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film;
Her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm,
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid:
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers,
And in this state she gallops night by night,
Thro' lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;
On courtier's knees, that dream on curtseys straight;
O'er lawyer's fingers, who straight dream on fees;
O'er ladies lips, who straight on kisses dream,
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are.
Sometimes she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit:
And sometimes comes she with a tythe-pig's tail,
Tickling a parson's nose as a' lies asleep,
Then dreams he of another benefice!
Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then he dreams of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon
Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes;
And, being thus frighted, swears a prayer or two,
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab

That plats the manes of horses in the night;
And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,
Which once untangled, much misfortune bodes.

SHAKESPEARE.

A SONG FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

FROM harmony, from heavenly harmony
This universal frame began:
When Nature underneath a heap
Of jarring atoms lay,
And could not heave her head,
The tuneful voice was heard from high,
Arise, ye more than dead.
Then cold, and hot, and moist, and dry,
In order to their stations leap,
And Music's power obey.
From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
This universal frame began:
From harmony to harmony
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in Man.

What passion cannot Music raise and quell?
When Jubal struck the chorded shell,
His listening brethren stood around,
And wond'ring, on their faces fell
To worship that celestial sound:
Less than a God they thought there could not dwell
Within the hollow of that shell,
That spoke so sweetly and so well.
What passion cannot Music raise and quell?

The trumpet's loud clangour
Excites us to arms,
With shrill notes of anger
And mortal alarms,
The double, double, double beat
Of the thundering drum
Cries, hark! the foes come;
Charge, charge, 'tis too late to retreat.

The soft complaining flute
In dying notes discovers
The woes of hopless lovers,
Whose dirge is whisper'd by the warbling lute.

Sharp violins proclaim
Their jealous pangs, and desperation,
Fury, frantic indignation,
Depth of pains, and height of passion,
For the fair, disdainful dame.

But oh! what art can teach,
What human voice can reach,
The sacred organ's praise?
Notes inspiring holy love,
Notes that wing their heavenly ways
To mend the choirs above.

Orpheus could lead the savage race;
And trees uprooted left their place,
Sequacious of the lyre:
But bright Cecilia rais'd the wonder higher
When to her organ vocal breath was giv'n,
An angel heard, and straight appear'd
Mistaking earth for heaven.

GRAND CHORUS.

As from the power of sacred lays
The spheres began to move,
And sung the great Creator's praise
To all the blest above;
So when the last and dreadful hour
This crumbling pageant shall devour,
The trumpet shall be heard on high,
The dead shall live, the living die,
And Music shall untune the sky.

DRYDEN.

AN ODE FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

I.

PREPARE the hallow'd strain, my muse,
Thy softest sounds and sweetest numbers choose;
Thy bright Cecilia's praise rehearse,
In warbling words, and gliding verse,
That smoothly run into a song,
And gently die away, and melt upon the tongue.

II.

First let the sprightly violin
The joyful melody begin,
  And none of all her strings be mute;
While the sharp sound and shriller lay
In sweet harmonious notes decay,
  Soften'd and mellow'd by the flute.
  * "The flute that sweetly can complain,
    "Dissolve the frozen nymph's disdain;
    "Panting sympathy impart,
    "Till she partake her lover's smart."

CHORUS.

III.

Next let the solemn organ join
Religious airs, and strains divine,
Such as may lift us to the skies;
And set all heaven before our eyes:
    "Such as may lift us to the skies;
    "So far at least till they
    "Descend with kind surprise,
"And meet our pious harmony half-way."

IV.

Let then the trumpet's piercing sound
Our ravish'd ears with pleasure wound:
  The soul o'erpowering with delight;
As with a quick uncommon ray,
A streak of lightning clears the day,
  And flashes on the sight,
Let Echo too perform her part,
Prolonging every note with art,
  And in a low expiring strain
  Play all the concert o'er again.

V.

Such were the tuneful notes that hung
On bright Cecilia's charming tongue:
Notes that sacred heats inspir'd,
And with religious ardour fir'd:
The love-sick youth, that long suppress'd
His smother'd passion in his breast,

* The four last lines of the second and third stanzas were added by Mr. Tate.

No sooner heard the warbling dame,
 But by the secret influence turn'd,
He felt a new diviner flame,
 And with devotion burn'd.
With ravish'd soul, and looks amaz'd,
Upon her beauteous face he gaz'd;
 Nor made his amorous complaint:
In vain her eyes his heart had charm'd,
Her heavenly voice her eyes disarm'd,
 And chang'd the lover to a saint.

GRAND CHORUS.

VI.

And now the choir complete rejoices,
With trembling strings, and melting voices,
  The tuneful ferment rises high,
  And works with mingled melody:
Quick divisions run their rounds,
A thousand trills, and quivering sounds,
 In airy circles o'er us fly;
Till, wafted by a gentle breeze,
They faint and languish by degrees,
 And at a distance die.

ADDISON.

ODE ON ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

DESCEND, ye Nine! descend and sing;
 The breathing instruments inspire,
Wake into voice each silent string,
 And sweep the sounding lyre!
  In a sadly-pleasing strain
  Let the warbling lute complain:
   Let the loud trumpet sound,
   Till the roofs all around
   The shrill echoes rebound;
While in more lengthened notes and slow
The deep, majestic, solemn organs blow.
  Hark! the numbers soft and clear
  Gently steal upon the ear;
  Now louder, and yet louder rise,
  And fill with spreading sounds the skies;
Exulting in triumph now swell the bold notes,
In broken air trembling, the wild music floats;

Till, by degrees, remote and small,
The strains decay,
And melt away,
In a dying, dying fall.

By Music, minds an equal temper know,
Nor swell too high, nor sink too low;
If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,
Music her soft, assuasive voice applies:
Or, when the soul is press'd with cares,
Exalts her in enlivening airs.
Warriors she fires with animated sounds:
Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds:
Melancholy lifts her head,
Morpheus rouses from his bed,
Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,
List'ning Envy drops her snakes;
Intestine War no more our Passions wage,
And giddy Factions bear away their rage.

But when our country's cause provokes to arms,
How martial music every bosom warms!
So when the first bold vessel dar'd the seas,
High on the stern the Thracian rais'd his strain,
While Argo saw her kindred trees
Descend from Pelion to the main;
Transported demi-gods stood round,
And men grew heroes at the sound,
Enflam'd with glory's charms:
Each chief his seven-fold shield display'd,
And half-unsheath'd the shining blade:
And seas, and rocks, and skies resound,
To arms! to arms! to arms!

But when thro' all th' infernal bounds,
Which flaming Phlegethon surrounds,
Love, strong as Death, the Poet led
To the pale nations of the dead
What sounds were heard,
What scenes appear'd,
O'er all the dreary coasts!
Dreadful gleams,
Dismal screams,
Fires that glow,
Shrieks of woe,
Sullen moans,
Hollow groans,
And cries of tortur'd ghosts.

But hark! he strikes the golden lyre;
And see! the tortur'd ghost respire,
See, shady forms advance!
Thy stone, O Sisyphus, stands still,
Ixion rests upon his wheel,
And the pale spectres dance!
The Furies sink upon their iron beds.
And snakes uncurl'd, hang list'ning round their heads.
By the streams that ever flow,
By the fragrant winds that blow
O'er the Elysian flow'rs;
By those happy souls who dwell
In yellow meads of Asphodel,
Or amaranthine bowers;
By the heroes' armed shades,
Glittering through the gloomy glades;
By the youths that dy'd for love,
Wand'ring in the myrtle grove,
Restore, restore Eurydice to life:
Oh take the husband or return the wife!
He sung, and hell consented
To hear the Poet's pray'r:
Stern Proserpine relented,
And gave him back the fair.
Thus song could prevail
O'er death and o'er hell,
A conquest how hard, and how glorious!
Tho' Fate had fast bound her,
With Styx nine times round her,
Yet Music and Love were victorious.

But soon, too soon, the lover turns his eyes:
Again she falls, again she dies, she dies!
How wilt thou now the fatal sisters move?
No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love.
Now under hanging mountains,
Besides the fall of fountains,
Or where Hebrus wanders,
Rolling in meanders,
All alone,
Unheard, unknown,
He makes his moan;
And calls her ghost,
For ever, ever, ever lost!

Now with Furies surrounded,
Despairing, confounded,
He trembles, he glows,
Amidst Rhodope's snows.
See, wild as the winds, o'er the desert he flies;
Hark! Hæmus resounds with the Bacchanals' cries—
Ah see, he dies!

Yet even in death Eurydice he sung,
Eurydice still trembled on his tongue,
Eurydice the woods,
Eurydice the floods,
Eurydice the rocks and hollow mountains rung.

Music the fiercest grief can charm,
And Fate's severest rage disarm:
Music can soften pain to ease,
And make despair and madness please;
Our joys below it can improve,
And antedate the bliss above.
This the divine Cecilia found,
And to her Maker's praise confin'd the sound.
When the full organ joins the tuneful quire,
The immortal powers incline their ear:
Borne on the swelling notes our souls aspire,
While solemn airs improve the sacred fire;
And angels lean from heav'n to hear.
Of Orpheus now no more let Poets tell,
To bright Cecilia greater power is given;
His numbers rais'd a shade from hell,
Her's lift the soul to heav'n.

POPE.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST.

'TWAS at the royal feast, for Persia won,
By Philip's warlike son:
Aloft in awful state
The godlike hero sate
On his imperial throne:
His valiant peers were plac'd around;
Their brows with roses and with myrtle bound:
So should desert in arms be crown'd.
The lovely Thaïs by his side
Sat, like a blooming Eastern bride,
In flow'r of youth and beauty's pride.

Happy, happy, happy pair;
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair.

Timotheus, plac'd on high
Amid the tuneful quire,
With flying fingers touch'd the lyre:
The trembling notes ascend the sky,
And heav'nly joys inspire.
The song began from Jove,
Who left his blissful seats above,
Such is the pow'r of mighty Love!
A dragon's fiery form bely'd the god:
Sublime on radiant spheres he rode,
When he to fair Olympia press'd,
And while he sought her snowy breast,
Then round her slender waist he curl'd,
And stamp'd an image of himself, a sov'reign of the world.
The list'ning crowd admire the lofty sound;
A present deity they shout around,
A present deity, the vaulted roofs rebound:
With ravish'd ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung,
Of Bacchus ever fair, and ever young:
The jolly god in triumph comes;
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums;
Flush'd with a purple grace
He shows his honest face.
Now give the hautboys breath; he comes! he comes!
Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain:
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure:
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure;
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Sooth'd with the sound, the king grew vain:
Fought all his battles o'er again:
And thrice he rooted all his foes; and thrice he slew the [slain.

The master saw the madness rise;
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
And, while he heav'n and earth defy'd,
Chang'd his hand, and check'd his pride.
He chose a mournful muse,
Soft pity to infuse:
He sung Darius great and good,
By too severe a fate,
Fall'n, fall'n, fall'n, fall'n,
Fall'n from his high estate,
And welt'ring in his blood;
Deserted at his utmost need
By those his former bounty fed,
On the bare earth expos'd he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.
With downcast look the joyless victor sate,
Revolving in his alter'd soul
The various turns of fate below;
And now and then a sigh he stole,
And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smil'd to see
That love was in the next degree:
'Twas but a kindred sound to move;
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly sweet in Lydian measures,
Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures,
War, he sung, is toil and trouble;
Honour but an empty bubble;
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying;
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, O think it worth enjoying!
Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee.——
The many rend the skies with loud applause;
So love was crown'd, but music won the cause.
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gaz'd on the fair
Who caus'd his care,
And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again.
At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,
The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

Now strike the golden lyre again;
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.
Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark, hark! the horrid sound
Has rais'd up his head
As awak'd from the dead,
And amaz'd he stares around.
Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,
See the Furies arise,
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in the air,
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!
Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand;
These are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
And unbury'd remain
Inglorious on the plain;
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew:
Behold how they toss their torches on high!
How they point to the Persian abodes,
And glitt'ring temples of their hostile gods!—
The Princes applaud, with a furious joy;
And the King seiz'd a flambeau, with a zeal to destroy;
Thaïs led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

Thus long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow
While organs yet were mute;
Timotheus to his breathing flute
And sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize.
Or both divide the crown:
He rais'd a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down.

DRYDEN.

CHARITY.

OH, Charity! our helpless nature's pride,
Thou friend to him who knows no friend beside,
Is there in morning's breath, or the sweet gale
That steals o'er the tir'd pilgrim of the vale,
Cheering with fragrance fresh his weary frame,
Aught like the incense of thy holy flame?
Is aught in all the beauties that adorn
The azure heav'n, or purple lights of morn?
Is aught so fair in ev'ning's ling'ring gleam,
As from thine eye the meek and pensive beam
That falls like saddest moonlight on the hill,
And distant grove, when the wide world is still?
Thine are the ample views, that unconfin'd
Stretch to the utmost walks of human kind;
Thine is the spirit that with widest plan
Brother to Brother binds, and Man to Man!

BOWLES.

LONDON.

THOUGH grief and fondness in my breast rebel
When injured Thales bids the town farewell,
Yet still my calmer thoughts his choice commend,
I praise the hermit, but regret the friend,
Resolv'd at length, from vice and London far,
To breathe in distant fields a purer air;
And, fix'd on Cambria's solitary shore,
Give to St. David one true Briton more.
For who would leave, unbrib'd, Hibernia's land,
Or change the rocks of Scotland for the Strand?
There none are swept by sudden fate away,
But all whom hunger spares, with age decay:
Here malice, rapine, accident, conspire,
And now a rabble rages, now a fire;
Their ambush here relentless ruffians lay,
And here the fell attorney prowls for prey;
Here falling houses thunder on your head,
And here a female atheist talks you dead.
While Thales waits the wherry that contains
Of dissipated wealth the small remains,
On Thames's banks in silent thought we stood,
Where Greenwich smiles upon the silver flood;

Struck with the seat that gave Eliza birth,
We kneel, and kiss the consecrated earth;
In pleasing dreams the blissful age renew,
And call Britannia's glories back to view;
Behold her cross triumphant on the main,
The guard of commerce, and the dread of Spain,
Ere masquerades debauch'd, excise oppress'd,
Or English honour grew a standing jest.
A transient calm the happy scenes bestow,
And for a moment lull the sense of woe.
At length awaking, with contemptuous frown,
Indignant Thales eyes the neighb'ring town.
Since worth, he cries, in these degen'rate days
Wants e'en the cheap reward of empty praise;
In those curs'd walls, devote to vice and gain,
Since unrewarded science toils in vain;
Since hope but soothes to double my distress,
And ev'ry moment leaves my little less;
While yet my steady steps no staff sustains,
And life still vig'rous revels in my veins;
Grant me, kind Heaven, to find some happier place,
Where honesty and sense are no disgrace;
Some pleasing bank where verdant osiers play,
Some peaceful vale with nature's paintings gay;
Where once the harass'd Briton found repose,
And safe in poverty defy'd his foes;
Some secret cell, ye powers, indulgent give,
Let —— live here, for —— has learn'd to live.
Here let those reign, whom pensions can incite
To vote a patriot black, a courtier white:
Explain their country's dear-bought rights away,
And plead for pirates in the face of day;
With slavish tenets taint our poison'd youth,
And lend a lie the confidence of truth.
Let such raise palaces, and manors buy,
Collect a tax, or farm a lottery;
With warbling eunuchs fill our silenc'd stage,
And lull to servitude a thoughtless age.
Heroes, proceed! what bounds your pride shall hold?
What check restrain your thirst of power and gold?
Behold rebellious virtue quite o'erthrown,
Behold our fame, our wealth, our lives, your own.
To such, the plunder of the land is given,
When public crimes inflame the wrath of heav'n:

But what, my friend, what hope remains for me,
Who start at theft, and blush at perjury?
Who scarce forbear, though Britain's court he sing,
To pluck a titled poet's borrow'd wing;
A statesman's logic unconvinc'd can hear,
And dare to slumber o'er the Gazetteer;
Despise a fool in half his pension dress'd,
And strive in vain to laugh at Clodio's jest.
  Others with softer smiles, and subtler art,
Can sap the principles, or taint the heart;
With more address a lover's note convey,
Or bribe a virgin's innocence away.
Well may they rise, while I, whose rustic tongue
Ne'er knew to puzzle right, or varnish wrong,
Spurn'd as a beggar, dreaded as a spy,
Live unregarded, unlamented die.
  For what but social guilt the friend endears?
Who shares Orgilio's crimes, his fortune shares.
  But thou, should tempting villany present
All Marlb'rough hoarded, or all Villiers spent,
Turn from the glitt'ring bribe thy scornful eye,
Nor sell for gold what gold could never buy,
The peaceful slumber, self-approving day,
Unsullied fame, and conscience ever gay.
  The cheated nation's happy fav'rites, see!
Mark whom the great caress, who frown on me!
London! the needy villain's gen'ral home,
The common-sewer of Paris, and of Rome;
With eager thirst, by folly or by fate,
Sucks in the dregs of each corrupted state.
Forgive my transports on a theme like this,
I cannot bear a French metropolis.
Illustrious Edward! from the realms of day,
The land of heroes and of saints survey;
Nor hope the British lineaments to trace,
The rustic grandeur, or the surly grace,
But lost in thoughtless ease, and empty show,
Behold the warrior dwindled to a beau;
Sense, freedom, piety, refin'd away,
Of France the mimic, and of Spain the prey.
  All that at home no more can beg or steal,
Or like a gibbet better than a wheel;
Hiss'd from the stage, or hooted from the court,
Their air, their dress, their politics, import;

Obsequious, artful, voluble, and gay,
On Britain's fond credulity they prey.
No gainful trade their industry can 'scape,
They sing, they dance, clean shoes, or cure a clap:
All sciences a fasting Monsieur knows,
And bid him go to hell—to hell he goes.
  Ah! what avails it, that, from slav'ry far,
I drew the breath of life in English air;
Was early taught a Briton's right to prize,
And lisp the tale of Henry's victories;
If the gull'd conqueror receives the chain,
And flattery prevails when arms are vain?
  Studious to please, and ready to submit,
The supple Gaul was born a parasite:
Still to his interest true where'er he goes,
Wit, brav'ry, worth, his lavish tongue bestows;
In ev'ry face a thousand graces shine,
From ev'ry tongue flows harmony divine.
These arts in vain our rugged natives try,
Strain out with falt'ring diffidence a lie,
And get a kick for awkward flattery.
  Besides, with justice, this discerning age
Admires their wondrous talents for the stage:
Well may they venture on the mimic's art,
Who play from morn to night a borrow'd part;
Practis'd their master's notions to embrace,
Repeat his maxims, and reflect his face;
With ev'ry wild absurdity comply,
And view its object with another's eye;
To shake with laughter ere the jest they hear,
To pour at will the counterfeited tear;
And as their patron hints the cold or heat,
To shake in Dog-days, in December sweat.
  How, when competitors like these contend,
Can surly Virtue hope to fix a friend?
Slaves that with serious impudence beguile,
And lie without a blush, without a smile;
Exalt each trifle, ev'ry vice adore,
Your taste in snuff, your judgment in a whore,
Can Balboa's eloquence applaud, and swear
He gropes his breeches with a monarch's air.
  For arts like these preferr'd, admir'd, caress'd,
They first invade your table, then your breast;

Explore your secrets with insidious art,
Watch the weak hour, and ransack all the heart;
Then soon your ill-plac'd confidence repay,
Commence your lords, and govern or betray.
  By numbers here from shame or censure free,
All crimes are safe but hated poverty.
This, only this, the rigid law pursues,
This, only this, provokes the snarling muse.
The sober trader at a tatter'd cloak,
Wakes from his dream, and labours for a joke;
With brisker air the silken courtiers gaze,
And turn the varied taunt a thousand ways.
Of all the griefs that harass the distress'd;
Sure the most bitter is a scornful jest;
Fate never wounds more deep the gen'rous heart,
Than when a blockhead's insult points the dart.
  Has Heaven reserv'd, in pity to the poor,
No pathless waste, or undiscover'd shore?
No secret island in the boundless main?
No peaceful desert yet unclaim'd by Spain?
Quick let us rise, the happy seats explore,
And bear Oppression's insolence no more.
This mournful truth is ev'ry where confess'd,
Slow rises worth, by poverty depress'd:
But here more slow, where all are slaves to gold,
Where looks are merchandise, and smiles are sold;
Where won by bribes, by flatteries implor'd,
The groom retails the favours of his lord.
  But hark! th' affrighted crowd's tumultuous cries
Roll through the streets, and thunder to the skies:
Rais'd from some pleasing dream of wealth and pow'r,
Some pompous palace, or some blissful bow'r,
Aghast you start, and scarce with aching sight,
Sustain th' approaching fire's tremendous light;
Swift from pursuing horrors take your way,
And leave your little *all* to flames a prey;
Then through the world a wretched vagrant roam,
For where can starving merit find a home?
In vain your mournful narrative disclose,
While all neglect, and most insult your woes.
Should Heaven's just bolts Orgilio's wealth confound,
And spread his flaming palace on the ground,
Swift o'er the land the dismal rumour flies,
And public mournings pacify the skies:

The laureate tribe in venal verse relate,
How virtue wars with persecuting fate;
With well-feign'd gratitude the pension'd band
Refund the plunder of the beggar'd land,
See! while he builds, the gaudy vassals come,
And crowd with sudden wealth the rising dome;
The price of boroughs and of souls restore;
And raise his treasures higher than before.
Now bless'd with all the baubles of the great,
The polish'd marble and the shining plate,
Orgilio sees the golden pile aspire,
And hopes from angry Heav'n another fire.
Could'st thou resign the park and play content,
For the fair banks of Severn or of Trent;
There might'st thou find some elegant retreat,
Some hireling senator's deserted seat;
And stretch thy prospects o'er the smiling land,
For less than rent the dungeons of the Strand;
There prune thy walks, support thy drooping flow'rs,
Direct thy rivulets, and twine thy bow'rs;
And, while thy grounds a cheap repast afford,
Despise the dainties of a venal lord:
There every bush with Nature's music rings,
There ev'ry breeze bears health upon its wings;
On all thy hours security shall smile,
And bless thine evening walk, and morning toil.
Prepare for death, if here at night you roam,
And sign your will before you sup from home.
Some fiery fop, with new commission vain,
Who sleeps on brambles till he kills his man;
Some frolic drunkard, reeling from a feast,
Provokes a broil, and stabs you for a jest.
Yet ev'n these heroes, mischievously gay,
Lords of the street, and terrors of the way;
Flush'd as they are with folly, youth, and wine,
Their prudent insults to the poor confine;
Afar they mark the flambeau's bright approach,
And shun the shining train, and golden coach.
In vain these dangers past, your doors you close,
And hope the balmy blessings of repose:
Cruel with guilt, and daring with despair,
The midnight murd'rer bursts the faithless bar;
Invades the sacred hour of silent rest,
And leaves, unseen, a dagger in your breast.

Scarce can our fields, such crowds at Tyburn die,
With hemp the gallows, and the fleet supply.
Propose your schemes, ye senatorian band,
Whose ways and means support the sinking land;
Lest ropes be wanting in the tempting spring,
To rig another convoy for the king.
A single gaol, in Alfred's golden reign,
Could half the nation's criminals contain;
Fair justice then, without constraint ador'd,
Held high the steady scale, but sheath'd the sword;
No spies were paid, no special juries known,
Blest age! but ah! how diff'rent from our own!
Much could I add—but see the boat at hand,
The tide, retiring, calls me from the land:
Farewell!—When youth, and health, and fortune spent,
Thou fly'st for refuge to the wilds of Kent;
And tir'd, like me, with follies and with crimes,
In angry numbers warn'st succeeding times,
Then shall thy friend, nor thou refuse his aid,
Still foe to vice, forsake his Cambrian shade;
In Virtue's cause once more exert his rage,
Thy satire point, and animate thy page. JOHNSON.

LIFE.

LIFE—the dear precarious boon!
Soon we lose—alas—how soon!
Fleeting vision—falsely gay,
Grasp'd in vain, it fades away.
Mixing with surrounding shades
Lovely vision! how it fades!

Let the Muse in Fancy's glass
Catch the phantoms as they pass;
See they rise! a nymph behold,
Carless, wanton, young, and bold,
Mark her devious hasty pace,
Antic dress and thoughtless face,
Smiling cheeks and roving eyes,
Causeless mirth and vain surprise,
Tripping at her side, a boy,
Shares her wonder and her joy,
This is Folly, Childhood's guide,
This is Childhood at her side!

What is *he* succeeding now,
Myrtles blooming on his brow,
Bright and blushing as the morn,
Not on earth a mortal born?
Shafts to pierce the strong I view,
Wings, the flying to pursue,
Victim of his power, behind
Stalks a slave of human kind,
Whose disdain of all the free,
Speaks his mind's captivity;
Love the tyrant—Youth the slave,
Youth in vain is wise or brave,
Love with conscious pride defies
All the brave and all the wise?

Who art *thou* with anxious mien,
Stealing o'er the shifting scene?
Eyes with tedious vigils red,
Sighs by doubts and wishes bred,
Cautious step and glancing tear,
Speak thy woes and speak thy leer;
Arm in arm, what wretch is he
Like thyself who walks with thee?
Like thy own, his fears and woes,
All thy pangs his bosom knows.
Well, too well! my boding breast,
Knows the names your looks suggest;
Anxious, busy, restless pair!
Manhood link'd by Fate to Care,
Wretched state! and yet 'tis dear
Fancy close the prospect here!
Close it, or recall the past,
Spare my eyes—my heart the last!

Vain the wish! the *last* appears,
While I gaze it swims in tears,
Age—my future self—I trace,
Moving slow, with feeble pace,
Bending with disease and cares,
All the load of life he bears,
White his locks—his visage wan,
Strength, and Ease, and Hope are gone—
Death—the shadowy form I know,
Death o'ertakes him—dreadful foe!

Swift they vanish—mournful sight,
Night succeeds—impervious night,
What these dreadful glooms conceal,
Fancy's glass can ne'er reveal!
When shall Time the veil remove?
When shall Light the scene improve?
When shall Truth my doubts dispel?
Awful period! who can tell? HAWKSWORTH.

THE PRISON.

O, WELCOME, Debtor! in these walls
Thy cares, and joys, and loves, forego;
Approach, a brother debtor calls,
And join the family of Woe!

Did Fortune with her frowning brow
Thy late and early toils withstand?
Or Slander strike the fatal blow,
Or griping Us'ry's iron hand?

Say, does a wife, to want consign'd,
While weeping babes surround her bed,
Peep thro' and see the fetters bind
Those hands that earn'd their daily bread?

Does she in vain, on knees that bend,
The marble heart of wealth implore?
Breathless pursue some flying friend,
Or beat in vain the closing door?

Look up, and share our scanty meal;
For us some brighter hours may flow;
Some angel break these bolts of steel,
For HOWARD marks and feels our woe. DARWIN.

HYMN TO SCIENCE.

SCIENCE! thou fair effusive ray
From the great Source of mental day,
Free, gen'rous, and refin'd;
Descend with all thy treasures fraught,
Illumine each bewilder'd thought,
And bless my lab'ring mind.

But first with thy resistless light,
Disperse those phantoms from my sight,
Those mimic shades of thee,
The Scholiast's learning, Sophist's cant,
The visionary Bigot's rant,
The Monk's philosophy.

Oh! let thy powerful charms impart
The patient head, the candid heart,
Devoted to thy sway;
Which no weak passions e'er mislead,
Which still with dauntless steps proceed
Where Reason points the way.

Give me to learn each secret cause;
Let numbers, figures, Nature's laws,
Reveal'd before me stand:
These to great Nature's scenes apply,
And round the globe, and thro' the sky,
Disclose her working hand.

Next to thy nobler search resign'd,
The busy, restless, human mind
Thro' ev'ry maze pursue;
Detect perception where it lies,
Catch the ideas as they rise,
And all their changes view.

Her secret stores let Mem'ry tell,
Bid Fancy quit her fairy cell
In all her colours drest,
While prompt her sallies to control;
Reason, the judge, recalls the soul
To Truth's severest test.

Say from what simple springs began
The vast ambitious thoughts of man,
That rage beyond control;
Which seek eternity to trace,
Dive thro' th' infinity of space,
And strain to grasp the whole?

Then range thro' Being's wide extent,
Let the fair scale, with just ascent,
And equal steps be trod;
Till, from the dead corporeal mass,
Thro' each progressive rank you pass,
To instinct, Reason, God!

There, Science, veil thy daring eye,
Nor dive too deep, nor soar too high,
In that divine abyss;
To Faith content thy beams to lend,
Her hopes assure, her steps befriend,
And light her way to bliss.

Then downwards take thy flight again,
Mix with the policies of men,
And social Nature's ties:
The plan, the genius of each state,
Its interests, and its powers relate,
Its fortunes, and its rise.

Thro' private life pursue thy course,
Trace ev'ry action to its source,
And means and motives weigh;
Put tempers, passions, in the scale;
Mark what degrees in each prevail,
And fix the doubtful sway.

The last, best effort of thy skill,
To form the life, and rule the will,
Propitious Pow'r, impart;
Teach me to cool my passions' fires,
Make me the judge of my desires,
The master of my heart.

Raise me above the vulgar breath,
Pursuit of Fortune, dread of Death,
And all in life that's mean:
Still true to reason be my plan,
Still let my actions speak the man,
Thro' ev'ry varying scene.

Hail, Queen of manners! test of truth!
Hail, charm of age! and light of youth!
Sweet refuge of distress!
Ev'n business you can make polite,
Can give Retirement its delight,
Prosperity its grace.

Of pow'r, wealth, freedom, thou the cause,
Foundress of order, cities, laws,
Of arts, inventress thou!
Without thee, what were human kind?
How vast their wants, their thoughts how blind!
Their joys how mean, how few!

Sun of the soul! thy beams unveil!
Let others spread the daring sail
On Fortune's faithless sea:
While undeluded, happier I,
From the vain tumult timely fly,
And sit in peace with thee. AKENSIDE.

THE BUTTERFLY.

CHILD of the sun! pursue thy rapturous flight,
Mingling with her thou lov'st in fields of light;
And, where the flowers of paradise unfold,
Quaff fragrant nectar from their cups of gold.
There shall thy wings, rich as an evening sky,
Expand and shut with silent ecstacy!
—Yet wert thou once a worm, a thing that crept
On the bare earth, then wrought a tomb and slept!
And such is man; soon from his cell of clay
To burst a seraph in the blaze of day! ROGERS.

THE FIRE-SIDE.

DEAR Chloe, while the busy crowd,
The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,
In Folly's maze advance;
Tho' singularity and pride
Be call'd our choice, we'll step a side,
Nor join the giddy dance.

From the gay world, we'll oft retire
To our own family and fire,
Where love our hours employs;
No busy neighbour enters here,
No intermeddling stranger near,
To spoil our heart-felt joys.

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies;
And they are fools who roam:
The world has nothing to bestow;
From our ownselves our joys must flow,
And that dear hut, our home.

Of rest was Noah's dove bereft,
When with impatient wing she left
That safe retreat, the ark;
Giving her vain excursion o'er,
The disappointed bird once more
Explor'd the sacred bark.

Tho' fools spurn Hymen's gentle pow'rs,
We, who improve his golden hours,
By sweet experience know,
That marriage, rightly understood,
Gives to the tender and the good,
A paradise below.

Our babes shall richest comforts bring;
If tutor'd right, they'll prove a spring
Whence pleasures ever rise:
We'll form their minds with studious care,
To all that's manly, good, and fair,
And train them for the skies.

While they our wisest hours engage,
They'll joy our youth, support our age,
And crown our hoary hairs:
They'll grow in virtue every day,
And thus our fondest hours repay,
And recompense our cares.

No borrow'd joys! they're all our own,
While to the world we live unknown,
Or by the world forgot:
Monarchs! we envy not your state;
We look with pity on the great,
And bless our humble lot.

Our portion is not large indeed;
But then how little do we need!
For Nature's calls are few:
In this the heart of living lies,
To want no more than may suffice,
And make that little do.

We'll therefore relish, with content,
Whate'er kind Providence has sent,
Nor aim beyond our pow'r;
For, if our stock be very small,
'Tis prudence to enjoy it all,
Nor lose the present hour.

To be resign'd, when ills betide,
Patient, when favours are deny'd,
And pleas'd with favours giv'n:
Dear Chloe, this is Wisdom's part;
This is that incense of the heart,
Whose fragrance smells to Heav'n.

We'll ask no long-protracted treat,
Since winter-life is seldom sweet;
But, when our feast is o'er,
Grateful from table we'll arise,
Nor grudge our sons, with envious eyes,
The relics of our store.

Thus hand in hand thro' life we'll go;
Its chequer'd paths of joy and woe,
With cautious steps we'll tread;
Quit its vain scenes without a tear,
Without a trouble or a fear,
And mingle with the dead.

While Conscience, like a faithful friend,
Shall thro' the gloomy vale attend,
And cheer our dying breath;
Shall, when all other comforts cease,
Like a kind angel, whisper peace,
And smooth the bed of Death.

COTTON.

THE HAPPY VILLAGER.

VIRTUE dwells in Arden's vale;
There her hallow'd temples rise:
There her incense greets the skies,
Grateful as the morning gale;
There, with humble Peace, and her,
Lives the happy Villager!

There, the golden smiles of morn
Brighter every field adorn;
There the sun's declining ray
Fairer paints the parting day:
There the woodlark louder sings,
Zephyr moves on softer wings,
Groves in greener honours rise,
Purer azure spreads the skies;

There the fountains clearer flow,
Flowers in brighter beauty blow;
For, with Peace and Virtue, there
Lives the happy Villager!

Distant still from Arden's vale
Are the woes the bad bewail!
Distant fell Remorse, and Pain,
And Frenzy smiling o'er her chain!
Grief's quick pang, Despair's dead groan,
Are in Arden's vale unknown:
For with Peace and Virtue, there
Lives the happy Villager.

In his hospitable cell,
Love, and Truth, and Freedom dwell;
And, with aspect mild and free,
The graceful nymph, Simplicity.
Hail, ye liberal graces, hail!
Natives all of Arden's vale:
For, with Peace and Virtue, there
Lives the happy Villager!

LANGHORNE.

TO MY SOUL.

From Chaucer.

FAR from mankind, my weary soul, retire,
Still follow truth, contentment still desire.
Who climbs on high, at best his weakness shows,
Who rolls in riches, all to Fortune owes.
Read well thyself, and mark thy early ways,
Vain is the Muse, and Envy waits on praise.

Wav'ring as winds the breath of Fortune blows,
No pow'r can turn it, and no pray'rs compose.
Deep in some hermit's solitary cell
Repose, and Ease, and Contemplation, dwell.
Let Conscience guide thee in the days of need;
Judge well thy own, and then thy neighbour's deed.

What Heav'n betows, with thankful eyes receive;
First ask thy heart, and then through faith believe.
Slowly we wander o'er a toilsome way,
Shadows of life, and pilgrims of a day.
"Who restless in this world, receives a fall;
"Look up on high, and thank thy God for all!"

HARTE.

THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES.

LET observation, with extensive view,
Survey mankind, from China to Peru;
Remark each anxious toil, each eager strife,
And watch the busy scenes of crowded life;
Then say how hope and fear, desire and hate,
O'erspread with snares the clouded maze of fate,
Where wav'ring man, betray'd by vent'rous pride,
To tread the dreary paths without a guide;
As treach'rous phantoms in the mist delude,
Shuns fancied ills, or chases airy good.
How rarely reason guides the stubborn choice,
Rules the bold hand, or prompts the suppliant voice.
How nations sink, by darling schemes oppress'd,
When vengeance listens to the fool's request.
Fate wings with ev'ry wish th' afflictive dart,
Each gift of nature, and each grace of art,
With fatal heat impetuous courage glows,
With fatal sweetness elocution flows,
Impeachment stops the speaker's powerful breath,
And restless fire precipitates on death.
But scarce observ'd, the knowing and the bold,
Fall in the gen'ral massacre of gold;
Wide-wasting pest! that rages unconfin'd,
And crowds with crimes the records of mankind;
For gold his sword the hireling ruffian draws,
For gold the hireling judge distorts the laws;
Wealth heap'd on wealth, nor truth nor safety buys,
The dangers gather as the treasures rise.
Let hist'ry tell where rival kings command,
And dubious title shakes the madden'd land,
When statutes glean the refuse of the sword,
How much more safe the vassal than the lord;
Low skulks the hind beneath the rage of pow'r,
And leaves the wealthy traitor in the Tow'r,
Untouch'd his cottage, and his slumbers sound,
Though confiscation's vultures hover round.
The needy traveller, serene and gay,
Walks the wild heath, and sings his toil away.
Does envy seize thee? crush th' upbraiding joy,
Increase his riches and his peace destroy;
Now fears, in dire vicissitude, invade,
The rustling brake alarms, and quiv'ring shade,

Nor light nor darkness bring his pain relief,
One shows the plunder, and one hides the thief.
  Yet still one gen'ral cry the skies assails,
And gain and grandeur load the tainted gales;
Few know the toiling statesman's fear or care,
Th' insidious rival, and the gaping heir.
  Once more, Democritus, arise on earth,
With cheerful wisdom, and instructive mirth;
See motley life in modern trappings dress'd,
And feed with varied fool's th' eternal jest:
Thou who could'st laugh where want enchain'd caprice,
Toil crush'd conceit, and man was of a piece;
Where wealth unlov'd without a mourner dy'd;
And scarce a sycophant was fed by pride;
Where ne'er was known the form of mock debate,
Or seen a new-made mayor's unwieldy state;
Where change of fav'rites made no change of laws,
And senates heard before they judg'd a cause;
How would'st thou shake at Britain's modish tribe,
Dart the quick taunt, and edge the piercing gibe!
Attentive truth and nature to descry,
And pierce each scene with philosophic eye.
To thee were solemn toys or empty show,
The robes of pleasure and the veils of woe:
All aid the farce, and all thy mirth maintain,
Whose joys are causeless, or whose griefs are vain.
  Such was the scorn that fill'd the sage's mind,
Renew'd at every glance on human kind;
How just that scorn ere yet thy voice declare,
Search every state, and canvass ev'ry prayer.
  Unnumber'd suppliants crowd preferment's gate,
Athirst for wealth, and burning to be great;
Delusive fortune hears th' incessant call,
They mount, they shine, evaporate and fall.
On ev'ry stage, the foes of peace attend,
Hate dogs their flight, and insult mocks their end.
Love ends with hope, the sinking statesman's door
Pours in the morning worshipper no more;
For growing names the weekly scribbler lies,
To growing wealth the dedicator flies;
From ev'ry room descends the painted face,
That hung the bright palladium of the place,
And smok'd in kitchens, or in auctions sold,
To better features yields the frame of gold;

For now no more we trace in ev'ry line
Heroic worth, benevolence divine:
The form distorted justifies the fall,
And detestation rids th' indignant wall.
  But will not Britain hear the last appeal,
Sign her foes' doom, or guard her fav'rites' zeal?
Through freedom's sons no more remonstrance rings,
Degrading nobles and controlling kings;
Our supple tribes repress their patriot throats,
And ask no questions but the price of votes;
With weekly libels and septennial ale,
Their wish is full to riot and to rail.
  In full-blown dignity, see Wolsey stand,
Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand:
To him the church, the realm, their powers consign,
Through him the rays of regal bounty shine;
Turn'd by his nod the stream of honor flows,
His smile alone security bestows:
Still to new heights his restless wishes tow'r;
Claim leads to claim, and pow'r advances pow'r;
Till conquest unresisted ceas'd to please,
And rights submitted, left him none to seize.
At length his sov'reign frowns—the train of state
Mark the keen glance, and watch the sign to hate:
Where'er he turns he meets a stranger's eye,
His suppliants scorn him, and his followers fly;
Now drops at once the pride of awful state,
The golden canopy, the glitt'ring plate,
The regal palace, the luxurious board,
The liv'ried army, and the menial lord.
With age, with cares, with maladies oppress'd,
He seeks the refuge of monastic rest.
Grief aids disease, remember'd folly stings,
And his last sighs reproach the faith of kings.
  Speak thou, whose thoughts at humble peace repine,
Shall Wolsey's wealth, with Wolsey's end be thine?
Or liv'st thou now, with safer pride content,
The wisest Justice on the banks of Trent?
For why did Wolsey near the steeps of fate,
On weak foundations raise th' enormous weight?
Why, but to sink beneath misfortunes blow,
With louder ruin to the gulfs below.
  What gave great Villiers to th' assassin's knife,
And fix'd disease on Harley's closing life?

What murder'd Wentworth, and what exil'd Hyde,
By kings protected, and to kings ally'd?
What, but their wish indulg'd in courts to shine,
And pow'r too great to keep, or to resign!
  When first the college rolls receive his name,
The young enthusiast quits his ease for fame;
Resistless burns the fever of renown,
Caught from the strong contagion of the gown:
O'er Boadley's dome his future labours spread,
And Bacon's mansion trembles o'er his head.
Are these thy views? proceed, illustrious youth,
And virtue guard thee to the throne of truth!
Yet should thy soul indulge the gen'rous heat,
Till captive science yields her last retreat;
Should reason guide thee with her brightest ray,
And pour on misty doubt resistless day;
Should no false kindness lure to loose delight,
Nor praise relax, nor difficulty fright;
Should tempting novelty thy cell refrain,
And sloth effuse her opiate fumes in vain;
Should beauty blunt on fops her fatal dart,
Nor claim the triumph of a letter'd heart;
Should no disease thy torpid veins invade,
Nor melancholy's phantoms haunt thy shade;
Yet hope not life from grief or danger free,
Nor think the doom of man revers'd for thee;
Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes,
And pause awhile from learning, to be wise;
There mark what ills the scholar's life assail,
Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail.
See nations slowly wise, and meanly just,
To buried merit raise the tardy bust.
If dreams yet flatter, once again attend,
Hear Lydiat's life, and Galileo's end.
  Nor deem, when learning her last prize bestows,
The glitt'ring eminence exempt from foes;
See, when the vulgar 'scapes, despis'd or aw'd,
Rebellion's vengeful talons seize on Laud.
From meaner minds, though smaller fines content,
The plunder'd palace, or sequester'd rent;
Mark'd out by dang'rous parts he meets the shock,
And fatal learning leads him to the block:
Around his tomb let art and genius weep,
But hear his death, ye blockheads, hear and sleep.

The festal blazes, the triumphal show,
The ravish'd standard, and the captive foe,
The senate's thanks, the gazette's pompous tale,
With force resistless o'er the brave prevail.
Such bribes the rapid Greek o'er Asia whirl'd,
For such the steady Romans shook the world;
For such in distant lands the Britons shine,
And stain with blood the Danube or the Rhine;
This pow'r has praise, that virtue scarce can warm,
Till fame supplies the universal charm.
Yet reason frowns on war's unequal game,
Where wasted nations raise a single name,
And mortgag'd states their grandsires wreaths regret,
From age to age in everlasting debt;
Wreaths which at last the dear-bought right convey
To rust on medals, or on stones decay.
On what foundation stands the warrior's pride,
How just his hopes, let Swedish Charles decide;
A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
No dangers fright him, and no labours tire;
O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,
Unconquer'd lord of pleasure and of pain·
No joys to him pacific sceptres yield,
War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field;
Behold surrounding kings their pow'r combine,
And one capitulate, and one resign;
Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in vain;
"Think nothing gain'd," he cries, "till nought remain,
"On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly,
"And all be mine beneath the polar sky."
The march begins in military state,
And nations on his eye suspended wait;
Stern famine guards the solitary coast,
And winter barricades the realms of frost;
He comes, nor want, nor cold, his course delay;
Hide, blushing glory, hide Pultowa's day:
The vanquish'd hero leaves his broken bands
And shows his miseries in distant lands;
Condemn'd a needy supplicant to wait,
While Ladies interpose, and slaves debate.
But did not chance at length her error mend?
Did not subverted empire mark his end?
Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound?
Or hostile millions press him to the ground?

His fall was destin'd to a barren strand,
A petty fortress, and a dubious hand;
He left the name, at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale.
All times their scenes of pompous woes afford,
From Persia's tyrant, to Bavaria's lord.
In gay hostility and barb'rous pride,
With half mankind embattled at his side,
Great Xerxes came to seize the certain prey,
And starves exhausted regions in his way;
Attendant flatt'ry counts his myriads o'er,
Till counted myriads soothe his pride no more;
Fresh praise is try'd till madness fires the mind,
The waves he lashes, and enchains the wind;
New pow'rs are claim'd, new pow'rs are still bestow'd,
Till rude resistance lops the spreading god;
The daring Greeks deride the martial show,
And heap their valleys with the gaudy foe;
Th' insulted sea with humbler thoughts he gains,
A single skiff to speed his flight remains;
Th' encumber'd oar scarce leaves the dreaded coast
Through purple billows and a floating host.
The bold Bavarian, in a luckless hour.
Tries the dread summits of Cæsarean pow'r,
With unexpected legions bursts away,
And sees defenceless realms receive his sway;
Short sway! fair Austria spreads her mournful charms,
The queen, the beauty, sets the world in arms;
From hill to hill the beacon's rousing blaze
Spreads wide the hope of plunder and of praise;
The fierce Croatian, and the wild Hussar,
With all the sons of ravage crowd the war;
The baffled prince in honour's flatt'ring bloom
Of hasty greatness, finds the fatal doom,
His foes derision, and his subjects blame,
And steals to death from anguish and from shame.
Enlarge my life with multitude of days,
In health, in sickness, thus the suppliant prays;
Hides from himself his state, and shuns to know,
That life protracted, is protracted woe.
Time hovers o'er, impatient to destroy,
And shuts up all the passages of joy:
In vain their gifts the bounteous seasons pour,
The fruit autumnal, and the vernal flour;

With listless eyes the dotard views the store,
He views and wonders that they please no more;
Now pall the tasteless meats, and joyless wines,
And luxury with sighs her slave resigns.
Approach, ye minstrels, try the soothing strain,
Diffuse the tuneful lenitives of pain:
No sounds, alas! would touch th' impervious ear,
Though dancing mountains witness'd Orpheus near;
Nor lute nor lyre his feeble pow'rs attend,
Nor sweeter music of a virtuous friend,
But everlasting dictates crowd his tongue,
Perversely grave, or positively wrong.
The still returning tale, and ling'ring jest,
Perplex the fawning niece, and pamper'd guest.
While growing hopes scarce awe the gath'ring sneer,
And scarce a legacy can bribe to hear;
The watchful guests still hint the last offence,
The daughter's petulance, the son's expense,
Improve his heady rage with treach'rous skill,
And mould his passions till they make his will.
   Unnumber'd maladies his joints invade,
Lay siege to life, and press the dire blockade;
But unextinguish'd av'rice still remains,
And dreaded losses aggravate his pains;
He turns, with anxious heart and crippled hands,
His bonds of debt, and mortgages of lands;
Or views his coffers, with suspicious eyes,
Unlocks his gold, and counts it till he dies.
   But grant, the virtues of a temp'rate prime
Bless with an age exempt from scorn or crime;
An age that melts with unperceiv'd decay,
And glides in modest innocence away;
Whose peaceful day benevolence endears,
Whose night congratulating conscience cheers;
The gen'ral fav'rite as the gen'ral friend;
Such age there is, and who shall wish its end?
   Yet ev'n on this her load misfortune flings,
To press the weary minutes' flagging wings;
New sorrow rises as the day returns,
A sister sickens, or a daughter mourns.
Now kindred merit fills the sable bier,
Now lacerated friendship claims a tear.
Year chases year, decay pursues decay,
Still drops some joy from with'ring life away;

New forms arise, and diff'rent views engage,
Superfluous lags the vet'ran on the stage,
Till pitying nature signs the last release,
And bids afflicted worth retire to peace.
But few there are whom hours like these await,
Who set unclouded in the gulfs of fate.
From Lydia's monarch should the search descend,
By Solon caution'd to regard his end,
In life's last scene what prodigies surprise,
Fears of the brave, and follies of the wise?
From Marlb'rough' eyes the streams of dotage flow,
And Swift expires a driv'ller and a show.
The teeming mother, anxious for her race,
Begs for each birth the fortune of a face:
Yet Vane could tell what ills from beauty spring;
And Sedley curs'd the form that pleas'd a king.
Ye nymphs of rosy lips and radiant eyes,
Whom pleasure keeps too busy to be wise,
Whom joys with soft varieties invite,
By day the frolic, and the dance by night;
Who frown with vanity, who smile with art,
And ask the latest fashion of the heart,
What care, what rules, your heedless charms shall save,
Each nymph your rival, and each youth your slave?
Against your fame with fondness hate combines,
The rival batters, and the lover mines.
With distant voice neglected virtue calls,
Less heard, and less the faint remonstrance falls;
Tir'd with contempt, she quits the slipp'ry reign,
And pride and prudence take her seat in vain.
In crowd at once, where none the pass defend,
The harmless freedom, and the private friend.
The guardians yield, by force superior ply'd;
To int'rest, prudence; and to flatt'ry, pride.
Here beauty falls betray'd, despis'd, distress'd,
And hissing infamy proclaims the rest.
Where then shall hope and fear their objects find?
Must dull suspense corrupt the stagnant mind?
Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate,
Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate?
Must no dislike alarm, no wishes rise,
No cries invoke the mercies of the skies?
Inquirer, cease; petitions yet remain,
Which Heav'n may hear, nor deem religion vain.

Still raise for good the supplicating voice,
But leave to Heav'n the measure and the choice.
Safe in his pow'r, whose eyes discern afar
The secret ambush of a specious pray'r.
Implore his aid, in his decisions rest,
Secure whate'er he gives, he gives the best.
Yet when the sense of sacred presence fires,
And strong devotion to the skies aspires,
Pour forth thy fervours for a healthful mind,
Obedient passions, and a will resign'd;
For love, which scarce collective man can fill;
For patience, sovereign o'er transmuted ill;
For faith, that panting for a happier seat,
Counts death kind nature's signal of retreat:
These goods for man the laws of Heav'n ordain,
These goods he grants, who grants the pow'r to gain;
With these celestial wisdom calms the mind,
And makes the happiness she does not find. JOHNSON.

THE LAST MINSTREL.

THE way was long, the wind was cold,
The Minstrel was infirm and old,
His wither'd cheek and tresses gay,
Seem'd to have known a better day;
The Harp, his sole remaining joy,
Was carried by an orphan boy.
The *last* of all the bards was he,
Who sung of border chivalry,
For well-a-day! their date was fled,
His tuneful brethren all were dead,
And he, neglected and oppress'd,
Wish'd to be with them, and at rest.
No more on prancing palfrey borne,
He caroll'd light as lark at morn:
No longer courted and caress'd,
High plac'd in hall, a welcome guest,
He pour'd to lord and lady gay,
The unpremeditated lay;
Old times were chang'd, old manners gone,
A stranger fill'd the Stuart's throne,
The bigots of the iron time,
Had call'd his harmless art a crime,

A wandering Harper scorn'd and poor,
He begg'd his bread from door to door,
And tun'd to please a peasant's ear
The Harp a king had lov'd to hear!

Amidst the strings his fingers stray'd
And an uncertain warbling made,
And oft he shook his hoary head,
But when he caught the measure wild,
The old man rais'd his face and smil'd,
And lighten'd up his faded eye,
With all a poet's ecstacy!
In varying cadence soft or strong,
He swept the sounding chords along;
The present scene, the future lot,
His toils, his wants, were all forgot,
Cold diffidence and age's frost
In the full tide of song were lost;
Each blank in faithless memory void,
The Poet's glowing thought supply'd,
And while his Harp responsive rung,
'Twas thus the latest Minstrel sung! W. SCOTT.

HYMN FOR NOON.

THE sun is swiftly mounted high,
It glitters in the southern sky;
Its beams with force and glory beat,
And fruitful earth is fill'd with heat.
Father, also with thy fire,
Warm the cold, the dead desire,
And make the sacred love of thee,
Within my soul, a sun to me.
Let it shine so fairly bright,
That nothing else be took for light,
That worldly charms be seen to fade,
And in its lustre find a shade;
Let it strongly shine within,
To scatter all the clouds of sin,
That drive when gusts of passion rise,
And intercept it from our eyes.
Let its glory more than vie
With the sun that lights the sky;
Let it swiftly mount in air,
Mount with that and leave it there;

And soar, with more aspiring flight,
To realms of everlasting light.
Thus while here I'm forc'd to be,
I daily wish to live with thee;
And feel that union which thy love
Will, after death, complete above.
From my soul I send my pray'r,
Great Creator, bow thine ear;
Thou, from whose propitious sway
The world has taught to see the day;
Who spake the word, and earth begun,
And show'd its beauties in the sun;
With pleasure I thy creatures view,
And would with good affection too;
Good affection sweetly free,
Loose from them, and move to thee;
O, teach me due returns to give,
And to thy glory let me live;
And then my days shall shine the more,
Or pass more blessed than before.

PARNELL.

HYMN FOR EVENING.

THE beam-repelling mists arise,
And Evening spreads obscurer skies:
The twilight will the night forerun,
And night itself be soon begun.
Upon thy knees devoutly bow,
And pray the Lord of Glory now,
To fill thy breast, or deadly sin
May cause a blinder night within.
And whether pleasing vapours rise,
Which gently dim the closing eyes;
Which make the weary members blest,
With sweet refreshment in their rest;
Or whether spirits in the brain
Dispel their soft embrace again;
And on my watchful bed I stay,
Forsook by sleep, and waiting day;
Be God for ever in my view,
And never he forsake me too;
But still as day concludes in night,
To break again the new-born light;
His wondrous bounty let me find,
With still a more enlighten'd mind;

When grace and love in one agree,
Grace from God, and love from me;
Grace that will from Heaven inspire,
Love that seals it in desire:
Grace and love that mingle beams,
And fill me with increasing flames.
Thou that hast thy palace far
Above the moon and every star;
Thou that sittest on a throne
To which the night was never known,
Regard my voice and make me bless'd,
By kindly granting its request.
If thoughts on thee my soul employ,
My darkness will afford me joy,
Till thou shalt call, and I shall soar,
And part with darkness evermore.

PARNELL.

IDLENESS.

GODDESS of ease, leave Lethe's brink,
Obsequious to the Muse and me;
For once endure the pain to think,
Oh! sweet Insensibility!

Sister of Peace and Indolence,
Bring, Muse, bring numbers soft and slow
Elaborately void of sense,
And sweetly thoughtless let them flow.

Near to some cowslip-painted mead,
There let me doze out the dull hours,
And under me let Flora spread
A sofa of her softest flow'rs.

Where, Philomel, your notes you breathe
Forth from behind the neighbouring pine,
And murmurs of the stream beneath
Still flow in unison with thine.

For thee, O Idleness, the woes
Of life we patiently endure,
Thou art the source whence labour flows,
We shun thee but to make thee sure.

For who'd sustain war's toil and waste,
Or who th' hoarse thund'ring of the sea;
But to be idle at the last,
And find a pleasing end in thee?

SMART.

TO THE BEE.

SWEET Labourer! 'midst the Summer's golden hour,
Full oft I trace thy little busy flight,
With pleasure see thee perch from flow'r to flow'r,
On violets, woodbines, roses, lilies light!

Yet what to thee is Summer's golden smile?
And what to thee the flow'r-enamell'd plain?
Will gratitude reward thy daily toil?
No, no, thou workest for reward in vain!

Not long the hive of treasure will be thine,
Rapacity will force thy little door,
Those treasures with thy life must thou resign,
A breathless victim on the fragrant store!

O base return! to lose thy precious breath,
And I, ye Gods! as basely shall be serv'd;
Thou for thy treasures wilt be smok'd to death,
And I, the honey'd Poet, shall be starv'd!

DR. WOLCOTT.

DESCRIPTION OF A RAM.

——HAVING reach'd a bridge that overarch'd
The hasty rivulet where it lay becalm'd
In a deep pool, by happy chance we saw
A twofold image; on a grassy bank
A snow-white ram, and in a crystal stream
Another and the same. Most beautiful
On the green turf, with his imperial front
Shaggy, and bold, and wreathed horns superb
The breathing creature stood. As beautiful
Beneath him shewed his shadowy counterpart.
Each had his glowing mountains, each his ley,
And each seem'd centre of his own fair world:
Antipodes unconscious of each other,
Yet in partition with their several spheres
Blended in perfect stillness to our sight.

WORDSWORTH.

TO A FRIEND.

SEE, fairest of the nymphs, that play
In vernal meadows, blooming May
Comes tripping o'er the plain:

Lo! all the gay, the genial powers
That deck the woods, or tend the flowers,
Compose her smiling train.

See, softer rosier hues adorn
The glowing cheek of blushing morn,
When first she wakes the light!
Behold! a thousand gentle shades
Attend the evening, o'er the glades,
And glad the sullen night.

What sweets perfume the balmy air!
While Flora bids her glittering care
In all their beauty shine.
See Nature round, beneath, above,
All big with joy, all breathing love,
And gratitude divine.

O say! amid these general smiles,
What care corrodes—what joy beguiles
My friend's unsettled soul?
Say, does he join the senseless throng
Of Comus' sons, and raise the song
Around th' empoison'd bowl?

But no! my ***'s generous mind,
Adorn'd with native taste, refin'd
By all the powers of art;
Would never basely thus resign,
For all the feverish joys of wine,
The raptures of the heart.

Or does some maiden, heavenly fair,
With rosy cheeks, and auburn hair,
And Love's inviting breast,
At length awaken young Desire,
Set all his glowing soul on fire,
And break his golden rest?

But lo! a thousand maidens, all
Just ready to obey his call,
Display their vernal charms;
And trim their locks, and tune their sighs,
And try the force of sparkling eyes,
And wave their snowy arms!

Thus Spring revives, and Summer glows,
And Beauty smiles, and nectar flows,
In vain to soothe his soul:

While led by Fancy's playful blaze,
The longing youth deluded strays,
Unblest, from pole to pole.

Alas! my friend, how vain to roam,
And seek abroad the joys that home,
And home alone bestows;
The beam of mirth that lights the face—
The love that warms the fond embrace—
The bliss that ever grows.

What tho' the awful pride of Rome
Unequall'd swells the daring doom,
And emulates the skies:
Thro' many a temple's sad remains
Spread o'er Hesperia's storied plains,
In broken pomp arise:

Tho' o'er Helvetia's magic ground
Rocks swell on rocks confus'd around,
And torrents roar between:
Thro' here a town, and there a farm,
Perch'd on the breezy summit, charm,
And soothe the sylvan scene:

What tho' the Rhine, supreme of floods,
Thro' castled cliffs, and pendant woods,
And towns renown'd in song;
For ever full—for ever great—
Thro' every age, in equal state,
Majestic rolls along:

Yet say, can Art, with all its toys—
Can Nature's nobler, better joys,
Content the restless mind?
Like morning dreams, the phantoms play,
One fleeting hour—then fade away,
Nor leave a trace behind.

Then homeward turn! there at the gate,
A thousand pleasures ready wait—
A thousand dear delights;
Amuse the vacant hours of day,
Around the social table play,
And brighten up thy nights.

There, fairest of the powers above,
Young Hymen waves the torch of Love,
And woos thee to advance:

And there the Loves, a blooming band,
And sister Graces, hand in hand,
Begin the mystic dance.

The Muse, that loves a green retreat,
Already hovers o'er thy seat,
And wanders thro' thy groves;
Already, hark! the tuneful powers
Awake the echoes of thy bowers,
And sing thy future loves.

Alas! my ***, silent, strong,
Time's treach'rous current steals along,
And bears us on his tide:
While thinly scatter'd up and down,
A flower may deck, a thicket crown,
Its bleak, unsightly side.

Then hasten! snatch each flow'ret, while
The Fates allow it still to smile,
For soon its date is o'er;
And, as you pass, enjoy the shade,
Whose vernal honours soon must fade—
Must fade—to bloom no more.

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE BLIND BEGGAR.

WELCOME, thou man of sorrows, to my door!
A willing balm thy wounded heart shall find;
And lo! thy guiding dog my cares implore!
O haste, and shelter from th' unfeeling wind.

Alas! shall Mis'ry seek my cot with sighs,
And humbly sue for piteous alms my ear;
Yet disappointed go with lifted eyes,
And on my threshold leave th' upbraiding tear?

Thou bowest for the pity I bestow:
Bend not to me, because I mourn distress;
I am thy debtor—much to thee I owe;
For learn—the greatest blessing is to bless.

Thy hoary locks, and wan and pallid cheek,
And quiv'ring lip, to Fancy seem to say:
"A more than common Beggar we bespeak;
"A form that once has known a happier day."

Thy sightless orbs, and venerable beard.
And press'd, by weight of years, thy palsy'd head,
Tho' silent, speak with tongues that must be heard,
Nay, must command, if Virtue be not dead.

Thy shatter'd, yet thine awe-inspiring form,
Shall give the village lads the soften'd soul,
To aid the victims of Life's frequent storm,
And smooth the surges that around them roll:

Teach them that Poverty may Merit shroud;
And teach, that Virtue may from Misery spring;
Flame like the lightning from the frowning cloud,
That spreads on Nature's smile its raven wing.

O let me own the heart which pants to bless;
That nobly scorns to hide the useless store;
But looks around for objects of distress,
And triumphs in a sorrow for the poor!

When Heav'n on man is pleas'd its wealth to show'r,
Ah, what an envied bliss doth Heaven bestow!
To raise pale Merit in her hopeless hour,
And lead Despondence from the tomb of Woe!

Lo! not the little birds shall chirp in vain,
And, hovering round me, vainly court my care;
While I possess the life-preserving grain,
Welcome, ye chirping tribe, to peck your share.

How can I hear your songs at Spring's return,
And hear while Summer spreads her golden store;
Yet, when the gloom of Winter bids ye mourn,
Heed not the plaintive voice that charm'd before?

Since Fortune, to my cottage not unkind,
Strews with some flow'rs the road of life for me;
Ah! can humanity desert my mind?
Shall I not soften the rude flint for thee?

Then welcome, Beggar, from the rains and snow,
And warring elements, to warmth and peace;
Nay, thy companion, too, shall comfort know,
Who shiv'ring shakes away the icy fleece.

And lo, he lays him by the fire, elate;
Now on his master turns his gladden'd eyes;
Leeps up to greet him on their change of fate,
Licks his lov'd hand, and then beneath him lies.

A hut is mine, amidst a shelt'ring grove:
  A Hermit there, exalt to Heav'n thy praise;
There shall the village children show their love,
  And hear from thee the tales of other days.

There shall our feather'd friend, the bird of morn,
  Charm thee with orisons to opening day;
And there the redbreast, on the leafless thorn,
  At eve shall soothe thee with a simple lay.

When Fate shall call thee from a world of woe,
  Thy friends around shall watch thy closing eyes;
With tears, behold thy gentle spirit go,
  And wish to join its passage to the skies. WOLCOTT.

THE MUFFLED DRUM.

AH! me, how mournful, wan, and slow,
  With arms revers'd the soldiers come—
Dirge-sounding trumpets full of woe,
  And sad to hear—the Muffled Drum!

Advancing to the house of pray'r,
  Still sadder flows the dolesome strain,
E'en Industry forgets her care
  And joins the melancholy train!

O! after all the toils of war,
  How blest the brave man lays him down!
His bier is a triumphal car—
  His grave is glory and renown!

What tho' nor friends nor kindred dear,
  To grace his obsequies attend?
His comrades are his brothers here,
  And every hero is his friend!

See Love and Truth all woe-begone,
  And Beauty drooping in the crowd—
Their thoughts intent on him alone,
  Who sleeps for ever in his shroud!

Again the trumpet slowly sounds,
  The soldier's last funereal hymn—
Again the Muffled Drum rebounds,
  And every eye with grief is dim!

The gen'rous steed which late he rode
  Seems too its master to deplore,
And follows to his last abode,
  The warrior who returns no more!

For him far hence a mother sighs,
  And fancies comforts yet to come!
He'll never bless her longing eyes,
  She'll only hear the Muffled Drum! MAYNE.

THE WAY TO HAPPINESS.

HOW long, ye miserably blind,
Shall idle dreams engage your mind;
How long the passions make their flight
At empty shadows of delight,
No more in paths of error stray,
The Lord thy Jesus is the way,
The spring of happiness, and where
Should men seek happiness but there?
Then run to meet him at your need,
Run with boldness, run with speed,
For he forsook his own abode
To meet thee more than half the road.
He laid aside his radiant crown,
And love for mankind brought him down
To thirst and hunger, pain and woe,
To wounds, to death itself below;
And he, that suffer'd these alone
For all the world, despises none.
To bid the soul that's sick, be clean,
To bring the lost to life again;
To comfort those that grieve for ill,
Is his peculiar goodness still.
And, as the thoughts of parents run
Upon a dear and only son,
So kind a love his mercies show,
So kind and more extremely so.
  Thrice happy men! (or find a phrase
That speaks your bliss with greater praise)
Who most obedient to thy call,
Leaving pleasures, leaving all,
With heart, with soul, with strength incline,
O sweetest Jesu! to be thine.

Who know thy will, observe thy ways,
And in thy service spend their days:
Ev'n death, that seems to set them free,
But brings them closer still to thee.

PARNELL.

ON THE DEATH OF A MUSICAL FRIEND.

HOW blest were the nymphs and the swains,
When Lycidas join'd in the song:
The chief, and the pride of the plains,
Who led all the Pleasures along!

Of late, not a valley was fair,
Not a grove gave a musical sound;
The breeze seem'd a sigh of despair,
And Pity sat mute on the ground.

But Nature (how sudden the change!)
At the presence of Lycidas smil'd—
Health was seen thro' the valley to range,
And an Eden sprung up from the wild!

The throstle was heard in the shade;
The linnet enliven'd the grove;
And Echo, long banish'd, sweet maid,
Return'd with her stories of Love.

Yes, each scene at his presence was glad,
That so lately with sorrow was rent;
And the voice of the Mourner so sad
Was lost in the songs of Content.

Just able to crawl o'er the stile,
And doom'd, ah! to labour no more,
Age would crawl from his cot with a smile,
And a blessing to leave at his door.

But the shepherd for ever is gone—
Hark! his knell, how it saddens the gale!
Joy dies, and our pastimes are flown:
Fate envies the smiles of our vale.

Now let Mirth from each hamlet retire
To the region of silence and gloom.
Sure his death must our sorrow inspire,
Since the Virtues will weep at his tomb.

WOLCOTT.

ELEGY ON A BLACKBIRD.

THE sun had chas'd the winter snow,
  And kindly loos'd the frost-bound soil;
The melting streams began to flow,
  And ploughmen urg'd their annual toil.

'Twas then, amidst the vernal throng,
  When Nature wakes to mirth and love,
A Blackbird rais'd his amorous song,
  And thus it echo'd thro' the grove:

" O! fairest of the feather'd train,
  " For whom I sing, for whom I burn,
" Attend with pity to my strain,
  " And grant my love a kind return.

" For see, the winter storms are flown,
  " And zephyrs gently fan the air!
" Let us the genial influence own,
  " Let us the vernal pastime share.

" The raven plumes his jetty wing,
  " To please his croaking paramour;
" The larks responsive love-tales sing,
  " And tell their passion as they soar.

" But trust me, love, the raven's wing
  " Is not to be compar'd with mine;
" Nor can the lark so sweetly sing
  " As I, who strength with sweetness join.

" With thee, I'll prove the sweets of love,
  " With thee divide the cares of life;
" No fonder husband in the grove,
  " And none than thee a happier wife.

" I'll lead thee to the clearest rill,
  " Whose streams among the pebbles stray;
" There will we sit and sip our fill,
  " Or on the flow'ry border play.

" I'll guide thee to the thickest brake,
  " Impervious to the school-boy's eye:
" For thee, the plaster'd nest I'll make,
  " And on thy downy pinions lie.

"To get thee food, I'll range the fields,
"And cull the best of ev'ry kind;
"Whatever Nature's bounty yields,
"Or Love's assiduous care can find.

"And when my lovely mate would stray,
"To taste the Summer's sweets at large,
"At home I'll wait the live-long day,
"And tend, well-pleas'd, our infant charge.

"When prompted by a mother's care,
"Thy warmth shall form th' imprison'd young,
"With thee the task I'll fondly share,
"Or cheer thy labours with my song."

He ceas'd his song.—The melting dame
With tender pity heard his strain;
She felt—she own'd a mutual flame,
And hasten'd to relieve his pain.

He led her to the nuptial bow'r,
And nestled closely by her side:
The happiest bridegroom in that hour---
And she the most enamour'd bride.

Next morn he wak'd her with a song,
"Arise! behold the new-born day!
"The lark his matin peal has rung;
"Arise, my love, and come away."

Together thro' the fields they stray'd,
And at the verdant riv'let's side,
Renew'd their vows, and hopp'd and play'd,
With honest joy, and decent pride.

But O! my Muse with pain relates
The mournful sequel of my tale;
Sent by an order of the Fates,
A gunner met them in the vale.

Alarm'd, the lover cry'd, "My dear,
"Haste, haste away!---from danger fly!
"Here, gunner, take thy vengeance here!
"O! spare my love, and let me die."

At him the gunner took his aim;---
The aim he took was much too true:
O! had he chose some other game,
Or shot as he had us'd to do!

Divided pair! forgive the wrong,
While I with tears your fate rehearse.
I'll join the widow's plaintive song,
And save the lover in my verse. JAGO.

THE DYING BARD.

DINAS EMLINN lament, for the moment is nigh
When mute in the woodlands thine echoes shall die,
No more by sweet Teivi Cadwallon shall rave,
And mix his wild notes with the wild dashing wave!

In Spring and in Autumn, thy glories of shade
Unhonour'd shall flourish, unhonour'd shall fade,
For soon shall be lifeless the eye and the tongue
That view'd them with rapture, with rapture that sung!

Thy sons, Dinas Emlinn, may march in their pride,
And chase the proud Saxon from Prestatyn's side
But where is the harp shall give life to their name?
And where is the Bard shall give heroes their fame?

And oh, Dinas Emlinn! thy daughters so fair,
Who heave the white bosom and wave the dark hair,
What tuneful enthusiasts shall worship their eye
When half of their charms with Cadwallon shall die?

Then adieu, silver Teivi! I quit thy lov'd scene,
To join the dim choir of the Bards who have been,
With Lewarch, and Meilor, and Merlin the Old,
And sage Taliessin high harping to hold.

And adieu, Dinas Emlinn! still green be thy shades,
Unconquer'd thy warriors, and matchless thy maids!
And thou, whose faint warblings my weakness can tell,
Farewell my lov'd Harp! my last treasure, farewell!

WALTER SCOTT.

EVENING.

THE deep'ning shades o'erspread the golden west,
The mottled clouds sweep on before the breeze;
Rude Labour leaves his weary sons to rest,
And sea-like murmurs sound among the trees.

The muffled owl sails by on silent wing,
 The downy moth pursues his dusky way;
Light-crested gnats their busy carols sing
 And closing flow'rets mourn departing day.

Soft dews descending bathe the thirsty ground,
 A mingled fragrance cheers the pensive night;
Dim rising vapours slowly roll around,
 And wand'ring glow-worms shed their emerald light.

Now breathe the high romantic love-lorn tale,
 And mix ideal scenes of fairy bliss;
Let airy harps from ev'ry passing gale
 Steal heav'nly notes with soft enchanting kiss.

The mingled charm shall cheat my ardent soul;
 And, gleaming thro' the dim fantastic light;
Bright shadowy forms around my head shall roll,
 And golden visions bless my ravish'd sight.

MONTHLY MAG

ON A DISTANT VIEW OF ENGLAND.

AH! from mine eyes the tears unbidden start,
 Albion as now thy cliffs (that white appear
 Far o'er the wave, and their proud summits rear
To meet the beams of morn) my beating heart
With eager hope and filial transport hails
 Scenes of my youth; reviving gales ye bring,
 As when erewhile the tuneful morn of Spring
Joyous awoke amidst your blooming vales,
And fill'd with fragrance every painted plain:
 Fled are those hours, and all the joys they gave,
 Yet still I gaze and count each rising wave
That bears me nearer to your haunts again;
If haply, 'mid those woods and vales so fair,
Stranger to peace, I yet may meet her there. BOWLES.

RESIGNATION.

O GOD, whose thunder shakes the sky;
 Whose eye this atom globe surveys;
To Thee, my only rock, I fly,
 Thy mercy in thy justice praise.

The mystic mazes of thy will,
  The shadows of celestial light,
Are past the power of human skill—
  But what th' Eternal acts is right.

O teach me in the trying hour,
  When anguish swells the dewy tear,
To still my sorrows, own thy pow'r,
  Thy goodness love, thy justice fear.

If in this bosom ought but Thee
  Encroaching sought a boundless sway,
Omniscience could the danger see,
  And Mercy look the cause away.

Then why, my soul, dost thou complain?
  Why drooping seek the dark recess?
Shake off the melancholy chain,
  For God created all to bless.

But ah! my breast is human still—
  The rising sigh, the falling tear,
My languid vitals' feeble rill,
  The sickness of my soul declare.

But yet, with fortitude resign'd,
  I'll thank th' inflicter of the blow;
Forbid the sigh, compose my mind,
  Nor let the gush of mis'ry flow.

The gloomy mantle of the night,
  Which on my sinking spirits steals;
Will vanish at the morning light,
  Which God, my East, my Sun, reveals.

CHATTERTON.

TRUTH, HONOUR, HONESTY.

IN thee, bright maid, tho' all the virtues shine,
With rival beams, and every grace is thine;
Yet three, distinguish'd by thy early voice,
Excite our praise, and well deserve thy choice.
Immortal Truth in heaven itself displays
Her charms celestial, born, and purest rays,
Which thence in streams, like golden sunshine, flow,
And shed their light on minds like yours below.

Fair Honour, next in beauty and in grace,
Shines in her turn, and claims the second place;
She fills the well-born soul with noble fires,
And generous thoughts and godlike acts inspires.

Then Honesty, with native air, succeeds,
Plain is her look, unartful are her deeds;
And, just alike to friends and foes, she draws
The bounds of right and wrong, nor errs from equal laws.

From Heaven this scale of Virtue thus descends,
By just degrees, and thy full choice defends,
So when, in visionary strains, by night
Attending angels bless'd good Jacob's sight,
Thy mystic ladder thus appear'd to rise,
Its foot on earth, its summit in the skies.

HUGHES.

MELANCHOLY.

THE melancholy pleasures bring
No healthy, genial bloom;
Corrupt at root, like flow'rs that spring
And bud upon a tomb.

They raise a joy from grief, but cloy
The mind that with them strays,
And when is vanish'd all the joy,
The grief that caus'd it stays.

So ruin, when the lightning darts,
With brightness is combin'd;
And so the brightness soon departs,
But leaves the scathe behind.

The moon is powerless with her beam
To ripen or to warm,
Yet, when she gazes on the stream,
Reflects in it her form:

So, melancholy never tints
The mind that owns her care
With health or warmth, but only prints
Her own cold image there.

NEELE.

BLINDNESS.

AH! think of June's delicious rays,
  The eye of Sorrow can illume,
Or wild December's beamless days,
  Can fling o'er all a transient gloom:
Ah! think if skies obscure or bright,
  Can thus depress or cheer the mind,
Ah! think 'midst clouds of utter night,
  What mournful moments wait the Blind!

And who shall tell his cause for woe,
  To love the wife he ne'er must see,
To be a Sire, yet not to know,
  The silent babe that climbs the knee;
To have his feelings daily torn,
  With pain the passing meal to find;
To live distress'd, and die forlorn
  Are ills that oft await the Blind!

When to the breezy uplands led
  At noon, or blushing eve, or morn,
He hears the red-breast o'er his head,
  While round him breathes the scented thorn;
But oh! instead of Nature's face,
  Hills, dales, and woods, and streams combin'd,
Instead of tints, and forms and grace,
  Night's blackest mantle shrouds the Blind!

If rosy Youth bereft of sight,
  'Midst countless thousands pines unblest,
As the gay flower withdrawn from light
  Bows to the earth where all must rest;
Ah! think when life's declining hours
  To chilling penury are consign'd,
And pain has palsied all his powers,
Ah! think what woes await the Blind!

RUSHTON.

TO A LADY, ON THE LANGUAGE OF BIRDS.

COME, then, Dione, let us range the grove,
  The science of the feather'd choirs explore;
Hear linnets argue, larks descant of love,
  And blame the gloom of solitude no more.

My doubts subside—'tis no Italian song,
  Nor senseless ditty, cheers the vernal tree.
And who, that hears Dione's tuneful tongue,
  Shall doubt that music may with sense agree?

And come, my Muse! that lov'st the sylvan shade;
  Envolve the mazes, and the mist dispel:
Translate the song; convince my doubting maid,
  No solemn dervise can explain so well.

Pensive beneath the twilight shades I sate,
  The slave of hopeless vows, and cold disdain!
When Philomel address'd his mournful mate,
  And thus I constru'd the mellifluent strain:

"Sing on, my bird—the liquid notes prolong,
  "At every note a lover sheds a tear;
"Sing on, my bird—'tis Damon hears thy song;
  "Nor doubt to gain applause, when lovers hear.

"He the sad source of our complaining knows;
  "A foe to Tereus, and to lawless love!
"He mourns the story of our ancient woes:
  "Ah! could our music his complaints remove!

"Yon plains are govern'd by a peerless maid;
  "And see, pale Cynthia mounts the vaulted sky,
"A train of lovers court the chequer'd shade;
  "Sing on, my bird, and hear thy mate's reply

"Erewhile no shepherd to these woods retir'd,
  "No lover bless'd the glow-worm's pallid ray:
"But ill-starr'd birds, that listening note admir'd,
  "Or list'ning envy'd our superior lay.

"Cheer'd by the sun, the vassals of his power,
  "Let such by day unite the jarring strains;
  But let us choose the calm, the silent hour,
  'Nor want fit audience, while Dione reigns."

SHENSTONE.

THE SHEPHERD.

LOW in a deep sequester'd vale,
  Where Alpine heights ascend,
A beauteous nymph, in pilgrim garb,
  Is seen her steps to bend.

Her olive garland drops with gore;
  Her scatter'd tresses torn;
Her bleeding breast, her bruised feet,
  Bespeak a maid forlorn.

"From bower, and hall, and palace driven,
  "To these lone wilds I flee,
"My name is Peace, I love the cot;
  "O shepherd, shelter me!"

"O beauteous pilgrim! why dost thou
  From bower and palace flee?
"So soft thy voice, so sweet thy look,
  "Sure all would shelter thee."

"Like Noah's dove, no rest I find;
  "The din of battle roars,
"Where once my steps I lov'd to print
  "Along the myrtle shores!

"For ever in my frighted ears
  "The savage war-whoop sounds;
"And, like a panting hare, I fly
  "Before the op'ning hounds."

"Pilgrim, those spiry groves among
  "The mansions thou may'st see,
"Where cloister'd saints chant holy hymns,
  "Sure such would shelter thee!"

"Those roofs with trophied banners stream,
  "There martial hymns resound;
"And, Shepherd, oft from crosier'd hands
  "This breast has felt a wound."

"Ah! gentle Pilgrim, glad would I
  "Those tones for ever hear!
"With thee to share my scanty lot,
  "That lot to me were dear.

"But lo! along the vine-clad steep,
  "The gleam of armour shines;
"His scatter'd flock, his straw-roof'd hut,
  "The helpless swain resigns.

"And now the smouldering flames aspire
  "Their lurid light I see;
"I hear the human wolves approach:
  "I cannot shelter thee."

THE GARLAND.

THE pride of every grove I chose,
  The violet sweet and lily fair,
The dappled pink, and blushing rose,
  To deck my charming Chloe's hair.

At morn the nymph vouchsaf'd to place
  Upon her brow the various wreath;
The flowers, less blooming than her face,
  The scent, less fragrant than her breath.

The flowers she wore along the day:
  And every nymph and shepherd said,
That in her hair they look'd more gay,
  Than glowing in their native bed.

Undress'd at evening, when she found
  Their odours lost, their colours past;
She chang'd her look, and on the ground
  Her garland and her eyes she cast.

That eye dropt sense distinct and clear,
  As any Muse's tongue could speak,
When from its lid a pearly tear
  Ran trickling down her beauteous cheek.

Dissembling what I knew too well:
  My love, my life, said I, explain
This change of humour: pr'ythee tell;
  That falling tear—what does it mean?

She sigh'd; she smil'd: and to the flowers
  Pointing, the lovely moralist said!
See, friend, in some few fleeting hours,
  See yonder, what a change is made!

Ah me! the blooming pride of May,
  And that of Beauty, are but one:
At morn, both flourish bright and gay;
  Both fade at evening, pale and gone.

At dawn poor Stella danc'd and sung;
  The amorous youth around her bow'd;
At night her fatal knell was rung;
  I saw, and kiss'd her, in her shroud.

Such as she is, who died to-day,
  Such I, alas! may be to-morrow:
Go, Damon, bid thy Muse display
  The justice of thy Chloe's sorrow. PRIOR.

A GARDEN.

DELIGHTFUL mansion! blest retreat!
Where all is silent, all is sweet!
Here Contemplation prunes her wings,
The raptur'd Muse more tuneful sings;
While May leads on the cheerful hours,
And opens a new world of flowers;
Gay Pleasure here all dresses wears,
And in a thousand shapes appears.
Pursu'd by Fancy, how she roves
Thro' airy walks, and museful groves;
Springs in each plant and blossom'd tree,
And charms in all I hear and see!
In this elysium while I stray,
And Nature's fairest face survey,
Earth seems new-born, and life more bright;
Time steals away, and smooths his flight;
And Thought's bewilder'd in delight.
Where are the crowds I saw of late?
What are those tales of Europe's fate:
Of Anjou, and the Spanish crown;
And leagues to pull usurpers down;
Of marching armies, distant wars;
Of factions, and domestic jars?
Sure these are last night's dreams, no more;
Or some romance, read lately o'er:
Like Homer's antique tale of Troy,
And powers confederate to destroy
Priam's proud house, the Dardan name,
With him that stole the ravish'd dame,
And, to possess another's right,
Durst the whole world to arms excite.
Come, gentle Sleep, my eye-lids close,
These dull impressions help me lose:
Let Fancy take her wing, and find
Some better dream to soothe my mind;
Or waking, let me learn to live;
The prospect will instruction give.

For see, where beauteous Thames does glide
Serene, but with a fruitful tide;
Free from extremes of ebb and flow:
Not swell'd too high, nor sunk too low.
Such let my life's smooth current be,
Till, from Time's narrow shore set free,
It mingles with th' eternal sea;
And, there enlarg'd, shall be no more
That trifling thing it was before.

HUGHES.

THE CHRISTIAN SABBATH.

HAIL Sabbath! *thee* I hail—the POOR MAN'S day,
On other days the man of toil is doom'd
To eat his joyless bread lonely—the ground
Both seat and board, screen'd from the Winter's cold
And Summer's heat by neighbouring hedge or tree;
But on *this* day embosom'd in his home
He shares the frugal meals with those he loves.—
With those he loves—he shares the heart-felt joy
Of giving thanks to God—not thanks of form,
A word and a grimace—but reverently
With cover'd face and upward earnest eye!

Hail Sabbath! thee I hail—the POOR MAN'S day,
The pale mechanic *now* has leave to breathe
The morning air pure from the city's smoke,
While wandering slowly up the river side
He meditates on *him* whose pow'r he marks,
In each green tree that proudly spreads the bough,
As in the tiny dew-bent flowers that bloom
Around its roots—and while he thus surveys
With elevated joy each rural charm,
He hopes, yet fears presumption in his hope,
That Heav'n may be *one Sabbath* without end!

GRAHAM.

THE SHEPHERD AND THE PHILOSOPHER.

REMOTE from cities liv'd a swain,
Unvex'd with all the cares of gain;
His head was silver'd o'er with age,
And long experience made him sage;
In summer's heat, and winter's cold,
He fed his flock, and penn'd the fold;

His hours in cheerful labour flew,
Nor envy nor ambition knew;
His wisdom and his honest fame
Thro' all the country rais'd his name.

A deep philosopher (whose rules
Of moral life were drawn from schools)
The Shepherd's homely cottage sought,
And thus explor'd his reach of thought:
"Whence is thy learning? hath thy toil
"O'er books consum'd the midnight oil?
"Hast thou old Greece and Rome survey'd,
"And the vast sense of Plato weigh'd?
"Hath Socrates thy soul refin'd,
"And hast thou fathom'd Tully's mind?
"Or, like the wise Ulysses, thrown,
"By various fates, on realms unknown;
"Hast thou thro' many cities stray'd,
"Their customs, laws, and manners, weigh'd?

The Shepherd modestly reply'd;
"I ne'er the paths of learning try'd;
"Nor have I roam'd in foreign parts,
"To read mankind, their laws, and arts;
"For man is practis'd in disguise,
"He cheats the most discerning eyes.
"Who by that search shall wiser grow?
"When we ourselves we never know.
"The little knowledge I have gain'd,
"Was all from simple Nature drain'd;
"Hence my life's maxims took their rise,
"Hence grew my settled hate to vice.
"The daily labours of the bee
"Awake my soul to industry.
"Who can observe the careful ant,
"And not provide for future want?
"My dog (the trustiest of his kind)
"With gratitude inflames my mind:
"I mark his true, his faithful way,
"And in my service copy Tray.
"In constancy and nuptial love,
"I learn my duty from the dove:
"The hen, who from the chilly air,
"With pious wing, protects her care,

" And every fowl that flies at large,
" Instruct me in a parent's charge.

" From Nature too I take my rule,
" To shun contempt and ridicule.
" I never, with important air,
" In conversation overbear.
" Can grave and formal pass for wise,
" When men the solemn owl despise?
" My tongue within my lips I rein;
" For who talks much must talk in vain.
" We from the wordy torrent fly,
" Who listens to the chattering pie?
" Nor would I, with felonious flight,
" By stealth invade my neighbour's right:
" Rapacious animals we hate!
" Kites, hawks, and wolves, deserve their fate.
" Do not we just abhorrence find
" Against the toad and serpent kind?
" But Envy, Calumny, and Spite,
" Bear stronger venom in their bite,
" Thus every object of creation
" Can furnish hints to contemplation;
" And, from the most minute and mean,
" A virtuous mind can morals glean,"

" Thy fame is just," the Sage replies!
" Thy virtue proves thee truly wise.
" Pride often guides the author's pen,
" Books as affected are as men:
" But he who studies Nature's laws,
" From certain truth his maxims draws;
" And those, without our schools, suffice
" To make men moral, good, and wise."

GAY

DIRGE IN CYMBELINE.

TO fair Fidele's grassy tomb,
  Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
Each opening sweet, of earliest bloom,
  And rifle all the breathing Spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear
  To vex with shrieks this quiet grove;
But shepherd lads assemble here,
  And melting virgins own their love.

No wither'd witch shall here be seen,
No goblins lead their nightly crew;
The female fays shall haunt the green,
And dress thy grave with pearly dew!

The redbreast oft at evening hours
Shall kindly lend its little aid,
With hoary moss, and gather'd flowers,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds and beating rain,
In tempests shake the sylvan cell;
Or 'midst the chace on ev'ry plain,
The tender thought on thee shall dwell.

Each lonely scene shall thee restore,
For thee the tear be duly shed;
Belov'd, till life can charm no more,
And mourn'd, till Pity's self be dead.

COLLINS.

HYMN TO LIGHT.

FIRST-BORN of Chaos, who so fair didst come,
From the old Negro's darksome womb!
Which, when it saw the lovely child,
The melancholy mass put on kind looks, and smil'd.

Thou tide of glory, which no rest dost know,
But ever ebb and ever flow!
Thou golden shower of a true Jove!
Who does in thee descend, and heav'n to earth make love!

Hail, active Nature's watchful life and health!
Her joy, her ornament, and wealth!
Hail to thy husband, Heat, and thee!
Thou the world's beauteous bride, the lusty bridegroom he!

Say, from what golden quivers of the sky
Do all thy winged arrows fly?
Swiftness and power by birth are thine:
From thy great sire they came, thy sire the Word Divine.

'Tis, I believe, this archery to show,
That so much cost in colours thou,
And skill in painting dost betow
Upon thy ancient arms, the gaudy heavenly bow.

Swift as light thoughts their empty career run,
Thy race is finish'd when begun;
Let a post-angel start with thee,
And thou the goal of earth shall reach as soon as he.

Thou in the moon's bright chariot, proud and gay,
Dost thy bright wood of stars survey;
And all the year dost with thee bring
A thousand flowery lights, thine own nocturnal spring.

Thou, Scythian-like, dost round thy lands above
Thy sun's gilt tent for ever move,
And still as thou in pomp dost go,
The shining pageants of the world attend thy show.

Nor amidst all these triumphs dost thou scorn
The humble glow-worms to adorn,
And with those living spangles gild
(O greatness without pride!) the bushes of the field.

Night, and her ugly subject, thou dost fright,
And Sleep, the lazy owl of night;
Asham'd and fearful to appear,
They screen their horrid shapes, with the black hemisphere.

With them there hastes, and wildly takes th' alarm,
Of painted dreams a busy swarm;
At the first opening of thine eye,
The various clusters break, the antic atoms fly.

The guilty serpents, and obscener beasts,
Creep conscious to their secret rests:
Nature to thee does reverence pay,
Ill omens and ill sights remove out of thy way.

At thy appearance, Grief itself is said
To shake his wings, and rouse his head;
And cloudy Care has often took
A gentle beamy smile, reflected from thy look.

At thy appearance, Fear itself grows bold;
Thy sunshine melts away his cold:
Encourag'd at the sight of thee,
To the cheek colour comes, and firmness to the knee.

Ev'n Lust, the master of a harden'd face,
Blushes if thou be'st in the place;
To Darkness' curtains he retires,
In sympathizing night he rolls his smoky fires.

When, goddess, thou lift'st up thy waken'd head,
Out of the Morning's purple bed,
The choir of birds about thee play,
And all the joyful world salutes the rising day.

The ghosts, and monster sprites, that did presume
A body's priv'lege to assume,
Vanish again invisibly,
And bodies gain anew their visibility.

All the world's bravery, that delights our eyes,
Is but thy several liveries;
Thou the rich dye on them bestow'st,
Thy nimble pencil paints this landscape as thou go'st.

A crimson garment is the rose thou wear'st;
A crown of studded gold thou bear'st;
The virgin lilies, in their white,
Are clad but with the lawn of almost naked light.

The violet, Spring's little infant, stands
Girt in thy purple swaddling-bands;
On the fair tulip thou dost doat,
Thou cloth'st it in a gay and parti-colour'd coat.

With flame condens'd, thou dost the jewel fix,
And solid colours in it mix;
Flora herself envies to see
Flowers fairer than her own, and durable as she.

Ah, goddess! would thou could'st thy hand withhold,
And be less liberal to gold;
Didst thou less value to it give,
Of how much care, alas! might'st thou poor man relieve!

To me the sun is more delightful far,
And all fair days much fairer are:
But few, ah! wondrous few there be,
Who do not gold prefer, O goddess! ev'n to thee.

Thro' the soft ways of heav'n, and air, and sea,
Which open all their pores to thee,
Like a clear river dost thou glide,
And with thy living stream thro' the close channels slide.

But where firm bodies thy free course oppose,
Gently thy source the land o'erflows;
Takes their possession, and does make,
Of colours mingled, light, a thick and standing lake.

But the vast ocean of unbounded day
In th' empyrean heav'n does stay;
Thy rivers, lakes, and springs, below,
From thence took first their rise, thither at last must flow.

COWLEY.

WAR.

————O WAR, what art thou?
After the brightest conquest, what remains
Of all thy glories? For the vanquish'd—chains—
For the proud victor—what? Alas! to reign
O'er desolated nations—a drear waste,
By one man's crime, by one man's lust of pow'r
Unpeopled! Naked plains and ravag'd fields,
Succeed to smiling harvests and the fruits
Of peaceful olive—luscious fig and vine!
Here—rifled temples are the cavern'd dens
Of savage beasts, or haunt of birds obscene;
There:—populous cities blacken in the sun,
And in the gen'ral wreck proud palaces
Lie undistinguish'd, save by the dun smoke
Of recent conflagration! When the song
Of dear-bought joy, with many a triumph swell'd,
Salutes the Victor's ear, and soothes his pride,
How is the grateful harmony profan'd
With the sad dissonnance of Virgins' cries
Who mourn their Brothers slain! Of Matrons hoar
Who clasp their wither'd hands, and fondly ask
With iteration shrill—their slaughter'd sons!
How is the laurel's verdure stain'd with blood
And soiled with widows' tears!

HANNAH MORE.

WRITTEN FOR A BEGGAR.

O MERCY! Heaven's first attribute,
Whose care embraces man and brute!
Behold me where I shivering stand;
Bid gentle Pity stretch her hand
To want and age, disease and pain,
That all in one sad-object reign.
Still feeling bad, still fearing worse,
Existence is to me a curse:

Yet how to close this weary eye!
By my own hand I dare not die:
And Death, the friend of human woes,
Who brings the last and sound repose;
Death does at dreadful distance keep,
And leaves one wretch to wake and weep! MALLET.

ON RURAL SPORTS.

THE sun wakes jocund—all of life, who breathe
In air, or earth, and lawn, and thicket rove,
Who swim the surface, or the deep beneath,
Swell the full chorus of delight and love.

But what are ye, who cheer the bay of hounds,
Whose levell'd thunder frightens morn's repose,
Who drag the net, whose hook insidious wounds
A writhing reptile, type of mightier woes?

I see ye come, and havock loose the reins,
A general groan the general anguish speaks;
The stately stag falls butcher'd on the plains,
The dew of death hangs clammy on his cheeks.

Ah! see the pheasant fluttering in the brake,
Green, azure, gold, but undistinguish'd gore!
Yet spare the tenants of the silver lake!
I call in vain—they gasp upon the shore.

A yet ignobler band is guarded round
With dogs of war, the spurning bull their prize:
And now he bellows, humbled to the ground;
And now they sprawl in howlings to the skies.

You too must feel their missile weapons' power,
Whose clarion charms the midnight's sullen air;
Thou the morn's harbinger, must mourn the hour,
Vigil to fasts, and penitence, and prayer.

Must fatal wars of human avarice, wage
For milder conflicts, love their palm design'd?
Now sheath'd in steel, must rival Reason's rage,
Deal mutual death, and emulate mankind?

Are these your sovereign joys, creation's lords?
Is death a banquet for a godlike soul?
Have rigid hearts no sympathizing chords,
For concord, order, for the harmonious whole?

Nor plead necessity, thou man of blood!
  Heaven tempers power with mercy—heaven revere!
Yet slay the wolf for safety, lamb for food;
  But shorten misery's pangs, and drop a tear!

Ah! rather turn, and breathe this evening gale,
  Uninjur'd, and uninjuring Nature's peace.
Come, draw best nectar from the foaming pail,
  Come, pen the fold, and count the flock's increase!

See pasturing heifers with the bull, who weilds
  Yet budding horns, and wounds alone the soil!
Or see the panting spaniel try the fields,
  While bursting coveys mock his wanton toil!

Now feel the steed with youth's elastic force,
  Spontaneous bound, yet bear thy kind control;
Nor mangle all his sinews in the course,
  And fainting, staggering, lash him to the goal!

Now sweetly pensive, bending o'er the stream,
  Mark the gay floating myriads, nor molest
Their sports, their slumbers, but inglorious dream
  Of evil fled, and all creation blest;

Or else, beneath the porch, in social joy
  Sit, and approve thy infant's virtuous haste,
Humanity's sweet tones while all employ
  To lure the wing'd domestics to repast!

There smiling see, a fop in swelling state,
  The turkey strut with valour's red pretence;
And duck row on, with waddling honest gait,
  And goose mistake solemnity for sense!

While one with front erect, in simple pride,
  Full firmly treads, his consort waits his call;
Now deal the copious barley, waft it wide,
  That each may taste the bounty meant for all!

Yon bashful songsters with retorted eye
  Pursue the grain, yet wheel contracted flight,
While he, the bolder sparrow, scorns to fly,
  A son of freedom claiming Nature's right.

Liberal to him; yet still the wafted grain,
  Choicest for those of modest worth, dispense,
And blessing Heaven that wakes their grateful strain,
  Let Heaven's best joy be thine, benevolence!

While flocks soft bleatings echoing high and clear,
The neigh of steeds responsive o'er the heath,
Deep lowing, sweeter melt upon thy ear
Than screams of terror, and the groans of death.

Yet sounds of woe delight a giant brood:
Fly then mankind, ye young, ye helpless old!
For not their fury, a consuming flood,
Distinguishes the shepherd, drowns the fold.

But loosen once thy gripe, avenging law!
Eager on man, a nobler chase, they start;
Now from a brother's side a dagger draw,
Now sheath it deeper in a virgin's heart.

See, as they reach Ambition's purple fruits,
Their reeking hands in nations' carnage dy'd!
No longer bathing in the blood of brutes,
They swim to empire in a human tide.

But see him, see the fiend that others stung,
With scorpion conscience lash'd himself, the last!
See festering in the bosom where they sprung,
The fury passions that laid nature waste!

Behold the self-tormentor drag his chains,
And weary Heaven with many a fruitless groan!
By pining fast, by voluntary pains,
Revenging Nature's cause, he pleads his own.

Yet prostrate, suppliant to the throne above,
He calls down Heaven in thunders to pursue
Heaven's fancied foes—O God of peace and love,
The voice of thunder is no voice from you!

Mistaken mortal! 'tis that God's decree
To spare thy own, nor shed another's blood:
Heaven breathes benevolence to all, to thee;
Each being's bliss consummates general good.

LOVIBOND.

INSCRIPTION ON A RURAL SEAT.

O LET me haunt this peaceful shade;
Nor let Ambition e'er invade
The tenants of this leafy bower,
That shun her paths, and slight her power!

Hither the peaceful halcyon flies
From social meads and open skies;
Pleas'd by this rill her course to steer,
And hide her sapphire plumage here.

The trout, bedropt with crimson stains,
Forsakes the river's proud domains;
Forsakes the sun's unwelcome gleam,
To lurk within this humble stream.

And sure I hear the Naiads say,
Flow, flow, my stream, this devious way!
Tho' lovely-soft thy murmurs are,
Thy waters lovely, cool, and fair:

Flow, gentle stream, nor let the vain
Thy small unsullied stores disdain;
Nor let the pensive sage repine,
Whose latent course resembles thine. SHENSTONE.

THE CHAMELION.

OFT has it been my lot to mark
A proud, conceited, talking spark,
With eyes that hardly serv'd at most
To guard their master 'gainst a post;
Yet round the world the blade has been,
To see whatever could be seen.
Returning from his finish'd tour,
Grown ten times perter than before;
Whatever word you chance to drop,
The travell'd fool your mouth will stop:
" Sir, if my judgment you'll allow—
" I've seen—and sure I ought to know."—
So begs you'd pay a due submission,
And acquiesce in his decision.

Two travellers of such a cast,
As o'er Arabia's wilds they past,
And on their way, in friendly chat,
Now talk'd of this, and then of that;
Discours'd awhile, mongst other matter,
Of the Chamelion's form and nature.
" A stranger animal," cries one,
" Sure never liv'd beneath the sun:

"A lizard's body lean and long,
"A fish's head, a serpent's tongue,
"Its foot with triple claw disjoin'd;
"And what a length of tail behind!
"How slow its pace! and then its hue—
"Who ever saw so fine a blue?"—
"Hold there," the other quick replies,
"'Tis green, I saw it with these eyes,
"As late with open mouth it lay,
"And warm'd it in the sunny ray;
"Stretch'd at its ease the beast I view'd,
"And saw it eat the air for food."---
"I've seen it, Sir, as well as you,
"And must again affirm it blue;
"At leisure I the beast survey'd
"Extended in the cooling shade."
"'Tis green, 'tis green, Sir, I assure ye."---
"Green!" cries the other in a fury:
"Why, Sir, d'ye think I've lost my eyes?"---
"'Twere no great loss," the friend replies;
"For if they always serve you thus,
"You'll find them but of little use."
So high at last the contest rose,
From words they almost came to blows:
When luckily came by a third;
To him the question they referr'd:
And begg'd he'd tell them, if he knew,
Whether the thing was green or blue.
"Sirs," cries the umpire, "cease your pother;
"The creature's neither one nor t'other.
"I caught the animal last night,
"And view'd it o'er by candle-light:
"I mark'd it well 'twas black as jet—
"You stare—but Sirs, I've got it yet,
"And can produce it."—"Pray, Sir, do
"I'll lay my life the thing is blue."—
"And I'll be sworn, that when you've seen
"The reptile, you'll pronounce him green."—
"Well then, at once to ease the doubt,"
Replies the man, "I'll turn him out:
"And when before your eyes I've set him,
"If you don't find him black, I'll eat him."
He said; and full before their sight
Produc'd the beast, and lo!---'twas white.

Both star'd, the man look'd wondrous wise---
" My children," the Chamelion cries,
(Then first the creature found a tongue)
" You all are right, and all are wrong:
" When next you talk of what you view,
" Think others see as well as you:
" Nor wonder, if you find that none
" Prefers your eye-sight to his own." MERRICK

THE INSECT RACE.

OBSERVE the Insect-race---ordain'd to keep
The lazy sabbath of a half-year's sleep!
Entomb'd beneath the filmy web they lie,
And wait the influence of a kinder sky;
When vernal sun-beams pierce their dark retreat,
The heaving tomb distends with vital heat—
The full-form'd brood, impatient of their cell,
Start from their trance, and burst their silken shell!
Trembling awhile they stand, and scarcely dare
To launch at once upon the untry'd air—
At length assur'd they catch the fav'ring gale,
And leave their sordid spoils, and high in ether sail!
Lo! the bright train, their radiant wings unfold
With silver fring'd, and freckled o'er with gold;
On the gay bosom of some fragrant flow'r
They idly fluttering live their little hour,
Their life all pleasure, and their task all play,
All spring their age, and sunshine all their day!
Not so the Child of Sorrow—Wretched Man—
His course with toil concludes—with pain began
That high his destiny he might discern
And in Misfortune's school this lesson learn—
Pleasure's the portion of the inferior kind,
But Glory—Virtue—Heaven for *Man* design'd!

BARBAULD.

TO CYNTHIA.

QUEEN, and huntress, chaste and fair,
Now the sun is laid to sleep
Seated in thy silver chair,
State in wonted manner keep:
Hesperus entreats thy light,
Goddess excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy envious shade
  Dare itself to interpose;
Cynthia's shining orb was made
  Heaven to cheer, when day did close;
    Bless us then with wished sight,
    Goddess excellently bright.

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,
  And thy crystal-shining quiver:
Give unto thy flying hart
  Space to breathe, how short soever:
    Thou that mak'st a day of night,
    Goddess excellently bright.

B. JONSON.

CHARITY.

DID sweeter sounds adorn my flowing tongue,
Than ever man pronounc'd, or angels sung;
Had I all knowledge, human and divine,
That thought can reach, or science can define;
And had I power to give that knowledge birth,
In all the speeches of the babbling earth;
Did Shadrach's zeal my glowing breast inspire,
To weary tortures, and rejoice in fire;
Or had I faith like that which Israel saw,
When Moses gave them miracles and law:
Yet, gracious Charity! indulgent guest,
Were not thy power exerted in my breast,
Those speeches would send up unheeded prayer;
That scorn of life would be but wild despair;
A tymbal's sound were better than my voice:
My faith were form, my eloquence were noise.
  Charity, decent, modest, easy, kind,
Softens the high, and rears the abject mind.
Knows with just reins and gentle hand to guide
Betwixt vile Shame and arbitrary Pride.
Not soon provok'd, she easily forgives;
And much she suffers, as she much believes.
Soft Peace she brings wherever she arrives;
She builds our quiet, as she forms our lives;
Lays the rough paths of peevish Nature even,
And opens in each heart a little heaven.

  Each other gift, which God on man bestows,
Its proper bound and due restriction knows;

To one fix'd purpose dedicates its power,
And, finishing its act, exists no more.
Thus, in obedience to what Heaven decrees,
Knowledge shall fail, and prophecy shall cease;
But lasting Charity's more ample sway,
Nor bound by time, nor subject to decay,
In happy triumph shall for ever live,
And endless good diffuse, and endless praise receive.

As thro' the artist's intervening glass,
Our eye observes the distant planets pass,
A little we discover, but allow
That more remains unseen than art can show;
So, whilst our mind its knowledge would improve,
(Its feeble eye intent on things above,)
High as we may, we lift our reason up,
By Faith directed, and confirm'd by Hope;
Yet are we able only to survey
Dawning of beams, and promises of day.
Heaven's fuller effluence mocks our dazzled sight;
Too great its swiftness, and too strong its light.

But soon the mediate clouds shall be dispell'd;
The sun shall soon be face to face beheld,
In all his robes, with all his glory on,
Seated sublime on his meridian throne.

Then constant Faith and holy Hope shall die,
One lost in certainty, and one in joy:
Whilst thou, more happy power, fair Charity,
Triumphant sister, greatest of the three,
Thy office and thy nature still the same,
Lasting thy lamp, and unconsum'd thy flame,
Shalt still survive——
Shalt stand before the host of Heaven confest,
For ever blessing, and for ever blest. PRIOR.

AN IMAGE OF PLEASURE.

SOLACE of life, my sweet companion lyre!
On this fair poplar bough I'll hang thee high,
While the gay fields all soft delights inspire,
And not one cloud deforms the smiling sky.

While whispering gales, that court the leaves and flowers,
Play thro' thy strings, and gently make them sound,
Luxurious, I'll dissolve the flowing hours
In balmy slumbers on the carpet ground.

But see—what sudden gloom obscures the air!
What falling showers impetuous change the day!
Let's rise, my lyre—Ah Pleasure, false as fair;
How faithless are thy charms, how short thy stay!

HUGHES.

DOMESTIC PLEASURES.

WHEN ev'ning's mellow tints enrich the west,
And the dim distance cheats the wand'ring eye:
When Nature's stillness makes the weary blest,
And the smooth breeze scarce whispers out a sigh:

From social joys then gladly would I steal,
From scenes whence gaudy Pleasure proudly flies;
In solitude the pow'r of Fancy feel,
And trace her pleasing visions as they rise:

Deluding Hope each fond illusion moulds,
Where Happiness in tempting form is seen;
Imagination ev'ry wing unfolds,
And flutters round the transitory scene.

" Far from those ranks where Fashion rules the hour,
" Where Luxury her pampering revels keeps;
" Where Envy marks the splendid pride of Pow'r,
" And pining Discontent in anguish weeps:

" My humble mansion decks the lowly vale,
" Where Health extends her animated smile;
" Where sweet Contentment tells her simple tale,
" To smooth the cheerful peasant's rugged toil.

" Oft as the morn renews the tut'ring strain,
" The little linnet from its dam receives;
" And oft as ev'ning tells the wearied swain
" To taste the sweet repose that Nature gives:

" With solitary steps each wood I trace,
" Where Contemplation stills the lonely way;
" Muse on the hours of woe that others pass,
" And catch the lustre of Contentment's ray.

" And if some mortal sorrows chill'd the time
" When youth's warm inexperienc'd pleasures glow'd,
" To shrink from these e'en Pity calls a crime;
" For ills unfelt her tender tears bestow'd:

" She feels the lash, that tyranny compels
" The slave in silent agony to bear;
" And oft in Mercy's ear each mis'ry tells,
" That marks the convict's solitary care:

" She hears the wretch's last convulsive groan,
" That howls the secret horror of his mind:
" She lets not Penury complain alone,
" And hopeless Sorrow owns her soothings kind.

" But from such visionary woe I swerve,
" With happiness each pensive thought to drown;
" The pleasures of my peaceful home observe,
" And smile with gratitude on joys my own:

" Joys that my wedded partner cheerful shares,
" That makes us spurn the lux'ries of the great;
" Joys that are heighten'd by her soothing cares,
" That gently heal each poison'd wound of Fate.

" For when pale Sickness wakes each tort'ring fear,
" Lest ills unknown the peaceful charm should break,
" Oft have I seen the sympathetic tear
" Tremble beneath the smile that deck'd her cheek:—

" And when the balmy sweets of health return,
" To grace the homely board they cheer'd before,
" With grateful hearts their valu'd worth we learn;
" Possess'd of these, how great our little store!—

" And, O ye little ones! whose infant tongues
" Have learn'd to lisp the strains Affection taught;
" To whom the fascinating pow'r belongs,
" By little arts to chase each pensive thought;

" Preserv'd th' untainted heart, the soul sincere,
" That Piety, and soft Compassion warms:—
" I would not barter crowns for ties so dear;
" Compar'd with these, what human treasure charms?

" Come ye, who proudly tread Ambition's height,
" And grasp the puny fumes that Wealth bestows;
" And ye whom pow'r's too pois'ning sweets delight,
" Who taste no joy but what from affluence flows;

"Resign your pleasures—view that father's care,
"Who bends with fondness o'er his happy child;
"Own that one moment of his bliss to share,
"Pleas'd ye'd desert your golden projects wild.

"Ye never felt that genuine delight
"That animates a parent's glowing breast;
"Your grandest hopes an adverse blast can blight;
"My humblest pleasures happiness has blest.

"If on our joys Misfortune's keenest winds
"Blow angrily, and all her horrors send;
"Oh! what a balm an aged father finds
"In the sweet soothings of a filial friend!—

"A mother too—whom finer feelings move,
"Whose softer bosom ev'ry anguish shares,—
"Calm her, thou source of comfort, filial love—
"Maternal sorrows claim your tend'rest cares.

"Go on, ye young ones, deck'd with modest worth,
"Possess'd of virtue, ev'ry torrent brave:
"Be truly great, and those that gave you birth
"Will meet with calm content the peaceful grave!"

The charm's dissolv'd—my wand'ring steps I bend
Where first my fancy drew each flatt'ring line:—
The chill unhealthy dews of night descend,
And ev'ry melancholy thought is mine.

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE MANIAC OF VICTORY.

BUT here comes One that seems to out-rejoice
All the rejoicing tribe! wild is her eye
And frantic is her air, and fanciful
Her sable suit, and round she rapid rolls
Her greedy eyes upon the spangled street,
And drinks with greedy gaze the sparkling scene!
And, "See," she cries, "how they have grac'd the hour
That gave *him* to his grave! hail lovely lamps,
In honour of that hour a grateful land,
Hath hung aloft!—and sure he well deserves
The tributary splendour—for he fought
Their battles well—ah! he was Valour's self—

Fierce was the look with which he fac'd the foe;
But on his Harriet, when my Hero bent it,
'Twas so benign! and beautiful he was—
And he was young, too young in years to die!
'Twas but a little while his wing had thrown
Its guardian shadow o'er me—but 'tis gone—
Fall'n is my shield, yet see now if I weep—
A British warrior's widow should not weep—
Her Hero sleeps in Honour's fragrant bed—
So they all tell me, and I have nobly learn'd
Their gallant lesson—all my tears are gone—
Bright glory's beam has dried them ev'ry drop!
No—no—I scorn to weep—high is mine heart!
Hot are mine eyes! there's no weak water there!
'Tis true I should have joy'd—what mother would not?
To have shown him that sweet babe o'er which he wept
When last he kiss'd it—yes he did—he wept!
My warrior wept!—as the weak woman's tears
From off this cheek, where now I none can feel,
He kiss'd away—he wet it with his own.
O! yes it would—'twould have been sweet t' have shown him
How his dear lovely boy had grown since he
Beheld it cradled, and I have bid it call him
By the sweet name that I had taught it utter,
In softest tones, while he was thunder hearing,
And thunder hurling round him—for his hand
Would not be idle amid deeds of glory!
Yes—*glory*—*glory*—*glory* is the word——
See how it glitters all along the street!"
And then she laughs and wildly leaps along
With tresses all untied. Fair wretch—adieu—
In mercy—Heaven thy shatter'd peace repair.

FAWCETT.

HYMN TO THE MORNING.

PARENT of Day; whose beauteous beams of light
Spring from the darksome womb of Night,
And 'midst their native horrors show
Like gems adorning of the negro's brow:
Not Heav'n's fair bow can equal thee,
In all its gaudy drapery;

Thou first essay of light, and pledge of day!
That usher'st in the sun, and still prepar'st its way.

Rival of shade, eternal spring of light!
Thou art the genuine source of it:
From thy bright unexhausted womb,
The beauteous rays of days and seasons come.
Thy beauty, ages cannot wrong,
But spite of time, thou'rt ever young:
Thou art alone Heav'n's modest virgin light,
Whose face a veil of blushes hides from human sight.

Like some fair bride thou risest from thy bed,
And dost around thy lustre spread;
Around the universe dispense
New life to all, and quick'ning influence.
With gloomy smiles thy rival Night
Beholds thy glorious dawn of light;
Not all the wealth she views in mines below,
Can match thy brighter beams, or equal lustre show.

At thy approach, Nature erects her head,
The smiling universe is glad;
The drowsy earth and seas awake,
And, from thy beams, new life and vigour take:
When thy more cheerful rays appear,
Ev'n guilt and women cease to fear;
Horror, despair, and all the sons of Night,
Retire before thy beams, and take their hasty flight.

To thee the grateful East their altars raise,
And sing with early hymns thy praise;
Thou dost their happy soil bestow,
Enrich the heavens above, and earth below:
Thou risest in the fragrant east,
Like the fair phœnix from her balmy nest:
No altar of the gods can equal thine,
The air's thy richest incense, the whole land thy shrine!

But yet thy fading glories soon decay—
Thine's but a momentary stay;
Too soon thou'rt ravish'd from our sight,
Borne down the stream of day, and overwhelm'd with [light.
Thy beams to their own ruin haste,
They're fram'd too exquisite to last:

Thine is a glorious, but a short-liv'd state.
Pity so fair a birth should yield so soon to fate!

Before th' Almighty Artist fram'd the sky,
Or gave the earth its harmony,
His first command was for thy light;
He view'd the lovely birth, and blessed it:
In purple swaddling-bands it struggling lay,
Not yet maturely bright for day:
Old Chaos then a cheerful smile put on,
And, from thy beauteous form, did first presage its own.

"Let there be light!" the great Creator said,
His word the active child obey'd:
Night did her teeming womb disclose;
And then the blushing morn, its brightest offspring, rose.
Awhile the Almighty wondering view'd,
And then himself pronounc'd it good:
"With night (said he,) divide th' imperial sway;
"Thou my first labour art, and thou shalt bless the day."

YALDEN.

THE SHORTNESS OF LIFE, AND UNCERTAINTY OF RICHES.

WHY dost thou heap up wealth, which thou must quit,
Or, what is worse, be left by it?
Why dost thou load thyself when thou'rt to fly,
Oh, man! ordain'd to die?

Why dost thou build up stately rooms on high,
Thou who art under ground to lie?
Thou sow'st and plantest, but no fruit must see,
For Death, alas! is reaping thee.

Suppose thou Fortune couldst to tameness bring,
And clip or pinion her wing;
Suppose thou couldst on Fate so far prevail,
As not to cut off thy entail;

Yet Death at all that subtilty will laugh;
Death will that foolish gard'ner mock,
Who does a slight and annual plant ingraff
Upon a lasting stock.

Thou dost thyself wise and industrious deem;
A mighty husband thou wouldst seem;
Fond man! like a bought slave, thou all the while
Dost but for others sweat and toil.

Officious fool! that needs must meddling be
In bus'ness that concerns not thee;
For when to future years thou extend'st thy cares,
Thou deal'st in other men's affairs.

Ev'n aged men, as if they truly were
Children again, for age prepare;
Provisions for long travel they design,
In the last point of their short line.

Wisely the ant against poor winter hoards,
The stock which summer's wealth affords;
In grasshoppers, that must at autumn die,
How vain were such an industry?

Of power and honour the deceitful light
Might half excuse our cheated sight,
If it of life the whole small time would stay,
And be our sunshine all the day.

Like lightning that, begot but in a cloud
(Tho' shining bright, and speaking loud,)
Whilst it begins, concludes its violent race,
And where it gilds, it wounds the place.

Oh, scene of fortune! which dost fair appear
Only to men that stand not near:
Proud Poverty that tinsel brav'ry wears,
And, like a rainbow, painted tears!

Be prudent, and the shore in prospect keep!
In a weak boat trust not the deep;
Plac'd beneath envy—above envying rise;
Pity great men, great things despise.

The wise example of the heav'nly lark,
Thy fellow-poet, COWLEY! mark;
Above the clouds let thy proud music sound;
Thy humble nest build on the ground. COWLEY.

THE GOLDFINCHES: AN ELEGY.

TO you whose groves protect the feather'd choirs,
Who lend their artless notes a willing ear,
To you whom pity moves, and taste inspires,
The Doric strain belongs, O SHENSTONE, hear.

'Twas gentle Spring, when all the plumy race,
By Nature taught, in nuptial leagues combine!
A Goldfinch joy'd to meet the warm embrace,
And with her mate in love's delights to join.

All in a garden, on a currant bush,
With wondrous art they built their airy seat;
In the next orchard liv'd a friendly thrush,
Not distant far a wood-lark's soft retreat.

Here blest with ease, and in each other blest,
With early songs they wak'd the neighbouring groves,
Till time matur'd their joys, and crown'd their nest
With infant pledges of their faithful loves.

And now what transport glow'd in either's eye!
What equal fondness dealt th' allotted food!
What joy each other's likeness to descry,
And future sonnets in the chirping brood!

But, ah! what earthly happiness can last?
How does the fairest purpose often fail!
A truant school-boy's wantonness could blast
Their flatt'ring hopes, and leave them both to wail.

The most ungentle of his tribe was he;
No gen'rous precept ever touch'd his heart;
With concord false, and hideous prosody,
He scrawl'd his task, and blunder'd o'er his part.

On mischief bent, he mark'd with rav'nous eyes,
Where wrapt in down the callow songsters lay,
Then rushing, rudely seiz'd the glitt'ring prize,
And bore it in his impious hands away!

But how shall I describe, in numbers rude,
The pangs for poor Chrysomitris decreed,
When from her secret stand aghast she view'd,
The cruel spoiler perpetrate the deed?

"O grief of griefs!" with shrieking voice she cried,
"What sight is this that I have liv'd to see?
"O! that I had in youth's fair season died,
"From love's false joys, and bitter sorrows free.

"Was it for this, alas! with weary bill,
"Was it for this I pois'd th' unweildy straw?
"For this I bore the moss from yonder hill,
"Nor shunn'd the pond'rous stick along to draw?

"Was it for this I pick'd the wool with care,
"Intent with nicer skill our work to crown;
"For this, with pain, I bent the stubborn hair,
"And lin'd our cradle with the thistle's down?

"Was it for this my freedom I resign'd,
"And ceas'd to rove at large from plain to plain;
"For this I sat at home whole days confin'd,
"To bear the scorching heat, and pealing rain?

"Was it for this my watchful eyes grow dim?
"For this the roses on my cheek turn pale?
"Pale is my golden plumage, once so trim!
"And all my wonted mirth and spirits fail!

"O plund'rer vile! O more than adders fell!
"More murd'rous than the cat, with prudish face;
"Fiercer than kites in whom the furies dwell,
"And thievish as the cuckoo's pilf'ring race!

"May juicy plums for thee forbear to grow,
"For thee no flow'r unveil its charming dyes;
"May birch-trees thrive to work thee sharper woe,
"And list'ning starlings mock thy frantic cries!"

Thus sang the mournful bird her piteous tale,—
The piteous tale her mournful mate return'd;
Then side by side they sought the distant vale,
And there in secret sadness inly mourn'd.

JAGO.

ELEGY ON SIR WILLIAM JONES.

TO chase the tenfold gloom, my JONES, was thine,
To cheer the Brahmin and to burst his chains,
To search for latent gems the Sanscreet mine,
And wake the fervour of her ancient strains.

For ah! what pen shall paint with half thy fire
The power of Music on th' impassion'd soul,
When the great masters wak'd the Indian lyre,
And bade the burning song electric roll?

The mystic veil that wraps the hallow'd shrine
Of India's deities 'twas thine to rend—
With brighter fires—each radiant altar shines,
To Nature's awful God those fires ascend!

Sound the deep conch—dread Vishnu's pow'r proclaim,
And heap with fragrant woods the blazing urn;
I see sublime Devotion's noblest flame,
'Midst Superstition's glowing embers burn!

'Twas thine with daring wing and eagle eye
To pierce Antiquity's profoundest gloom,
To search the dazzling records of the sky,
And bid the stars the sacred page illume!

Nor did the instructive orbs of Heav'n alone
Absorb thy soul 'mid yon etherial fields,
To thee the vegetable world was known,
And all the blooming tribes the garden yields!

From the tall cedar on the mountain's brow
Which the fierce tropic storm in vain assails,
Down to the humblest shrubs that beauteous blow
And scent the air of Asia's fragrant vales!

But talents—fancy—ardent, bold, sublime—
Unbounded science form'd thy meanest fame
Beyond the grasp of death, the bound of time,
On wings of fire Religion wafts thy name!

And long as stars shall shine or planets roll,
To kindred Virtue shall that name be dear,
Still shall thy genius charm the aspiring soul,
And distant ages kindle at thy bier!

MAURICE.

THE WISH.

CONTENTMENT, parent of delight,
So much a stranger to our sight,
Say, goddess, in what happy place
Mortals behold thy blooming face;
Thy gracious auspices, impart,
And for thy temple choose my heart.
They, whom thou deignest to inspire,
Thy science learn, to bound desire;
By happpy alchymy of mind
They turn to pleasure all they find;
They both disdain in outward mien
The grave and solemn garb of Spleen;
And meretricious arts of dress,
To feign a joy, and hide distress:

Unmov'd when the rude tempest blows,
Without an opiate they repose;
And cover'd by your shield, defy
The whizzing shafts, that round them fly:
Nor meddling with the god's affairs,
Concern themselves with distant cares;
But place their bliss in mental rest,
And feast upon the good possess'd.
    Forc'd by soft violence of pray'r,
The blithesome goddess soothes my care;
I feel the deity inspire,
And thus she models my desire.
Two hundred pounds, half-yearly paid,
Annuity securely made,
A farm, some twenty miles from town,
Small, tight, salubrious, and my own;
Two maids that never saw the town,
A serving-man, not quite a clown;
A boy to help to tread the mow,
And drive, while t'other holds the plough.
A chief, of temper form'd to please,
Fit to converse and keep the keys;
And better to preserve the peace,
Commission'd by the name of niece;
With understanding of a size
To think their master very wise.
May Heaven (it's all I wish for) send
One genial room to treat a friend,
Where decent cupboard, little plate,
Display benevolence, not state.
And may my humble dwelling stand
Upon some chosen spot of land:
A pond before, full to the brim,
Where cows may cool, and geese may swim:
Behind, a green, like velvet neat,
Soft to the eye and to the feet;
Where od'rous plants in ev'ning fair
Breathe all around ambrosial air;
From Eurus, foe to kitchen ground,
Fenc'd by a slope with bushes crown'd,
Fit dwelling for the feather'd throng,
Who pay their quit-rents with a song;
With op'ning views of hill and dale,
Which sense and fancy too regale,

Where the half-cirque, which vision bounds,
Like amphitheatre surrounds:
And woods impervious to the breeze,
Thick phalanx of embodied trees,
From hills thro' plains in dusk array
Extended far, repel the day.
Here stillness, height, and solemn shade
Invite, and contemplation aid;
Here nymphs from hollow oaks relate
The dark decrees and will of Fate,
And dreams beneath the spreading beech
Inspire, and docile Fancy teach;
While soft as breezy breath of wind,
Impulses rustle thro' the mind:
Here Dryads, scorning Phœbus' ray,
While Pan melodious pipes away,
In measur'd motions frisk about,
Till old Silenus puts them out.
There see the clover, pea, and bean,
Vie in variety of green;
Fresh pastures speckled o'er with sheep,
Brown fields their fallow Sabbaths keep,
Plump Ceres golden tresses wear,
And poppy top-knots deck her hair,
And silver streams thro' meadows stray,
And Naiads on the margin play,
And lesser Nymphs on side of hills
From plaything urns pour down the rills.
Thus shelter'd, free from care and strife,
May I enjoy a calm thro' life;
See Faction, safe in low degree,
As men at land see storms at sea,
And laugh at miserable elves
Not kind, so much as to themselves,
Curs'd with such souls of base alloy,
As can possess, but not enjoy;
Debarr'd the pleasure to impart
By Av'rice, sphincter of the heart,
Who wealth, hard-earn'd by guilty cares,
Bequeath'd untouch'd to thankless heirs.
May I, with look ungloom'd by guile,
And wearing Virtue's liv'ry smile,
Prone the distressed to relieve,
And little trespasses forgive.

With income not in Fortune's pow'r
And skill to make a busy hour,
With trips to town life to amuse,
To purchase books, and hear the news,
To see old friends, brush off the clown,
And quicken taste at coming down.
Unhurt by Sickness' blasting rage,
And slowly mellowing into age,
When Fate extends its gathering gripe—
Fall off like fruit grown fully ripe;
Quit a worn being without pain,
In hope to blossom soon again.

GREEN.

PRESENTIMENT OF DEATH.

NOW spring returns; but not to me returns
The vernal joy my better years have known:
Dim in my breast life's dying taper burns,
And all the joys of life with health are flown.

Starting and shiv'ring in th' unconstant wind,
Meagre and pale, the ghost of what I was,
Beneath some blasted tree I lie reclin'd,
And count the silent moments as they pass.

The winged moments, whose unstaying speed
No art can stop, or in their course arrest:
Whose flight shall shortly count me with the dead,
And lay me down in peace with them that rest.

Oft morning-dreams presage approaching fate;
And morning-dreams, as poets tell, are true.
Led by pale ghosts, I enter death's dark gate,
And bid the realms of light and life adieu!

I hear the helpless wail, the shriek of woe;
I see the muddy wave, the dreary shore,
The sluggish streams that slowly creep below,
Which mortals visit, and return no more.

Farewell, ye blooming fields! ye cheerful plains!
Enough for me the church-yard's lonely mound,
Where Melancholy with still Silence reigns,
And the rank grass waves o'er the cheerless ground.

There let me wander at the close of eve,
  When sleep sits dewy on the labourer's eyes,
The world and all its busy follies leave,
  And talk with wisdom where my Daphnis lies.

There let me sleep, forgotten in the clay,
  When Death shall shut these weary aching eyes,
Rest in the hopes of an eternal day,
  Till the long night is gone, and the last morn arise.

BRUCE.

A MOTHER'S GRAVE.

To where thy hallow'd bones are laid
  Far from the busy haunts of men,
To converse, Mother, with thy shade,
    I come again!

Oh! I have felt Affliction's wave,
  And with her billows mounted high
Since last I knelt me on thy grave,
    And heav'd a sigh!

When shall I close these weary eyes?
  When shall my wandering spirit flee—
Or in this grave, or in the skies,
    Find rest and thee?

The meekness of thy mind I need,
  To meet the world's rebuke and scorn:
O! Mother, but to copy thee
    Why was I born?

Ev'n now I hear thy warning voice,
  That oft has wrung my infant ear—
Oh! if thy Child can have his choice,
    Spirit appear!

Thy gentle accents to my heart
  Shall solace soft, and vigour give,
To suffer well Affliction's smart,
    While yet I live!

Yes—and Religion's holy form
  Well-known, and well-belov'd by thee,
Should more my wavering heart conform
    To Heav'n's decree!

Peace that the world can never give,
  The world can never take away—
Should be my portion, could I live
        Thy virtuous way!

And soon the scene shall roll away,
  And soon all Earth-born cares shall cease,
And I with thee in silent clay
        Shall rest in peace!

But not for ever shall the grave
  Triumphant boast his power and might,
For God shall call us thence to live
        In endless light!

AMPHLETT.

SHORTNESS OF LIFE.

SUNS that set and Moons that wane,
Rise and are restor'd again!
Stars that orient Day subdues,
Night at her return renews!
Herbs and flowers, the beauteous birth
Of the genial womb of Earth,
Suffer but a transient death,
From the Winter's cruel breath!
Zephyr speaks—serener skies,
Warm the glebe, and they arise!
We, alas! Earth's haughty kings,
We that promise mighty things,
Losing soon Life's happy prime,
Droop and fade in little time,
Spring returns, but not *our* bloom,
Still 'tis *Winter* in the *tomb!*

COWPER.

THE SPIRIT OF MUSIC.

From Chindara's warbling fount I come,
  Call'd by that moonlight garland's spell,
From Chindara's fount my fairy home,
  Where in music morn and night I dwell;
Where lutes in the air are heard about,
  And voices are singing the whole day long;
And every sigh the heart breathes out
  Is turn'd, as it leaves the lips, to song.

'Hither I come
From my fairy home,
And if there's a magic in music's strain,
I swear by the breath
Of that moonlight wreath,
Thy lover shall sigh at thy feet again.

For mine is the lay that lightly floats,
And mine are the murmuring dying notes,
That fall as soft as snow on the sea,
And melt in the heart as instantly,
And the passionate strain, that deeply going
Refines the bosom it trembles thro',
As the musk wind over the water blowing
Ruffles the wave, but sweetens it too.

Mine is the charm whose mystic sway
The spirits of past delight obey,
Let but the tuneful talisman sound,
They come like Genii, hovering round.
And mine is the gentle sound that bears,
From soul to soul the wishes of love,
As a bird that wafts thro' genial airs,
The cinnamon seed from grove to grove.

'Tis I that mingle in one sweet measure
The past, the present, and future of pleasure,
When memory links the tone that is gone,
With the blissful tone that's still in the ear,
And hope from a heavenly note flies on
To another more heavenly still that is near.

The warrior's heart when touched by me,
Can as downy soft and yielding be,
As his own white plume, that high amid death,
Thro' the field has shone tho' it moves with a breath,
And oh! how the eyes of beauty glisten
When Music has reach'd her inmost soul,
Like the silent stars that wink and listen,
While heaven's eternal melodies roll.
So, hither I come,
From my fairy home,
And if there's a magic in music's strain,
I swear by the breath
Of that moonlight wreath,
Thy lover shall sigh at thy feet again.

T. MOORE,

OLD CICELY.

My cottage is fallen to decay,
The tempest blows cold on my head,
Thro' the ruin the rains find their way,
And trickle cold tears on my bed:
I sigh from the night till the morn,
For, alas! I am old and forlorn.

My garden is cover'd with weeds,
Once so trim, and so usefully neat;
There the toad on the aconite feeds
From a hole in the rotten old seat.
I sigh, &c.

With murmurs so sweet on its way
No longer the rivulet roves,
That made all the meadows so gay,
And purl'd in the day of our loves.
I sigh, &c.

The elm that once shaded our door,
And flourish'd, and smil'd at the blast,
Now a sapless old trunk, and no more
Brings to mem'ry my youth that is past.
I sigh, &c.

The sparrows that chirp'd on the spray
Droop their wings, the poor imps, and are dumb,
No more they come fluttering away
To beg of my bounty a crumb.
I sigh, &c.

No more to my labours I rise,
And work on the hill and the plain,
Morn blushes in vain on the skies,
And the sun gilds my cottage in vain.
I sigh, &c.

Like a spectre I wander at night,
And fear not the horrors of shade,
For what can old Cicely affright,
Who sighs for the shroud and the spade.
I sigh, &c.

Whenever I hear the lorn knell,
  All solemn for one that is gone,
I long to bid life a farewell,
  And grieve that it is not my own.
      I sigh, &c.

Forsaken I sit with a sigh
  On the crazy old bench at the door,
And oft, in my sorrow, I cry,
  "Thou wilt bear thy poor master no more."
      I sigh, &c.

Good Corin is laid in the ground,
  To Cicely once tender and kind,
The graves too, my children surround,
  They are gone—and have left me behind.
      I sigh, &c.

With life while this bosom shall beat,
  Their mem'ries shall ever be dear,
Their names I will often repeat,
  And crawl to their turf with a tear.
      I sigh, &c.

And yet to their graves when I go,
  In silence and sorrow alone,
A comfort I feel in my woe,
  As I read their sweet praise on the stone.
      I sigh, &c.

DR. WOLCOTT.

HYMN TO THE BRAVE.

HOW sleep the brave, who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.
By Fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there.

COLLINS.

EPISTLE TO A YOUNG GENTLEMAN,

ON HIS LEAVING ETON SCHOOL.

SINCE now a nobler scene awakes thy care,
Since manhood dawning, to fair Granta's tow'rs,
Where once in life's gay spring I lov'd to roam,
Invites thy willing steps: accept dear youth,
This parting strain; accept the fervent pray'r
Of him who loves thee with a passion pure
As ever friendship dropp'd in human heart;
The prayer, that he who guides the hand of youth
Thro' all the puzzled and perplexed round
Of life's meand'ring path, upon thy head
May shower down every blessing, every joy,
Which health, which virtue, and which fame can give!
Yet think not I will deign to flatter thee:
Shall he, the guardian of thy faith and truth,
The guide, the pilot of thy tender years,
Teach thy young heart to feel a spurious glow
At undeserved praise? Perish the slave
Whose venal breath in youth's unpractis'd ear
Pours poison'd flattery, and corrupts the soul
With vain conceit; whose base ungenerous art
Fawns on the vice, which some with honest hand
Have torn for ever from the bleeding breast.
Say, gentle youth, remember'st thou the day
When o'er thy tender shoulders first I hung
The golden lyre, and taught thy trembling hand
To touch th' accordant strings? From that blest hour
I've seen thee panting up the hill of fame;
Thy little heart beat high with honest praise,
Thy cheek was flush'd, and oft thy sparkling eye
Shot flames of young ambition. Never quench
That generous ardour in thy virtuous breast.
Sweet is the concord of harmonious sounds,
When the soft lute, or pealing organ strikes
The well-attemper'd ear; sweet is the breath
Of honest love, when nymph and gentle swain
Waft sighs alternate to each other's heart:
But not the concord of harmonious sounds,
When the soft lute or pealing organ strikes
The well-attemper'd ear; nor the sweet breath
Of honest love, when nymph and gentle swain

Waft sighs alternate to each other's heart,
So charm with ravishment the raptur'd sense,
As does the voice of well-deserv'd report
Strike with sweet melody the conscious soul.
On ev'ry object thro' the giddy world
Which fashion to the dazzled eye presents,
Fresh is the gloss of newness; look, dear youth,
O look, but not admire: O let not these
Raise from thy noble heart the fair records
Which youth and education planted there:
Let not affection's full impetuous tide,
Which riots in thy generous breast, be check'd
By selfish cares; nor let the idle jeers
Of laughing fools make thee forget thyself.
When didst thou hear a tender tale of woe,
And feel thy heart at rest? Have I not seen
In thy swoln eye the tear of sympathy,
The milk of human kindness? When didst thou
With envy rankling hear a rival prais'd?
When didst thou slight the wretched? when despise
The modest humble suit of poverty?
These virtues still be thine; nor ever learn
To look with cold eye on the charities
Of brother, or of parents; think on those
Whose anxious care thro' childhood's slippery path
Sustain'd thy feeble steps; whose every wish
Is wafted still to thee; remember those
Even in thy heart while memory holds her seat.
And oft as to thy mind thou shalt recall
The sweet companions of thy earliest years,
Mates of thy sport, and rivals of thy strife
Of every generous art, remember me. ROBERTS.

JOHN BARLEYCORN.

THERE went three kings into the east,
Three kings both great and high,
And they have sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn should die.

They took a plough and plough'd him down,
Put clods upon his head,
And they have sworn a solemn oath,
John Barleycorn was dead.

But the cheerful Spring came kindly on,
  And show'rs began to fall,
John Barleycorn got up again
  And sore surpris'd them all!

The sultry suns of Summer came,
  And he grew thick and strong;
His head well arm'd with pointed spears,
  That no one should him wrong;

The sober Autumn enter'd mild,
  When he grew wan and pale,
His bending joints, and drooping head,
  Show'd he began to fail;

His colour sicken'd more and more,
  He faded into age,
And then his enemies began
  To show their deadly rage;

They took a weapon, long and sharp,
  And cut him by the knee,
They ty'd him fast upon a cart
  Like a rogue for forgery;

They laid him down upon his back,
  And cudgell'd him full sore,
They hung him up before the storm,
  And turn'd him o'er and o'er;

They filled up a darksome pit
  With water to the brim,
They heaved in John Barleycorn,
  There let him sink or swim;

They laid him out upon the floor
  To work him farther woe,
And still, as signs of life appear'd,
  They toss'd him to and fro;

They wasted o'er a scorching flame
  The marrow of his bones,
But a *Miller* used him worst of all
  For he crush'd him between two stones;

And they took his very heart's blood
  And drank it round and round,
And still the more and more they drank,
  Their joy did more abound;

John Barleycorn was a hero bold,
Of noble enterprise,
For if you do but taste his blood
'Twill make your courage rise;

'Twill make a man forget his woe,
'Twill heighten all his joy,
'Twill make the widow's heart to sing
Tho' the tear were in her eye—

Then let us toast John Barleycorn,
Each man a glass in hand,
And may his great posterity
Ne'er fail in Old Scotland! BURNS.

AGAINST INDOLENCE.

IN Frolic's hour, ere serious thought had birth,
There was a time, my dear Cornwallis, when
The Muse would take me on her airy wing
And waft to views romantic; there present
Some motley vision, shade and sun; the cliff
O'erhanging, sparkling brooks, and ruins gray;
Bade me meanders trace, and catch the form
Of various clouds, and rainbows learn to paint.

Sometimes Ambition, brushing by, would twitch
My mantle, and with winning look sublime,
Allure to follow. What tho' steep the track?
Her mountain's top would overpay, when climb'd,
The scaler's toil; her temple there was fine,
And lovely thence the prospects. She could tell
Where laurels grew, whence many a wreath antique;
But more advis'd to shun the barren twig,
(What is immortal verdure without fruit?)
And woo some thriving art: her numerous mines
Were open to the searcher's skill and pains.

Caught by th' harangue, heart beat, and flutt'ring pulse
Sounded irregular marches to be gone—
What, pause a moment when Ambition calls?
No, the blood gallops to the distant goal,
And throbs to reach it. Let the lame sit still.
When Fortune gentle, at th' hill's verge extreme,
Array'd in decent garb, but somewhat thin,

Smiling approach'd; and what occasion, ask'd,
Of climbing: She, already provident,
Had cater'd well, if stomach could digest
Her viands, and a palate not too nice:
Unfit, she said, for perilous attempt;
That manly limb requir'd, and sinew tough:
She took, and laid me in a vale remote,
Amid the gloomy scene of fir and yew,
On poppy beds, where Morpheus strew'd the ground:
Obscurity her curtain round me drew,
And syren Sloth a dull quietus sung.

Sithence no fairy lights, no quick'ning ray,
No stir of pulse, nor objects to entice
Abroad the spirits: but the cloister'd heart
Sits squat at home, like pagod in a niche
Obscure, or grandees with nod-watching eye,
And folded arms, in presence of the throne,
Turk, or Indostan.—Cities, forums, courts,
And prating sanhedrims, and drumming wars,
Affect no more than stories told to bed
Lethargic, which at intervals the sick
Hears and forgets, and wakes to doze again.
Instead of converse and variety,
The same trite round, the same stale silent scene;
Such are thy comforts, blessed Solitude!—
But Innocence is there, but Peace all kind,
And simple Quiet, with her downy couch,
Meads lowing, tune of birds and lapse of streams,
And saunter with a book, and warbling Muse
In praise of hawthorns—Life's whole business this.
Is to bask i' th' sun? if so, a snail
Were happy crawling on a southern wall.

Why sits Content upon a cottage sill
At eventide, and blesses the coarse meal
In sooty corner? why sweet slumber wait
Th' hard pallet? Not because from haunt remote
Sequester'd in a dingle's bushy lap:
'Tis labour sav'ry makes the peasant's fare,
And works out his repose: for Ease must ask
The leave of Diligence to be enjoy'd.

Oh! listen not to that enchantress Ease
With seeming smile; her palatable cup

By standing grows insipid: and beware
The bottom, for there's poison in the lees.
What health impair'd, and crowds inactive maim'd!
What daily martyrs to her sluggish cause!
Less strict devoir the Russ and Persian claim
Despotic; and as subjects long inur'd
To servile burden grow supine and tame,
So fares it with our sov'reign and her train.

What tho' with lure fallacious she pretend
From worldly bondage to set free, what gain
Her votaries? What avails from iron chains
Exempt, if rosy fetters bind us fast?

Bestir, and answer your creation's end.
Think we that man, with vig'rous pow'r endow'd
And room to stretch, was destin'd to sit still?
Sluggards are Nature's rebels, slight her laws,
Nor live up to the terms on which they hold
Their vital lease. Laborious terms and hard;
But such the tenure of our earthly state!
Riches and fame are Industry's reward;
The nimble runner courses Fortune down,
And then he banquets, for she feeds the bold.

Think what you owe your country, what yourself.
If splendour charm not, yet avoid the scorn
That treads on lowly stations. Think of some
Assiduous booby mounting o'er your head,
And thence with saucy grandeur looking down:
Think of (Reflection's stab!) the pitying friend
With shoulder shrugg'd and sorry. Think that Time
Has golden minutes, if discreetly seiz'd:
And if some sad example, indolent,
To warn and scare be wanting—think of me.

SNEYD DAVIES.

THE MAN OF ROSS.

——ALL our praises why should lords engross?
Rise, honest Muse! and sing the Man of Ross:
Pleas'd Vaga echoes thro' her winding bounds,
And rapid Severn hoarse applause resounds.
Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry brow?
From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?

Not to the skies in useless columns tost,
Or in proud falls magnificently lost,
But clear and artless, pouring thro' the plain
Health to the sick, and solace to the swain.
Whose causeway parts the vale with shady rows?
Whose seats the weary traveller repose?
Who taught that heaven-directed spire to rise?
"The Man of Ross," each lisping babe replies.
Behold the market-place with poor o'erspread!
The Man of Ross divides the weekly bread:
He feeds yon alms-house, neat, but void of state,
Where Age and Want sit smiling at the gate;
Him portion'd maids, apprentic'd orphans blest,
The young who labour, and the old who rest,
Is any sick? The Man of Ross relieves,
Prescribes, attends, the med'cine makes, and gives.
Is there a variance? Enter but his door,
Balk'd are the courts, and contest is no more.
Despairing quacks with curses fled the place,
And vile attorneys, now a useless race.
Thrice happy man! enabled to pursue
What all so wish, but want the power to do!
Oh say, what sums that gen'rous hand supply?
What mines, to swell that boundless charity?

Of debts and taxes, wife and children clear,
This man possess'd—five hundred pounds a year.
Blush, Grandeur, blush! proud Courts, withdraw your blaze!
Ye little stars! hide your diminish'd rays.

And what! no monument, inscription, stone?
His race, his form, his name almost unknown?

Who builds a church to God, and not to Fame,
Will never mark the marble with his name:
Go search it there, where to be born and die,
Of rich and poor makes all the history;
Enough, that Virtue fill'd the space between;
Prov'd, by the ends of being, to have been.

POPE.

TRUE VALUE OF LIFE.

AH! when did Wisdom covet length of days,
Or seek its bliss in pleasure, wealth, or praise?

No;—Wisdom views with an indifferent eye,
All finite joys—all blessings born to die!
The *Soul* on earth is an immortal guest,
Compell'd to starve at an unreal feast,
A spark which upward tends by Nature's force,
A stream diverted from its parent source;
A drop dissever'd from the boundless sea;
A moment parted from Eternity;
A pilgrim panting for the rest to come;
An exile anxious for its native home! HANNAH MORE.

HYMN TO ADVERSITY.

DAUGHTER of Jove, relentless power,
Thou tamer of the human breast,
Whose iron scourge and tort'ring hour,
The bad affright, afflict the best!
Bound in thy adamantine chain,
The proud are taught to taste of pain,
And purple tyrants vainly groan
With pangs unfelt before, unpitied, and alone.

When first thy sire to send on earth
Virtue, his darling child, design'd,
To thee he gave the heav'nly birth,
And bade thee form her infant mind.
Stern rugged nurse! thy rigid lore
With patience many a year she bore;
What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know,
And from her own, she learn'd to melt at others' woe.

Scar'd at thy frown terrific, fly
Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,
Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,
And leave us leisure to be good.
Light they disperse, and with them go
The summer friend, the flatt'ring foe!
By vain Prosperity receiv'd,
To her they vow their truth, and are again believ'd.

Wisdom, in sable garb array'd,
Immers'd in rapt'rous thought profound,
And Melancholy, silent maid,
With leaden eye, that loves the ground,

Still on thy solemn steps attend;
Warm Charity, the gen'ral friend,
With Justice, to herself severe,
And Pity, dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear.

Oh! gently on thy suppliant's head,
Dread goddess, lay thy chast'ning hand!
Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,
Nor circled with the vengeful band
(As by the impious thou art seen)
With thundering voice, and threat'ning mien,
With screaming Horror's funeral cry,
Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty.

Thy form benign, oh Goddess, wear
Thy milder influence impart;
Thy philosophic train be there,
To soften, not to wound my heart.
The gen'rous spark extinct revive,
Teach me to love and to forgive,
Exact my own defects to scan,
What others are to feel, and know myself a man.

GRAY.

THE HARE AND TORTOISE.

A Fable.

GENIUS, blest term, of meaning wide,
For sure no term so misapply'd,
How many bear thy sacred name,
That never felt a real flame!
Proud of the specious appellation,
Thus fools have christen'd Inclination.

But yet suppose a genius true,
Exempli gratia, me or you;
Whate'er he tries with due attention,
Rarely escapes his apprehension;
Surmounting ev'ry opposition,
You'd swear he learnt by intuition,
Should he rely alone on parts,
And study therefore but by starts,
Sure of success whene'er he tries,
Should he forego the means to rise?

Suppose your watch a Graham make,
Gold, if you will, for value's sake;

Its springs within in order due,
No watch, when going, goes so true;
If ne'er wound up with proper care,
What service is it in the wear?

Some genial spark of Phœbus' rays,
Perhaps within your bosom plays:
O how the purer rays aspire,
If Application fans the fire!
Without it Genius vainly tries,
Howe'er sometimes it seems to rise:
Nay, Application will prevail,
When braggart parts and Genius fail?
And now to lay my proof before ye,
I here present you with a story.

In days of yore, when Time was young,
When birds convers'd as well as sung,
When use of speech was not confin'd
Merely to brutes of human kind,
A forward Hare, of swiftness vain,
The genius of the neighb'ring plain,
Would oft deride the drudging crowd:
For geniuses are ever proud.
He'd boast, his flight 'twere vain to follow,
For dog and horse he'd beat them hollow;
Nay, if he put forth all his strength,
Outstrip his brethren half a length.

A tortoise heard his vain oration,
And vented thus his indignation:
"Oh Puss! it bodes thee dire disgrace,
"When I defy thee to the race.
"Come, 'tis a match, nay, no denial,
"I'll lay my shell upon the trial."
'Twas done and done, all fair, a bet.
Judges prepar'd, and distance set.

The scamp'ring Hare outstript the wind,
The creeping Tortoise lagg'd behind,
And scarce had pass'd a single pole,
When Puss had almost reach'd the goal.
"Friend Tortoise," quoth the jeering Hare,
"Your burden's more than you can bear,
"To help your speed it were as well
"That I should ease you of your shell:

" Jog on a little faster, pr'ythee,
" I'll take a nap, and then be with thee."
So said, so done, and safely sure,
For say, what conquest more secure?
Whene'er he walk'd (that's all that's in it)
He could o'ertake him in a minute.

The tortoise heard his taunting jeer,
But still resolv'd to persevere,
Still drawl'd along, as who should say,
I'll win, like Fabius, by delay;
On to the goal securely crept,
While Puss unknowing soundly slept.

The bets were won, the Hare awoke,
When thus the victor Tortoise spoke:
" Puss, tho' I own thy quicker parts,
" Things are not always done by starts
" You may deride my awkward pace,
" But slow and steady wins the race." LLOYD.

THE CREATOR.

THESE, as they change, Almighty Father, these
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring
Thy beauty walks. Thy tenderness and love
Wide flush the fields: the soft'ning air is balm,
Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;
And every sense and every heart is joy.
Then comes thy glory in the summer months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then Thy sun
Shoots full perfection through the swelling year;
And oft thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks;
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow whispering gales,
Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfin'd;
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
In Winter, awful Thou! with clouds and storms
Around Thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd,
Majestic darkness! on the whirlwind's wing
Riding sublime, Thou bid'st the world adore,
And humblest nature with thy northern blast.
Mysterious round! what skill, what force divine,
Deep-felt, in these appear! a simple train;

Yet so delightful mix'd, with such kind art,
Such beauty and beneficence combin'd;
Shade, unperceiv'd, so soft'ning into shade;
And all so forming an harmonious whole,
That as they still succeed, they ravish still.
But wand'ring oft, with brute unconscious gaze,
Man marks not Thee, marks not the mighty hand
That, ever busy, wheels the silent spheres;
Works in the secret deep; shoots, steaming thence,
The fair profusion that o'erspreads the Spring;
Flings from the sun direct the flaming day;
Feeds every creature; hurls the tempest forth;
And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,
With transport touches all the springs of life.
Nature, attend! join every living soul,
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
In adoration join, and ardent raise
One general song! To Him, ye vocal gales!
Breathe soft, whose Spirit in your freshness breathes;
Oh talk of Him in solitary glooms!
Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely-waving pine
Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.
And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,
Who shake th' astonish'd world, lift high to Heaven
The impetuous song, and say from whom ye rage.
His praise, ye brooks, attune; ye trembling rills;
And let me catch it as I muse along.
Ye headlong torrents, rapid and profound;
Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze
Along the vale; and thou, majestic main,
A secret world of wonders in thyself,
Sound his stupendous praise, whose greater voice
Or bids you roar, or bids your roaring fall.
Soft roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
In mingled clouds, to Him, whose sun exalts,
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.
Ye forests, bend; ye harvests, wave to Him;
Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,
As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep,
Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,
Ye constellations, while your angels strike,
Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.
Great source of day, best image here below

Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
From world to world, the vital ocean round,
On nature write, with every beam, His praise.
The thunder rolls: be hush'd the prostrate world,
While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.
Bleat out afresh, ye hills; ye mossy rocks,
Retain the sound; the broad responsive low,
Ye valleys raise; for the Great Shepherd reigns,
And His unsuffering kingdom yet will come.
Ye woodlands all, awake! a boundless song
Burst from the groves! and when the restless day,
Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
Sweetest of birds, sweet Philomela, charm
The list'ning shades, and teach the night His praise.
Ye chief for whom the whole creation smiles,
At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all,
Crown the great hymn! in swarming cities vast,
Assembled men to the deep organ join
The long-resounding voice, oft breaking clear,
At solemn pauses, through the swelling base;
And, as each mingling flame increases each,
In one united ardour rise to heaven.
Or if you rather choose the rural shade,
And find a fane in every sacred grove;
There let the shepherd's lute, the virgin's lay,
The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,
Still sing the God of Seasons, as they roll.
For me, when I forget the darling theme,
Whether the blossom blows, the Summer ray
Russets the plain, inspiring Autumn gleams,
Or Winter rises in the blackening east,
Be my tongue mute, my Fancy paint no more,
And dead to joy, forget my heart to beat!
  Should fate command me to the farthest verge
Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
Rivers unknown to song, where first the sun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
Flames on th' Atlantic isles, 'tis nought to me;
Since God is ever present, ever felt,
In the void waste, as in the city full!
And where He vital breathes there must be joy
When ev'n at last the solemn hour shall come,
And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
I cheerful will obey; there with new powers

Will rising wonders sing. I cannot go
Where Universal Love not smiles around,
Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their suns;
From seeming evil still educing good,
And better thence again, and better still,
In infinite progression. But I lose
Myself in Him, in Light Ineffable;
Come then, expressive silence! muse His praise!

THOMSON

ODE

ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE.

YE distant spires, ye antique towers,
  That crown the watery glade,
Where grateful Science still adores
  Her Henry's holy shade;
And ye, that from the stately brow
Of Windsor's heights th' expanse below
  Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among,
Wanders the hoary Thames along
  His silver-winding way:

Ah happy hills, ah pleasing shade,
  Ah fields belov'd in vain,
Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
  A stranger yet to pain!
I feel the gales that from ye blow,
A momentary bliss bestow,
  As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to soothe,
And, redolent of joy and youth,
  To breathe a second spring.

Say, Father Thames, (for thou hast seen
  Full many a sprightly race,
Disporting on thy margent green,
  The paths of Pleasure trace,)
Who foremost now delight to cleave
With pliant arm thy glassy wave?
  The captive linnet which inthrall?
What idle progeny succeed
To chase the rolling circle's speed,
  Or urge the flying ball?

While some on earnest business bent,
Their murm'ring labours ply
'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint
To sweeten liberty;
Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign,
And unknown regions dare descry:
Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is their's by Fancy fed,
Less pleasing, when possest;
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast;
Their's buxom Health, of rosy hue,
Wild Wit, Invention ever new,
And lively Cheer of Vigour born;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
That fly th' approach of morn.

Alas! regardless of their doom,
The little victims play!
No sense have they of ills to come,
No care beyond to-day:
Yet see how all around them wait
The ministers of human fate,
And black Misfortune's baleful train!
Ah, show them where in ambush stand,
To seize their prey, the murd'rous band!
Ah! tell them, they are men.

These shall the fury Passions tear,
The vultures of the mind,
Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
And Shame that skulks behind;
Or pining Love shall waste their youth;
Or Jealousy, with rankling tooth,
That inly gnaws the secret heart,
And Envy wan, and faded Care,
Grim-visag'd comfortless Despair,
And Sorrow's piercing dart,

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
  Then hurl the wretch from high,
To bitter Scorn a sacrifice,
  And grinning Infamy.
The stings of Falsehood those shall try,
And hard Unkindness' alter'd eye,
  That mocks the tear it forc'd to flow;
And keen Remorse, with blood defil'd,
And moody Madness laughing wild
  Amid severest woe.

Lo! in the vale of years beneath
  A grisly troop are seen,
The painful family of Death,
  More hideous than their queen:
This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
That every labouring sinew strains,
  Those in the deeper vitals rage:
Lo! Poverty, to fill the band,
That numbs the soul with icy hand,
  And slow-consuming Age.

To each his suff'rings: all are men,
  Condemn'd alike to groan;
The tender for another's pain,
  Th' unfeeling for his own.
Yet, ah! why should they know their fate?
Since sorrow never comes too late,
  And happiness too swiftly flies:
Thought would destroy their paradise:
No more; where ignorance is bliss,
  'Tis folly to be wise.

GRAY.

THE BALLOON.

JOURNEYING on high the silken castle glides
Bright as a meteor thro' the azure tides,
O'er towns, and tow'rs, and temples winds its way,
Or mounts sublime, and gilds the vault of day!
Silent with upturn'd eye unbreathing crowds
Pursue the floating wonder to the clouds,
And flush'd with transport, or benumb'd with fear,
Watch as it rises the diminish'd sphere—

Now less and less—and now a speck is seen!
And now the fleeting rack intrudes between!
The calm philosopher in ether sails,
Views broader stars and breathes in purer gales,
Sees like a map in many a waving line,
Round Earth's blue plains her lucid waters shine,
Sees at his feet the forked lightnings glow,
And hears the harmless thunders roar below! DARWIN.

THE YOUTH AND THE PHILOSOPHER.

A FABLE.

A GRECIAN Youth, of talents rare,
Whom Plato's philosophic care
Had form'd for Virtue's nobler view,
By precept and example too,
Would often boast his matchless skill,
To curb the steed and guide the wheel;
And as he pass'd the gazing throng,
With graceful ease, and smack'd the thong,
The idiot wonder they express'd
Was praise and transport to his breast,

At length, quite vain, he needs must show
His master what his art could do:
And bade his slaves the chariot lead
To Academus' sacred shade.
The trembling grove confess'd its fright,
The wood-nymphs started at the sight,
The Muses dropt the learned lyre,
And to their inmost shades retire!

Howe'er, the youth with forward air
Bows to the sage, and mounts the car;
The lash resounds, the coursers spring,
The chariot marks the rolling ring;
And gath'ring crowds, with eager eyes,
And shouts, pursue him as he flies.

Triumphant to the goal return'd,
With nobler thirst his bosom burn'd:
And now along th' indented plain,
The self-same track he marks again;
Pursues with care the nice design,
Nor ever deviates from the line.

Amazement seiz'd the circling crowd;
The youths with emulation glow'd;
Ev'n bearded sages hail'd the boy,
And all, but Plato, gaz'd with joy;
For he, deep-judging sage, beheld
With pain the triumphs of the field;
And when the charioteer drew nigh,
And, flush'd with hope, had caught his eye,
"Alas! unhappy youth!" he cry'd,
"Expect no praise from me," and sigh'd;
"With indignation I survey
"Such skill and judgment thrown away;
"The time profusely squander'd there
"On vulgar arts beneath thy care,
"If well employ'd, at less expense
"Had taught thee honour, virtue, sense;
"And rais'd thee from a coachman's fate,
"To govern men, and guide the state."

WHITEHEAD.

ON TIME.

FLY, envious Time, till thou run out thy race,
Call on the lazy leaden-stepping hours,
Whose speed is but the heavy plummet's pace,
And glut thyself with what thy womb devours,
Which is no more than what is false and vain,
And merely mortal dross;
So little is our loss,
So little is thy gain.
For when as each thing bad thou hast entomb'd,
And last of all thy greedy self consum'd,
Then long eternity shall greet our bliss
With an individual kiss;
And joy shall overtake us as a flood,
When every thing that is sincerely good,
And perfectly divine,
With truth, and peace, and love, shall ever shine,
About the supreme throne
Of him, to whose happy-making sight alone,
When once our heavenly-guided soul shall climb,
Then all this earthly grossness quit,
Attir'd with stars, we shall for ever sit,
Triumphing over Death, and Chance, and Thee, O Time!

MILTON.

TO HEALTH.

WRITTEN IN SICKNESS.

SWEET as the fragrant breath of genial May,
  Come, fair Hygeia, goddess heav'nly-born,
More lovely than the sun's returning ray,
  To northern regions, at the half-year's morn.

Where shall I seek thee? in the wholesome grot,
  Where Temperance her scanty meal enjoys?
Or Peace contented with her humble lot,
  Beneath her thatch th' inclement blast defies?

Swept from each flow'r that sips the morning dew,
  Thy wing besprinkles all the scenes around;
Where'er thou fly'st the blossoms blush anew,
  And purple vi'lets paint the hallow'd ground,

Thy presence renovated Nature shows,
  By thee each shrub with varied hue is dy'd,
Each tulip with redoubled lustre glows,
  And all creation smiles with flow'ry pride.

But in thy absence joy is felt no more,
  The landscape wither'd e'en in spring appears,
The morn low'rs om'nous o'er the dusky shore,
  And ev'ning sun sets half extinct in tears.

Ruthless disease ascends, when thou art gone,
  From the dark regions of th' abyss below,
With Pestilence, the guardian of her throne,
  Breathing contagion from the realms of woe.

In vain her citron groves Italia boasts,
  Or Po the balsam of his weeping trees;
In vain Arabia's aromatic coasts
  Tincture the pinions of the passing breeze.

No wholesome scents impregn the western gale,
  But noxious stench exhal'd by scorching heat,
Where gasping swains the pois'nous air inhale
  That once diffus'd a medicinal sweet.

Me, abject me, with pale disease oppress'd,
  Heal, with the balm of thy prolific breath,
Rekindle life within my clay-cold breast,
  And shield my youth from canker-worms of death.

Then on the verdant turf, thy fav'rite shrine,
Restor'd to thee a votary I'll come,
Grateful to offer to thy pow'r divine
Each herb that grows round Æsculapius' tomb.

COWPER.

HEAVEN.

DAUGHTER of Faith! awake, arise, illume
The dread unknown, the chaos of the tomb—
Melt and dispel, ye spectre doubts, that roll
Cimmerian darkness on the parting soul—
Fly like the moon-ey'd herald of dismay,
Chas'd on his night-stead by the star of day!
The strife is o'er—the pangs of Nature close,
And Life's last rapture triumphs o'er her woes—
Hark! as the Spirit eyes with eagle gaze,
The noon of Heav'n, undazzled by the blaze,
On heav'nly winds that waft her to the sky,
Float the sweet tones of star-born melody,
Wild as that hallow'd anthem sent to hail
Bethlehem's shepherds in the lonely vale,
When Jordan hush'd his waves, and midnight still
Watch'd on the holy towers of Zion's hill!

CAMPBELL.

TO FANCY.

O PARENT of each lovely muse!
Thy spirit o'er my soul diffuse,
O'er all my artless songs preside,
My footsteps to thy temple guide,
To offer at thy turf-built shrine
In golden cups no costly wine,
No murder'd fatling of the flock,
But flow'rs and honey from the rock.
O Nymph with loosely-flowing hair,
With buskin'd leg, and bosom bare,
Thy want with myrtle-girdle bound
Thy brows with Indian feathers crown'd,
Waving in thy snowy hand
An all-commanding magic wand,
Of pow'r to bid fresh gardens grow
'Mid cheerless Lapland's barren snow,

Whose rapid wings thy flight convey
Thro' air, and over earth and sea,
While the various landscape lies
Conspicuous to thy piercing eyes!
O lover of the desert, hail!
Say in what deep and pathless vale,
Or on what hoary mountain's side,
'Midst falls of water, you reside,
'Midst broken rocks a rugged scene,
With green and grassy dales between,
'Midst forests dark of aged oak,
Ne'er echoing with the woodman's stroke,
Where never human heart appear'd,
Nor e'er one straw-roof'd cot was rear'd,
Where Nature seem'd to sit alone,
Majestic on a craggy throne;
Tell me the path, sweet wand'rer tell,
To thy unknown sequester'd cell,
Where woodbines cluster round the door,
Where shells and moss o'erlay the floor,
And on whose top an hawthorn blows,
Amid whose thickly-woven boughs
Some nightingale still builds her nest,
Each ev'ning warbling thee to rest;
Then lay me by the haunted stream,
Rapt in some wild poetic dream,
In converse while methinks I rove
With Spenser thro' a fairy grove;
Till suddenly awak'd, I hear
Strange whisper'd music in my ear,
And my glad soul in bliss is drown'd
By the sweetly-soothing sound!
  Me, goddess, by the right-hand lead,
Sometimes thro' the yellow mead,
Where Joy and white-rob'd Peace resort,
And Venus keeps her festive court;
Where Mirth and Youth each evening meet,
And lightly trip with nimble feet,
Nodding their lily-crowned heads,
Where Laughter rose-lip'd Hebe leads;
Where Echo walks steep hills among,
List'ning to the shepherd's song.
  Yet not these flow'ry fields of joy
Can long my pensive mind employ;

Haste, Fancy, from these scenes of folly,
To meet the matron Melancholy,
Goddess of the tearful eye,
That loves to fold her arms and sigh!
Let us with silent footsteps go
To charnels and the house of woe,
To Gothic churches, vaults, and tombs,
Where each sad night some virgin comes,
With throbbing breast, and faded cheek,
Her promis'd bridegroom's urn to seek;
Or to some abbey's mould'ring tow'rs,
Where to avoid cold winter's show'rs,
The naked beggar shiv'ring lies,
Whilst whistling tempests round her rise,
And trembles lest the tottering wall
Should on her sleeping infants fall.
Now let us louder strike the lyre,
For my heart glows with martial fire;
I feel, I feel, with sudden heat,
My big tumultuous bosom beat!
The trumpet's clangours pierce mine ear,
A thousand widows' shrieks I hear;
"Give me another horse," I cry,
Lo! the base Gallic squadrons fly.
Whence is this rage?—What spirit, say,
To battle hurries me away?
'Tis Fancy, in her fiery car,
Transports me to the thickest war,
There whirls me o'er the hills of slain,
Where Tumult and Destruction reign;
Where, mad with pain, the wounded steed
Tramples the dying and the dead:
Where giant Terror stalks around,
With sullen joy surveys the ground,
And, pointing to th' ensanguin'd field,
Shakes his dreadful Gorgon shield!
O! guide me from this horrid scene
To high-arch'd walks and alleys green,
Which lovely Laura seeks, to shun
The fervours of the mid-day sun!
The pangs of absence, O! remove,
For thou canst place me near my love,
Canst fold in visionary bliss,
And let me think I steal a kiss.

When young-ey'd Spring profusely throws
From her green lap the pink and rose;
When the soft turtle of the dale
To Summer tells her tender tale;
When Autumn cooling caverns seeks,
And stains with wine his jolly cheeks;
When Winter, like poor pilgrim old,
Shakes his silver beard with cold;
At ev'ry season let my ear
Thy solemn whispers, Fancy, hear.
O warm, enthusiastic maid,
Without thy pow'rful vital aid,
That breathes an energy divine,
That gives a soul to ev'ry line;
Ne'er may I strive with lips profane
To utter an unhallow'd strain,
Nor dare to touch the sacred string,
Save when with smiles thou bid'st me sing.
O hear our pray'r, O hither come,
From thy lamented Shakespeare's tomb!
On which thou lov'st to sit at eve,
Musing o'er thy darling grave;
O Queen of numbers, once again
Animate some chosen swain,
Who, fill'd with unexhausted fire,
May boldly strike the sounding lyre,
May rise above the rhyming throng,
And with some new unequall'd song
O'er all our list'ning passions reign,
O'erwhelming our souls with joy and pain;
With terror shake, with pity move,
Rouse with revenge, or melt with love.
O deign t' attend his evening walk,
With him in groves and grottos talk:
Teach him to scorn with frigid art,
Feebly to touch th' enraptur'd heart;
Like lightning let his mighty verse
The bosom's inmost foldings pierce:
With native beauties win applause,
Beyond cold critic's studied laws:
O let each Muse's fame increase,
O bid Britannia rival Greece!

WARTON.

ELEGY.

WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his drony flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as wand'ring near her secret bow'r,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing Morn,
The swallow twitt'ring from her straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn
Or busy housewife ply her evening care:
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke:
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that Beauty, all that Wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour,
The paths of Glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
  If Mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where thro' the long-drawn aisle, and fretted vault,
  The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
  Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
  Or Flatt'ry soothe the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
  Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
  Or wak'd to ecstacy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
  Rich with the spoils of Time did ne'er unrol;
Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
  And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
  The dark unfathom'd caves of Ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
  And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast,
  The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
  Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
  The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
  And read their history in a nation's eyes.

Their lot forbade: nor circumscrib'd alone
  Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
Forbade to wade thro' slaughter to a throne,
  And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
  To quench the blushes of ingenuous Shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
  With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
  Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray:
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
  They kept the noiseless tenour of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect,
  Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
  Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unletter'd Muse,
  The place of fame and elegy supply;
And many a holy text around she strews,
  That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
  This pleasing, anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
  Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
  Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
  Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee who, mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,
  Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
  Some kindred Spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say:
  "Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn,
"Brushing with hasty steps the dew away,
  "To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
  "That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
"His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
  "And pore upon the brook that bubbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
  "Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would rove;
"Now drooping, woeful, wan, like one forlorn,
  "Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

"One morn I miss'd him on th' accustom'd hill,
  "Along the heath, and near his favourite tree;
"Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
  "Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.

"The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
  "Slow thro' the church-yard path we saw him borne.
"Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay,
  "Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

HERE rests his head upon the lap of Earth,
A youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown:
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heav'n did a recompence as largely send:
He gave to Mis'ry all he had—a tear;
He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.

No farther seek his merit to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose)
The bosom of his Father and his God. GRAY

THE NIGHT-PIECE.

HARK! the prophetic raven brings
My summons on his boding wings!
The birds of night my fate foretel,
The prescient death-wacth sounds my knell.

A solemn darkness spreads the tomb,
But terrors haunt the midnight gloom;
Methinks a browner horror falls,
And silent spectres sweep the walls.

Tell me, my soul, oh tell me why
The falt'ring tongue, the broken sigh!
Thy manly cheeks bedew'd with tears,
Tell me, my soul, from whence these fears?

When conscious Guilt arrests the mind,
Avenging Furies stalk behind,
And sickly Fancy intervenes,
To dress the visionary scenes.

JESUS, to thee I'd fly for aid,
Propitious sun, dispel the shade;
All the pale family of Fear
Would vanish, were my Saviour here.

No more imagin'd spectres walk,
No more the doubtful echoes talk:
Soft Zephyrs fan the neighbouring trees,
And Meditation mounts the breeze.

How sweet these sacred hours of rest,
Fair portraits of the virtuous breast,
Where lawless lust, and passions rude,
And folly, never dare intrude!

Be others' choice the sparkling bowl,
And mirth, the poison of the soul;
Or midnight dance, and public shows,
Parents of sickness, pains, and woes.

A nobler joy my thoughts design;
Instructive solitude be mine;
Be mine that silent calm repast,
A cheerful conscience to the last.

That tree which bears immortal fruit,
Without a canker at the root;
That friend which never fails the just,
When other friends desert their trust.

Come then, my soul, be this thy guest,
And leave to knaves and fools the rest;
With this thou ever shalt be gay,
And night shall brighten into day.

With this companion in the shade,
Surely thou couldst not be dismay'd:
But if thy Saviour here were found,
All Paradise would bloom around.

"Had I a firm and lasting faith,"
To credit what th' Almighty saith,
I would defy the midnight gloom,
And the pale monarch of the tomb.

Tho' tempests drive me from the shore,
And floods descend, and billows roar;
Tho' Death appears in every form,
My little bark should brave the storm.

Then if my God requir'd the life
Of brother, parent, child, or wife,
Lord, I should bless the stern decree,
And give my dearest friend to thee.

Amidst the various scenes of ills,
Each stroke some kind design fulfils;
And shall I murmur at my God,
When sovereign love directs the rod?

Peace, rebel thoughts—I'll not complain,
My Father's smiles suspend my pain;
Smiles—that a thousand joys impart,
And pour the balm that heals the smart.

Tho' Heav'n afflicts I'll not repine,
Each heartfelt comfort still is mine;
Comforts that shall o'er Death prevail,
And journey with me thro' the vale.

Dear JESUS, smooth that rugged way,
And lead me to the realms of day,
To milder skies and brighter plains,
Where everlasting sunshine reigns. COTTON.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN.

"SPIRIT—leave thine house of clay!
Lingering dust—resign thy breath!
Spirit—cast thy chains away!
Dust—be thou dissolv'd in death!"

Thus thy GUARDIAN ANGEL spoke
As he watch'd thy dying bed,
As the bonds of life he broke,
And the ransom'd captive fled.

"Prisoner, long detain'd below,
Prisoner, now with freedom blest,
Welcome from a world of woe!
Welcome to a land of rest!"

Thus thy GUARDIAN ANGEL sang,
As he bore thy soul on high,
While with Hallelujah's rang,
All the region of the sky!

Grave! the guardian of our dust,
Grave! the treasury of the skies,
Every atom of thy trust,
Rests in hope again to rise—

Hark! the judgment-trumpet calls,
"Soul, rebuild thy house of clay—
Immortality thy walls,
And *Eternity* thy day!" MONTGOMERY.

EDWIN AND EMMA.

FAR in the windings of a vale,
  Fast by a sheltering wood,
The safe retreat of Health and Peace,
  An humble cottage stood:

There beauteous Emma flourish'd fair
  Beneath a mother's eye;
Whose only wish on earth was now
  To see her bless'd, and die.

The softest blush that Nature spreads,
  Gave colour to her cheek:
Such orient colour smiles thro' heav'n,
  When vernal mornings break.

Nor let the pride of great ones scorn
  This charmer of the plains:
That sun, which bids their diamonds blaze,
  To paint our lily deigns.

Long had she fill'd each youth with love
  Each maiden with despair;
And tho' by all a wonder own'd,
  Yet knew not she was fair:

Till Edwin came, the pride of swains,
  A soul devoid of art;
And from whose eye, serenely mild,
  Shone forth the feeling heart.

A mutual flame was quickly caught;
  Was quickly too reveal'd;
For neither bosom lodg'd a wish
  That virtue keeps conceal'd.

What happy hours of heart-felt bliss
  Did love on both bestow!
But bliss too mighty long to last,
  Where Fortune proves a foe.

His sister, who, like Envy form'd,
  Like her in mischief joy'd,
To work them harm, with wicked skill,
  Each darker art employ'd.

The father, too, a sordid man,
  Who love nor pity knew,
Was all unfeeling as the clod
  From whence his riches grew.

Long had he seen their secret flame,
  And seen it long unmov'd;
Then with a father's frown at last
  He sternly disapprov'd.

In Edwin's gentle heart, a war
  Of diff'ring passions strove:
His heart, that durst not disobey,
  Yet could not cease to love.

Deny'd her sight he oft behind
  The spreading hawthorn crept;
To snatch a glance, to mark the spot
  Where Emma walk'd and wept.

Oft, too, on Stanmore's wint'ry waste,
  Beneath the moonlight shade,
In sighs to pour his soften'd soul,
  The midnight mourner stray'd.

His cheek, where health with beauty glow'd
  A deadly pale o'ercast:
So fades the fresh rose in its prime,
  Before the northern blast.

The parents now, with late remorse,
  Hung o'er his dying bed;
And wearied Heaven with fruitless vows,
  And fruitless sorrows shed.

" 'Tis past!" he cried; " but if your souls
  " Sweet mercy yet can move,
" Let these dim eyes once more behold
  " What they must ever love!"

She came; his cold hand softly touch'd,
  And bath'd with many a tear:
Fast falling o'er the primrose pale,
  So morning dews appear.

But oh! his sister's jealous care,
  (A cruel sister she!)
Forbade what Emma came to say;
  " My Edwin, live for me!"

Now homeward as she hopeless wept
 The church-yard path along,
The blast blew cold, the dark owl scream'd
 Her lover's funeral song.

Amid the falling gloom of night,
 Her startling fancy found
In ev'ry bush his hov'ring shade,
 His groan in ev'ry sound.

Alone, appall'd, thus had she pass'd
 The visionary vale—
When lo! the death-bell smote her ear,
 Sad sounding in the gale!

Just then she reach'd, with trembling step,
 Her aged mother's door:
"He's gone!" she cry'd; "and I shall see
"That angel-face no more!

"I feel, I feel, this breaking heart,
"Beat high against my side!"—
From her white arm down sunk her head,
 She shiver'd, sigh'd, and died. MALLET.

THE DROWNING FLY.

IN yonder glass behold a drowning fly!
Its little feet how vainly does it ply!
Its cries we hear not, yet it loudly cries,
And gentle hearts can feel its agonies!
Poor helpless victim—and will no one save?
Will no one snatch thee from the threat'ning wave?
Is there no friendly hand—no helper nigh,
And must thou, little struggler—must thou die?
Thou shalt not, whilst this hand can set thee free,
Thou shalt not die—this hand shall rescue thee!
My finger's tip shall prove a friendly shore,
There, trembler, all thy dangers now are o'er,
Wipe thy wet wings, and banish all thy fear;
Go, join thy num'rous kindred in the air;
Away it flies; resumes its harmless play;
And lightly gambols in the golden ray.
 Smile not, spectators, at this humble deed;
For you, perhaps, a nobler task's decreed:

A young and sinking family to save;
To raise the infant from destruction's wave!
To you, for help, the victims lift their eyes:
Oh! hear, for pity's sake, their plaintive cries;
Ere long, unless some guardian interpose,
O'er their devoted heads, the flood may close! ANON.

THE HERMIT.

FAR in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a rev'rend Hermit grew;
The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well;
Remote from man, with God he pass'd his days,
Pray'r all his bus'ness, all his pleasure praise.

A life so sacred, such serene repose,
Seem'd heav'n itself, till one suggestion rose—
That vice should triumph, virtue vice obey;
This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway:
His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,
And all the tenour of his soul is lost,
So, when a smooth expanse receives imprest
Calm Nature's image on its wat'ry breast,
Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
And skies beneath with answering colours glow;
But, if a stone the gentle sea divide,
Swift ruffling circles curl on ev'ry side,
And glimm'ring fragments of a broken sun,
Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder run.

To clear this doubt, to know the world by sight,
To find if books, or swains, report it right,
(For, yet by swains alone the world he knew,
Whose feet came wand'ring o'er the nightly dew,)
He quits his cell; the pilgrim-staff he bore,
And fix'd the scallop in his hat before;
Then, with the rising sun, a journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each event.

The morn was wasted in the pathless grass,
And long and lonesome was the wild to pass;
But, when the southern sun had warm'd the day,
A youth came posting o'er a crossing way;

His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
And soft in graceful ringlets wav'd his hair:
Then, near approaching, "Father, hail!" he cried;
And, "Hail, my son!" the rev'rend sire replied:
Words follow'd words, from question answer flow'd,
And talk, of various kind, deceiv'd the road;
Till each with other pleas'd, and loath to part,
While in their age they differ, join in heart.
Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,
Thus useful ivy clasps an elm around.

Now sunk the sun; the closing hour of day
Came onward, mantled o'er with sober gray;
Nature, in silence, bid the world repose;
When, near the road, a stately palace rose:
There, by the moon, thro' ranks of trees they pass,
Whose verdure crown'd their sloping sides with grass,
It chanc'd the noble master of the dome
Still made his house the wand'ring stranger's home;
Yet still the kindness, from a thirst of praise,
Prov'd the vain flourish of expensive ease.
The pair arrive: the livery'd servants wait;
Their lord receives them at the pompous gate;
The table groans with costly piles of food,
And all is more than hospitably good.
Then led to rest, the day's long toil they drown,
Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of down.

At length 'tis morn, and, at the dawn of day,
Along the wide canals the zephyrs play;
Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
And shake the neighbouring wood to banish sleep.
Up rise the guests, obedient to the call;
An early banquet deck'd the splendid hall;
Rich luscious wine a golden goblet grac'd,
Which the kind master forc'd the guests to taste.
Then, pleas'd and thankful, from the porch they go;
And, but the landlord, none had cause of woe:—
His cup was vanish'd; for in secret guise,
The younger guest purloin'd the glitt'ring prize.

As one who spies a serpent in his way,
Glist'ning and basking in the summer ray,
Disorder'd stops to shun the danger near,
Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear;

So seem'd the Sire, when, far upon the road,
The shining spoil his wily partner show'd.
He stopp'd with silence, walk'd with trembling heart,
And much he wish'd, but durst not ask to part:
Murm'ring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard
That gen'rous actions meet a base reward.

While thus they pass, the sun his glory shrouds,
The changing skies hang out their sable clouds;
A sound in air presag'd approaching rain,
And beasts to covert scud across the plain.
Warn'd by the signs, the wand'ring pair retreat
To seek for shelter at a neighb'ring seat.
'Twas built with turrets on a rising ground,
And strong, and large, and unimprov'd around;
Its owner's temper, tim'rous and severe,
Unkind and griping, caus'd a desert there.
As near the miser's heavy door they drew,
Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew;
The nimble lightning, mix'd with show'rs, began;
And o'er their heads loud rolling thunders ran,
Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,
Driv'n by the wind, and batter'd by the rain.
At length some pity warm'd the master's breast
('Twas then his threshold first receiv'd a guest):
Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care,
And half he welcomes in the shiv'ring pair;
One frugal faggot lights the naked walls,
And Nature's fervour thro' their limbs recalls:
Bread of the coarsest sort, with meagre wine,
Each hardly granted,) serv'd them both to dine;
And when the tempest first appear'd to cease,
A ready warning bid them part in peace.

With still remark the pond'ring Hermit view'd,
In one so rich, a life so poor and rude;
And why should such (within himself he cried)
Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside?
But what new marks of wonder soon take place
In every settling feature of his face,
When, from his vest, the young companion bore
That cup, the gen'rous landlord own'd before,
And paid profusely with the precious bowl,
The stinted kindness of this churlish soul!

But now the clouds in airy tumult fly;
The sun emerging opes an azure sky;
A fresher green the smelling leaves display,
And, glitt'ring as they tremble, cheer the day:
The weather courts them from their poor retreat,
And the glad master bolts the weary gate.

While hence they walk, the pilgrim's bosom wrought
With all the travail of uncertain thought:
His partner's acts without their cause appear;
'Twas there a vice, and seem'd a madness here:
Detesting that, and pitying this, he goes,
Lost and confounded with the various shows.

Now night's dim shades again involve the sky;
Again the wand'rers want a place to lie;
Again they search, and find a lodging nigh.
The soil improv'd around, the mansion neat,
And neither poorly low, nor idly great;
It seem'd to speak its master's turn of mind,
Content, and not for praise, but virtue, kind.

Hither the walkers turn their weary feet,
Then bless the mansion, and the master greet.
Their greeting fair, bestow'd with modest guise,
The courteous master hears, and thus replies:

"Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
"To him who gives us all, I yield a part;
"From him you come, for him accept it here,
"A frank and sober, more than costly cheer!"
He spoke, and bid the welcome table spread,
Then talk'd of virtue till the time of bed;
When the grave household round his hall repair,
Warn'd by a bell, and close the hours with pray'r.

At length the world, renew'd by calm repose,
Was strong for toil, the dappled morn arose;
Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept
Near a clos'd cradle where an infant slept,
And writh'd his neck: the landlord's little pride,
O strange return! grew black, and gasp'd, and dy'd!
Horror of horrors! what! his only son!
How look'd our Hermit when the fact was done!
Not hell, tho' hell's black jaws in sunder part,
And breathe blue fire, could more assault his heart.

Confus'd, and struck with silence at the deed,
He flies, but trembling, fails to fly with speeed.
His steps the youth pursues: the country lay
Perplex'd with roads, a servant show'd the way;
A river cross'd the path; the passage o'er
Was nice to find; the servant trod before;
Long arms of oaks an open bridge supply'd,
And deep the waves beneath them bending glide.
The youth, who seem'd to watch a time to sin,
Approach'd the careless guide, and thrust him in;
Plunging he falls, and rising lifts his head,
Then flashing turns, and sinks among the dead.

While sparkling rage inflames the father's eyes,
He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries,
"Detested wretch!"—but scarce his speech began,
When the strange partner seem'd no longer man!
His youthful face grew more serenely sweet;
His robe turned white, and flow'd upon his feet;
Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair;
Celestial odours breathe thro' purpled air;
And wings, whose colours glitter'd on the day,
Wide at his back their gradual plumes display.
The form ethereal bursts upon his sight,
And moves in all the majesty of light.

Tho' loud at first the pilgrim's passion grew,
Sudden he gaz'd, and wist not what to do;
Surprise, in secret chains, his words suspends,
And in a calm, his settling temper ends,
But silence here the beauteous angel broke
(The voice of Music ravish'd as he spoke):

"Thy pray'r, thy praise, thy life to vice unknown,
"In sweet memorial rise before the throne:
"These charms success in our bright region find,
"And force an angel down to calm thy mind;
"For this commission'd, I forsook the sky:
"Nay, cease to kneel—thy fellow-servant I.

"Then know the truth of government divine,
"And let these scruples be no longer thine.

"The Maker justly claims that world he made,
"In this the right of Providence is laid;
"Its sacred majesty thro' all depends
"On using second means to work his ends:

" 'Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human eye,
" The pow'r exerts his attributes on high,
" Your action uses, nor controls your will,
" And bids the doubting sons of men be still.

" What strange events can strike with more surprise,
" Than those which lately struck thy wond'ring eyes?
" Yet, taught by these, confess the Almighty just,
" And, where you can't unriddle, learn to trust.

" The great vain man, who far'd on costly food,
" Whose life was too luxurious to be good;
" Who made his iv'ry stands with goblets shine,
" And forc'd his guests to morning draughts of wine;
" Has, with the cup, the graceless custom lost,
" And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.

" The mean suspicious wretch, whose bolted door
" Ne'er mov'd in pity to the wand'ring poor;
" With him I lift the cup, to teach his mind
" That Heav'n can bless, if mortals will be kind.
" Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
" And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.
" Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead,
" With heaping coals of fire upon its head;
" In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
" And, loose from dross, the silver runs below.

" Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,
" But now the child half-wean'd his heart from God;
" (Child of his age) for him he liv'd in pain,
" And measur'd back his steps to earth again.
" To what excesses had his dotage run!
" But God, to save the father, took the son.
" To all but thee, in fits he seem'd to go,
" And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow.
" The poor fond parent, humbled in the dust,
" Now owns in tears the punishment was just.

" But how had all his fortunes felt a wrack,
" Had that false servant sped in safety back?
" This night his treasur'd heaps he meant to steal,
" And what a fund of charity would fail!

" Thus Heav'n instructs thy mind: this trial o'er,
" Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more."

On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew,
The sage stood wond'ring as the seraph flew,
Thus look'd Elisha, when, to mount on high,
His master took the chariot of the sky;
The fiery pomp ascending left the view;
The prophet gaz'd, and wish'd to follow too.

The bending Hermit here a pray'r begun,
"Lord, as in heav'n, on earth thy will be done."
Then, gladly turning, sought his ancient place,
And pass'd a life of piety and peace. PARNELL.

THE BRITISH ISLES.

HAPPY Britannia! where the queen of arts,
Inspiring vigour, Liberty abroad
Walks unconfin'd, ev'n to thy farthest cots,
And scatters plenty with unsparing hand.

Rich is thy soil, and merciful thy clime;
Thy streams unfailing in the summer's drought;
Unmatch'd thy guardian oaks; thy valleys float
With golden waves; and on thy mountains flocks
Bleat numberless; while roving round their sides
Bellow the black'ning herds in lusty droves.
Beneath thy meadows glow, and rise unquell'd
Against the mower's sithe. On ev'ry hand
Thy villas shine. Thy country teems with wealth,
And property assures it to the swain,
Pleas'd and unweary'd in his guarded toil.

Full are thy cities with the sons of Art,
And trade and joy in ev'ry busy street
Mingling are heard: ev'n Drudgery himself,
As at the car he sweats, or dusty hews
The palace-stone, looks gay. Thy crowded ports,
Where rising masts an endless prospect yield,
With labour burn, and echo to the shouts
Of hurry'd sailor, as he hearty waves
His last adieu, and loos'ning ev'ry sheet,
Resigns the spreading vessel to the wind.

Bold, firm, and graceful are thy gen'rous youth,
By hardship sinew'd, and by danger fir'd,
Scatt'ring the nations where they go, and first
Or on the listed plain or stormy seas.

Mild are thy glories, too, as o'er the plans
Of thriving peace thy thoughtful sires preside:
In genius and substantial learning high:
For ev'ry virtue, ev'ry worth renown'd;
Sincere, plain-hearted, hospitable, kind;
Yet, like the must'ring thunder, when provok'd,
The dread of tyrants, and the sole resource
Of those that under grim Oppression groan.

Thy sons of glory many! Alfred thine,
In whom the splendour of heroic war,
And more heroic peace, when govern'd well,
Combine; whose hallow'd name the Virtues saint,
And his own muses love; the best of kings!
With him thy Edwards and thy Henrys shine,
Names dear to fame; the first who deep impress'd
On haughty Gaul the terror of thy arm,
That awes her Genius still. In statesmen thou,
And patriots fertile. Thine a steady More,
Who with a gen'rous, tho' mistaken zeal,
Withstood a brutal tyrant's useful rage;
Like Cato firm, Like Aristides just,
Like rigid Cincinnatus nobly poor,
A dauntless soul, erect, who smil'd on death.
Frugal and wise, a Walsingham is thine;
A Drake, who made thee mistress of the deep,
And bore thy name in thunder round the world.
Then flam'd thy spirit high. But who can speak
The num'rous worthies of the maiden reign?
In Raleigh mark their every glory mix'd;
Raleigh, the scourge of Spain! whose breast with all
The sage, the patriot, and the hero burn'd.
Nor can the muse the gallant Sidney pass,
The plume of war; with early laurels crown'd,
The lover's myrtle, and the poet's bay.
A Hampden, too, is thine, illustrious land!
Wise, strenuous, firm, of unsubmitting soul,
Who stemm'd the torrent of a downward age,
To slavery prone, and bade thee rise again,
In all thy native pomp of freedom bold.
Bright at his call thy age of men effulg'd,
Of men on whom late time a kindling eye
Shall turn, and tyrants tremble while they read.
Bring ev'ry sweetest flow'r, and let me strew

The grave where Russel lies, whose temper'd blood,
With calmest cheerfulness for thee resign'd,
Stain'd the sad annals of a giddy reign,
Aiming at lawless pow'r, tho' meanly sunk
In loose inglorious luxury. With him
His friend, the British Cassius, fearless bled,
Of high determin'd spirit, roughly brave,
By ancient learning to the enlighten'd love
Of ancient freedom warm'd. Fair thy renown
In awful sages and in noble bards;
Soon as the light of dawning Science spread
Her orient ray, and wak'd the muses' song.
Thine is a Bacon, hapless in his choice,
Unfit to stand the civil storm of state,
And thro' the smooth barbarity of courts
With firm, but pliant virtue forward still
To urge his course. Him for the studious shade
Kind Nature form'd, deep, comprehensive, clear,
Exact, and elegant; in one rich soul
Plato, the Stagirite, and Tully join'd.
The great deliv'rer he! who from the gloom
Of cloister'd monks, and jargon-teaching schools
Led forth the true Philosophy, there long
Held in the magic chain of words, and forms,
And definitions void: he led her forth,
Daughter of Heaven! that slow-ascending still,
Investigating sure the chain of things,
With radiant finger points to heav'n again.
The gen'rous Ashley thine, the friend of man,
Who scann'd his nature with a brother's eye,
His weakness prompt to shade, to raise his aim,
To touch the finer movements of the mind,
And with the moral beauty charm the heart.
Why need I name thy Boyle, whose pious search
Amid the dark recesses of his works
The great Creator sought! and why thy Locke?
Who made the whole internal world his own!
Let Newton, pure intelligence! whom God
To mortals lent, to trace his boundless works
From laws sublimely simple, speak thy fame
In all Philosophy. For lofty sense,
Creative fancy, and inspection keen
Thro' the deep windings of the human heart,
Is not wild Shakespeare thine and Nature's boast?

Is not each great, each amiable muse,
Of classic ages, in thy Milton met?
A genius universal as his theme,
Astonishing as chaos, as the bloom
Of blowing Eden fair, as heav'n sublime.
Nor shall my verse that elder bard forget,
The gentle Spenser, Fancy's pleasing son,
Who, like a copious river, pour'd his song
O'er all the mazes of enchanted ground;
Nor thee, his ancient master, laughing sage,
Chaucer, whose native manners-painting verse,
Well moraliz'd, shines thro' the Gothic cloud
Of time and language o'er thy genius thrown.

Island of bliss! amid the subject seas
That thunder round thy rocky coasts set up,
At once the wonder, terror, and delight,
Of distant nations, whose remotest shores
Can soon be shaken by thy naval arm,
Not to be shook thyself, but all assaults
Baffling, as thy hoar cliffs the loud sea-wave.

O Thou, by whose almighty nod the scale
Of empire rises or alternate falls,
Send forth the saving Virtues round the land
In bright patrol: white Peace, and social Love;
The tender-looking Charity, intent
On gentle deeds, and shedding tears thro' smiles;
Undaunted Truth, and Dignity of Mind;
Courage compos'd and keen; sound Temperance,
Healthful in heart and look; clear Chastity,
With blushes redd'ning as she moves along,
Disorder'd at the deep regard she draws;
Rough Industry, Activity untir'd,
With copious life inform'd, and all awake;
While in the radiant front superior shines
That first paternal virtue, Public Zeal,
Who throws o'er all an equal wide survey,
And ever musing on the common weal,
Still labours, glorious, with some great design.

THOMSON.

ODE TO EDUCATION.

WHEN now on Britain's sea-girt shore,
Resounds the threat'ning voice of war,
Bursts the loud cannon's frequent roar;
And glares the ensign from afar;
The Muse, who shuns the harsh alarms
That wake the madding world to arms,
And scorns to share the factious rage,
That prompts to deeds of blood the age;
Turns joyful to those happier seats
Where sacred Science loves to rest,
And Genius, 'midst the calm retreats,
Pours all his influence o'er the breast:
Not more rever'd the hallow'd bow'rs,
Where truth distill'd from Plato's honey'd tongue;
Nor those fair scenes, where Tully's happier hours
In philosophic leisure fled along.

There Education, power divine,
Her favourite temple long has plann'd,
And calls around her sacred shrine,
To guard her laws, a chosen band.
Where yon fair dome its front uprears,
Her venerable form appears;
To the young view one hand displays
The wreath of honourable praise:
With stronger grasp her left sustains
The harsher emblems of control,
That check wild Folly's headlong reins,
And bend the rude and stubborn soul:
In dreadful state, behind her glide,
Her handmaids, Fear, and Jealousy, and Shame!
By whom she knows the youthful step to guide,
To peace, to virtue, excellence, and fame.

Mark, how th' attentive votaries throng,
Where she her genuine lore imparts!
And catch from her inspiring tongue
The thirst of praise, the love of arts.
As she unveils the brighter day,
The shades of error melt away,

And sacred Truth of simple mien,
In all her native charms is seen:
—Not she who o'er her shadowy coast
Long led th' inquiring mind astray,
In dull scholastic reasonings lost,
While Aristotle led the way;
But she, who Bacon's vows approv'd,
And o'er his hours of meditation stole,
Who at one glance (each ling'ring doubt remov'd)
With charms, congenial strikes the human soul.

What joys! whilst youth its aid supplies,
To trace the years that long have fled,
And bid th' illustrious forms arise
Of sages, and of warriors dead:
In soft attention catch the sound
That Virgil's genius pours around,
Sweet, as when first the matchless song
Spontaneous echo'd from his tongue;
With sprightly Horace smile at care,
And ev'ry fleeting hour improve;
With exil'd Ovid drop the tear,
And with Tibullus melt in love;
Or when, by Cicero taught to flow,
Strong and unfetter'd rolls the nervous line,
To feel his passions, catch his genuine glow,
His conquering warmth, and energy divine!

But whilst elate the youthful bands
Each beauty of past ages share,
Her wonted victim's life demands,
And points to more substantial care;
Severer studies then engage
The seasons of maturer age,
To fill with dignity and ease
The several stations Heav'n decrees.
—Yon sprightly train, who erst were joy'd
To trace each herb of varied hue,
That decks the mountain's vernal side,
And Nature's bashful steps pursue;
Ere long, improv'd by studious toil,
Shall soothe the frame by fell disease opprest,
Bid brightening Health diffuse her wonted smile,
And give to Friendship's vow the kindred breast.

Yon few—as yet unknown to strife—
Whom Tully's liberal spirit charms,
—Foes to the silent paths of life,
The thirst of elocution warms:
Their's be the task, to mark with awe
The mighty edifice of law:
And having caught the general view,
Trace ev'ry varied chamber thro':
And may they scorn the vulgar tribe,
Who sense for formal jingle slight:
Superior to the guilty tribe,
With learning grave, with wit polite:
By Blackstone's bright example taught,
Watch o'er each private right with generous fear;
And, with th' unconquer'd love of freedom fraught,
Preserve those claims to every Briton dear.

Yet nobler paths for some remain
—By hallow'd footsteps only trod;
And these shall seek the sacred fane,
And give their studious hours to God.
Hark! while the inspiring diction flows,
Each breast with holy rapture glows;
See trembling Guilt betrays his fears,
See sad Repentance pours her tears,
Till from her starry mansion charm'd,
The smiling cherub Peace descends,
And o'er the soul with doubts alarm'd,
Her guardian wings unseen extends.
Whilst those, attentive to the cause
Of Britain, shall to her devote their days;
In the full senate meet unbought applause,
And place their glory in their country's praise.

Exulting Science now disdains
The ties of Custom's proud control,
And breaks the rude and barb'rous chains
That fetter'd down the free-born soul;
Extinguish'd now her vernal fires,
Lo! Superstition slow retires;
Or from some cloister's mouldering fane,
Pours out her mutter'd curse in vain:
While the warm breast, with generous joy,
Embraces all of human kind;
And scorns each mean and narrower tie,
To climate and to sect confin'd.

Deaf to the bigot's frantic voice,
Conducts each dubious step by Reason's plan,
To her unerring rule conforms its choice,
Nor tamely yields the sacred rights of man.

O ye! whom Science chose to guide
Her unpolluted stream along,
Adorn with flowers its cultur'd side,
And to its taste, allure the young:
O say, what language can reveal
Th' exalted pleasures you must feel.
When fir'd by you, the youthful breast
Disdains to court inglorious rest:
And to the world's admiring gaze,
(Each precept into action brought,)
In full realities displays
The lib'ral maxims you have taught!
A transport this, superior far
To all the bliss th' exulting conqueror feels,
When crowds triumphant hail him from the war,
And conquer'd nations crouch beneath his wheels

Oft as those favour'd haunts among
Your youthful bard delighted roves,
Attentive to the nobler song
That breathes along the list'ning groves;
He seem'd to tread on classic ground;
A sacred influence breathes around.
And while he feels its awe divine,
He fondly grasps the vast design.—
—But ah! far weightier cares renew
Their claims, and check the rising strain,
Again he joins Life's general crew,
The dull, the giddy, and the vain:
Thus echoing thro' the rural bow'rs,
Th' imprison'd songster hears each rival lay;
Whilst cold restraint represses all his pow'rs,
And, unapplauded, flies his joyless day. ROSCOE.

THE DYING HORSE,

HEAV'N! what enormous strength does Death possess!
How muscular the giant's arm must be
To grasp that strong-bon'd horse, and, spite of all
His furious efforts, fix him to the earth!

Yet, hold, he rises!—no,—the struggle's vain;
His strength avails him not. Beneath the gripe
Of the remorseless monster, stretch'd at length
He lies, with neck extended; head hard press'd
Upon the very turf where late he fed.
His writhing fibres speak his inward pain!
His smoking nostrils speak his inward fire!
Oh, how he glares!—and, hark! methinks I hear
His bubbling blood, which seems to burst the veins.
Amazement! Horror, What a desp'rate plunge!
See, where his iron'd hoof has dash'd a sod
With the velocity of lightning. Ah!—
He rises,—triumphs;—yes, the victory's his!
No,—the wrestler, Death, again has thrown him!
And, oh! with what a murd'ring dreadful fall!
—Soft;—he is quiet. Yet, whence came that groan?
Was't from his chest, or from the throat of Death
Exulting in his conquests? I know not.
But, if 'twas his, it surely was his last;
For, see, he scarcely stirs! soft! Does he breathe?
Ah, no! he breathes no more. 'Tis very strange!
How still he's now: how fiery hot,—how cold!
How terrible, how lifeless! all within
A few brief moments!—my reason staggers!
Philosophy, thy poor enlighten'd dotard,
Who canst assign for every thing a cause,
Here take thy stand beside me, and explain
This hidden mystery. Bring with thee
The headstrong atheist, who laughs at heav'n
And impiously ascribes events to *chance*,
To help to solve this *wonderful enigma!*
First, tell me, ye proud haughty reas'ners,
Where the vast strength this creature late possess'd
Has fled to? How the bright sparkling fire,
Which flash'd but now from these dim rayless eyes,
Has been extinguish'd?—*Oh! he's dead*, you say.
I know it well:—but, how, and by what means?
Was it the arm of chance which struck him down,
In height of vigour, and in pride of strength,
To stiffen in the blast? Come, come, tell me:
Nay, shake not thus the heads that are enrich'd
With eighty years of wisdom, glean'd from books,
From nights of study, and the magazines
Of knowledge, which your predecessors left.

What! not a word!—I ask you, once again,
How comes it that the wondrous essence,
Which gave such vigour to these strong-nerv'd limbs,
Has leap'd from its inclosure, and compell'd
This noble workmanship of Nature thus
To sink into a cold inactive clod?
Nay, *sneak not off thus cowardly?*——Poor fools!
Ye are as destitute of information
As is the lifeless subject of my thoughts!
—The subject of my thoughts?—yes,—there he lies,
As free from life as if he ne'er had liv'd.
Where are his friends, and where his old acquaintance,
Who borrow'd from his strength, when, in the yoke,
With weary pace, the steep ascent they climb'd?
Where are the gay companions of his prime,
Who with him ambled o'er the flow'ry turf,
And, proudly snorting, pass'd the way-worn hack
With haughty brow; and, on his ragged coat.
Look'd with contemptuous scorn? Oh, yonder see,
Carelessly basking in the mid-day sun,
They lie, and heed him not;—little thinking,
While there they triumph in the blaze of noon,
How soon the dread annihilating hour
Will come, and Death seal up *their* eyes,
Like his, for ever! Now, moralizer,
Retire! Yet, first proclaim this sacred truth;
Chance rules not over Death; but, when a fly
Falls to the earth, 'tis heav'n that gives the blow!

BLACKET

SONNET

ON THE DEPARTURE OF THE NIGHTINGALE.

SWEET poet of the woods, a long adieu!
Farewell, soft minstrel of the early year!
Ah! 'twill be long ere thou shalt sing anew,
And pour thy music on the Night's dull ear.
Whether on Spring thy wand'ring flights await,
Or whether silent in our groves you dwell,
The pensive Muse shall own thee for her mate,
And still protect the song she loves so well.

With cautious step, the love-lorn youth shall glide
Thro' the lone brake that shades thy mossy nest;
And shepherd girls, from eyes profane, shall hide
The gentle bird, who sings of pity best:
For still thy voice shall soft affections move,
And still be dear to sorrow and to love! SMITH.

RETIREMENT.

WHEN in the crimson cloud of even,
The lingering light decays,
And Hesper on the front of heaven
His glittering gem displays;
Deep in the silent vale, unseen,
Beside a lulling stream,
A pensive youth, of placid mien,
Indulg'd his tender theme.

Ye cliffs, in holy grandeur pil'd,
High o'er the glimmering dale;
Ye woods, along whose windings wild
Murmurs the solemn gale;
Where Melancholy strays forlorn,
And Woe retires to weep,
What time the wane moon's yellow horn
Gleams on the western deep:

To you, ye wastes, whose artless charms
Ne'er drew Ambition's eye,
'Scap'd a tumultuous world's alarms,
To your retreats I fly.
Deep in your most sequester'd bower
Let me at last recline,
Where Solitude, mild modest Power,
Leans on her ivy'd shrine.

How shall I woe thee, matchless fair,
Thy heavenly smile how win?
Thy smile, that smooths the brow of Care,
And stills the storm within.
O wilt thou to thy favourite grove
Thine ardent votary bring,
And bless his hours, and bid them move
Serene, on silent wing?

Oft let remembrance soothe his mind
  With dreams of former days,
When in the lap of Peace reclin'd,
  He fram'd his infant lays;
When Fancy rov'd at large, nor Care
  Nor cold Distrust alarm'd,
Nor Envy, with malignant glare,
  His simple youth had harm'd:

'Twas then, O Solitude, to thee
  His early vows were paid,
From heart sincere, and warm, and free,
  Devoted to the shade!
Ah! why does Fate his steps decoy,
  In stormy paths to roam,
Remote from all congenial joy,
  O take the wanderer home!

Thy shades, thy silence, now be mine,
  Thy charms my only theme;
My haunt the hollow cliff, whose pine
  Waves o'er the gloomy stream;
Whence the scar'd owl, on pinions grey,
  Breaks from the rustling boughs,
And down the lone vale sails away,
  To more profound repose.

O while to thee the woodland pours
  Its wildly warbling song,
And balmy from the bank of flowers
  The zephyr breathes along,
Let no rude sound invade from far,
  No vagrant foot be nigh,
No ray from Grandeur's gilded car
  Flash on the startled eye!

But, if some pilgrim thro' the glade
  Thy hallow'd bowers explore,
O guard from harm his hoary head,
  And listen to his lore;
For he of joys divine shall tell,
  That wean from earthly woe,
And triumph o'er the mighty spell
  That chains his heart below.

For me no more the path invites
  Ambition loves to tread;
No more I climb those toilsome heights
  By guileful Hope misled:
Leaps my fond fluttering heart no more
  To Mirth's enliv'ning strain;
For present pleasure soon is o'er,
  And all the past is vain.

BEATTIE.

THE THREE WARNINGS.

THE tree of deepest root is found
Least willing still to quit the ground;
'Twas therefore said by ancient sages,
  That love of life increas'd with years
So much, that in our latter stages,
When pains grow sharp, and sickness rages,
  The greatest love of life appears.
This great affection to believe,
Which all confess, but few perceive,
If old assertions can't prevail,
Be pleas'd to hear a modern tale.

  When sports went round, and all were gay,
On neighbour Dodson's wedding-day,
Death call'd aside the jocund groom
With him into another room;
And looking grave—"You must," says he,
"Quit your sweet bride, and come with me."
"With you! and quit my Susan's side!
"With you!" the hapless husband cried;
"Young as I am, 'tis monstrous hard!
"Besides, in truth, I'm not prepar'd:
"My thoughts on other matters go;
"This is my wedding-day, you know."

What more he urg'd I have not heard,
  His reasons could not well be stronger;
So death the poor delinquent spar'd,
  And left to live a little longer.
Yet calling up a serious look,
His hour-glass trembled while he spoke—
"Neighbour," he said, "farewell! no more
"Shall Death disturb your mirthful hour:
"And farther, to avoid all blame
"Of cruelty upon my name,

" To give you time for preparation,
" And fit you for your future station,
" Three several warnings you shall have,
" Before you're summon'd to the grave,
" Willing for once I'll quit my prey,
" And grant a kind reprieve;
" In hopes you'll have no more to say;
" But, when I call again this way,
" Well pleas'd the world will leave."
" To these conditions both consented,
And parted perfectly contented.

What next the hero of our tale befel,
How long he liv'd, how wise, how well,
How roundly he pursu'd his course,
And smok'd his pipe, and strok'd his horse,
The willing muse shall tell:
He chaffer'd then, he bought and sold,
Nor once perceiv'd his growing old,
Nor thought of Death as near:
His friends not false, his wife no shrew,
Many his gains, his children few,
He pass'd his hours in peace.
But while he view'd his wealth increase,
While thus along Life's dusty road
The beaten track content he trod,
Old Time, whose haste no mortal spares,
Uncall'd, unheeded, unawares,
Brought on his eightieth year.
And now, one night, in musing mood,
As all alone he sate,
Th' unwelcome messenger of Fate
Once more before him stood.

Half-kill'd with anger and surprise,
" So soon return'd!" old Dodson cries.
" So soon, d'ye call it?" Death replies:
" Surely, my friend, you're but in jest!
' Since I was here before
" 'Tis six-and-thirty years at least,
" And you are now fourscore."

" So much the worse," the clown rejoin'd;
" To spare the aged would be kind:
" However, see your search be legal;
" And your authority—is't regal?

"Else you are come on a fool's errand,
"With but a secretary's warrant.
"Beside, you promis'd me Three Warnings,
"Which I have look'd for nights and mornings;
"But for that loss of time and ease,
"I can recover damages."

"I know," cries Death, "that at the best,
"I seldom am a welcome guest;
"But don't be captious, friend, at least;
"I little thought you'd still be able
"To stump about your farm and stable;
"Your years have run to a great length;
"I wish you joy, tho', of your strength!"

"Hold," says the farmer, "not so fast!
"I have been lame these four years past."
"And no great wonder," Death replies:
"However, you still keep your eyes;
"And sure, to see one's loves and friends,
"For legs and arms would make amends."
"Perhaps," says Dodson, "so it might,
"But latterly I've lost my sight.—
"This is a shocking tale, 'tis true;
"But still there's comfort left for you:
"Each strives your sadness to amuse;
"I warrant you hear all the news."
"There's none," cries he; "and if there were,
"I'm grown so deaf, I could not hear."
"Nay, then," the spectre stern rejoin'd,
"These are unjustifiable yearnings;
"If you are Lame, and Deaf, and Blind,
You've had your Three sufficient Warnings,
"So come along, no more we'll part;"
He said, and touch'd him with his dart.
And now Old Dodson, turning pale,
Yields to his fate—so ends my tale. THRALE.

THE STORY OF LAVINIA.

SOON as the morning trembles o'er the sky,
And, unperceiv'd, unfolds the spreading day,
Before the ripen'd field the reapers stand
In fair array; each by the lass he loves,

To bear the rougher part, and mitigate,
By nameless gentle offices, her toil.
At once they stoop and swell the lusty sheaves;
While through their cheerful band the rural talk,
The rural scandal, and the rural jest,
Fly harmless, to deceive the tedious time,
And steal, unfelt, the sultry hours away.
Behind the master walks, builds up the shocks,
And, conscious, glancing oft on every side
His sated eye, feels his heart heave with joy.
The gleaners spread around, and here and there,
Spike after spike, their scanty harvest pick.
Be not too narrow, husbandmen! but fling
From the full sheaf, with charitable stealth,
The liberal handful. Think, oh, grateful think,
How good the God of harvest is to you,
Who pours abundance o'er your flowing fields;
While these unhappy partners of your kind
Wide-hover round you, like the fowls of heaven,
And ask their humble dole. The various turns
Of fortune ponder; that your sons may want
What now, with hard reluctance, faint ye give.
The lovely young Lavinia once had friends,
And fortune smil'd deceitful on her birth:
For, in her helpless years depriv'd of all,
Of every stay, save innocence and Heaven,
She, with her widow'd mother, feeble, old,
And poor, liv'd in a cottage, far retir'd
Among the windings of a woody vale;
By solitude and deep-surrounding shades,
But more by bashful modesty, conceal'd.
Together thus they shunn'd the cruel scorn
Which Virtue, sunk to Poverty, would meet
From giddy Passion and low-minded Pride;
Almost on Nature's common bounty fed,
Like the gay birds that sung them to repose,
Content, and careless of to-morrow's fare.
Her form was fresher than the morning rose,
When the dew wets its leaves; unstain'd and pure,
As is the lily or the mountain snow.
The modest virtues mingled in her eyes,
Still on the ground, dejected, darting all
Their humid beams into the blooming flowers;
Or when the mournful tale her mother told,

Of what her faithless fortune promis'd once,
Thrill'd in her thought, they, like the dewy star
Of Evening, shone in tears. A native grace
Sat fair-proportion'd on her polish'd limbs,
Veil'd in a simple robe, their best attire,
Beyond the pomp of dress: for loveliness
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is, when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most.
Thoughtless of Beauty, she was beauty's self,
Recluse amid the close embowering woods:
As in the hollow breast of Apennine,
Beneath the shelter of encircling hills
A myrtle rises, far from human eye,
And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild;
So flourish'd, blooming, and unseen by all,
The sweet Lavinia; till at length, compell'd
By strong necessity's supreme command,
With smiling patience in her looks, she went
To glean Palemon's fields. The pride of swains
Palemon was! the generous and the rich!
Who led the rural life in all its joy
And elegance, such as Arcadian song
Transmits from ancient uncorrupted times,
When tyrant custom had not shackled man,
But free to follow nature was the mode.
He then, his fancy with autumnal scenes
Amusing, chanc'd beside his reaper-train
To walk, when poor Lavinia drew his eye;
Unconscious of her power, and turning quick,
With unaffected blushes, from his gaze:
He saw her charming, but he saw not half
The charms her downcast modesty conceal'd.
That very moment love and chaste desire
Sprung in his bosom, to himself unknown;
For still the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh,
Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn,
Should his heart own a gleaner in the field:
And thus in secret to his soul he sigh'd:
"What pity! that so delicate a form,
By Beauty kindled, where enlivening sense,
And more than vulgar goodness, seem to dwell,
Should be devoted to the rude embrace
Of some indecent clown! She looks, methinks,
Of old Acasto's line, and to my mind

Recalls that patron of my happy life,
From whom my liberal fortune took its rise;
Now to the dust gone down, his houses, lands,
And once fair-spreading family, dissolv'd,
'Tis said, that in some lone obscure retreat,
Urg'd by remembrance sad, and decent pride,
Far from those scenes which knew their better days,
His aged widow and his daughter live,
Whom yet my fruitless search could never find.
Romantic wish! would this the daughter were!"
When strict inquiring; from herself he found
She was the same, the daughter of his friend,
Of bountiful Acasto. Who can speak
The mingled passions that surpris'd his heart,
And through his nerves in shivering transport ran?
Then blaz'd his smother'd flame, avow'd, and bold;
And as he view'd her, ardent, o'er and o'er,
Love, gratitude, and pity, wept at once.
Confus'd, and frighten'd at his sudden tears,
Her rising beauties flash'd a higher bloom,
As thus Palemon, passionate and just,
Pour'd out the pious rapture of his soul:
"And art thou then Acasto's dear remains?
She, whom my restless gratitude has sought
So long in vain? O heavens! the very same,
The soften'd image of my noble friend;
Alive his every look, his every feature,
More elegantly touch'd. Sweeter than spring!
Thou sole surviving blossom from the root
That nourish'd up my fortune! Say, ah, where,
In what sequester'd desert, hast thou drawn
The kindest aspect of delighted heaven;
Into such beauty spread, and blown so fair,
Though Poverty's cold wind, and crushing rain,
Beat keen and heavy on thy tender years?
O let me now into a richer soil
Transplant thee safe! where vernal suns and show'rs
Diffuse their warmest, largest influence:
And of my garden be the pride and joy.
It ill befits thee, oh! it ill befits
Acasto's daughter, his, whose open stores,
Though vast, were little to his ampler heart,
The father of a country, thus to pick
The very refuse of those harvest-fields

Which from his bounteous friendship I enjoy!
Then throw that shameful pittance from thy hand,
But ill apply'd to such a rugged task;
The fields, the master, all, my fair! are thine,
If to the various blessings which thy house
Has on me lavish'd, thou wilt add that bliss,
That dearest bliss, the power of blessing thee!"
  Here ceas'd the youth: yet still his speaking eye
Express'd the sacred triumph of his soul,
With conscious virtue, gratitude, and love,
Above the vulgar joy divinely rais'd.
Nor waited he reply. Won by the charm
Of goodness irresistible, and all
In sweet disorder lost, she blush'd consent.
The news immediate to her mother brought,
While, pierc'd with anxious thought, she pin'd away
The lonely moments for Lavinia's fate;
Amaz'd, and scarce believing what she heard,
Joy seiz'd her wither'd veins, and one bright gleam
Of setting life shone on her evening hours:
Not less enraptur'd than the happy pair;
Who flourish'd long in tender bliss, and rear'd
A numerous offspring, lovely like themselves,
And good, the grace of all the country round.

THOMSON

L'ALLEGRO.

HENCE loathed Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born,
In Stygian cave forlorn,
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy;
Find out some uncouth cell,
Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings,
And the night-raven sings;
There under ebon shades, and low-brow'd rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
    In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.
  But come, thou goddess fair and free
In heaven yclep'd Euphrosyne,
And by men heart-easing Mirth,
Whom lovely Venus at a birth
With two sister Graces more
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore;

Or whether (as some sages sing)
The frolic wind that breathes the spring,
Zephyr with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a maying,
There on beds of violets blue,
And fresh blown-roses wash'd in dew,
Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.
  Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Just, and youthful Jollity,
Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come and trip it as you go
On the light fantastic toe;
And in thy right-hand lead with thee
The mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty:
And, if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreproved pleasures free:
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night,
From his watch-tow'r in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow,
Thro' the sweet-briar, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine:
While the cock with lively din
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack, or the barn door,
Stoutly struts his dames before:
Oft list'ning how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumb'ring morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Thro' the high wood echoing shrill:
Sometimes walking not unseen
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate,
Where the great sun begins his state,

Rob'd in flames, and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight;
While the ploughman near at hand
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
And the milk-maid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his sithe,
And every shepherd tells his tale,
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
  Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
Whilst the landscape round it measures;
Russet lawns, and fallows grey,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
Mountains on whose barren breast
The labouring clouds do often rest;
Meadows trim with daisies pied:
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide:
Towers and battlements it sees
Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The Cynosure of neighbouring eyes.
  Hard by a cottage-chimney smokes,
From betwixt two aged oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,
Are at their savoury dinner set
Of herbs, and other country-messes,
Which the neat-handed Phyllis dresses;
And then in haste her bower she leaves,
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;
Or, if the earlier season lead,
To the tann'd haycock in the mead.
  Sometimes, with secure delight,
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round
And the jocund rebecks sound
To many a youth and many a maid,
Dancing in the chequer'd shade;
And young and old came forth to play
On a sunshine holiday,
Till the livelong daylight fail;
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
With stories told of many a feat,
How Fairy Mab the junkets eat;
She was pinch'd, and pull'd, she said,
And he by friar's lantern led;

Tells how the drudging Goblin sweat
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail had thresh'd the corn,
That ten day-lab'rers could not end,
Then lays him down the lubber fiend,
And, stretch'd out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength;
And cropful out of doors he flings
Ere the first cock his matin rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whispering winds soon lull'd to sleep.
  Tow'red cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights, and barons bold,
In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit or arms, while both contend
To win her grace whom all commend.
There let Hymen oft appear
In saffron robe, with taper clear,
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With mask and antique pageantry,
Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream.
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Johnson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.
  And ever against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the melting soul may pierce
In notes, with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
The melting voice thro' mazes running;
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of Harmony;
That Orpheus's self may heave his head
From golden slumbers on a bed
Of heap'd Elysian flowers, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear

Of Pluto, to have quite set free
His half-regain'd Eurydice.
These delights, if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

IL PENSEROSO.

HENCE vain deluding joys,
The brood of Folly, without father bred!
How little you bested,
Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys!
Dwell in some idle brain;
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
As thick and numberless
As the gay motes that people the sun-beams,
Or likest hovering dreams,
The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.
But hail, thou goddess, sage and holy,
Hail divinest Melancholy,
Whose saintly visage is too bright
To hit the sense of human sight;
And therefore to our weaker view
O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue;
Black, but such as in esteem,
Prince Memnon's sister might beseem;
Or that starr'd Ethiope queen that strove
To set her beauty's praise above
The sea-nymphs, and their pow'rs offended:
Yet thou art higher far descended.
Thee, bright-hair'd Vesta, long of yore,
To solitary Saturn bore;
His daughter she (in Saturn's reign
Such mixture was not held a stain):
Oft, in glimmering bowers and glades,
He met her, and in secret shades
Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
While yet there was no fear of Jove.
Come, pensive nun, devout and pure,
Sober, stedfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestic train,
And sable stole of cypress-lawn,
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.

Come, but keep thy wonted state,
With even step, and musing gait,
And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes:
There held in holy passion still,
Forget thyself to marble, till
With a sad leaden downward cast,
Thou fix them on the earth as fast;
And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,
Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,
And hears the Muses in a ring,
Aye round about Jove's altar sing;
And add to these retired Leisure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure.
But first, and chiefest, with thee bring
Him that yon soars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
The cherub Contemplation:
And the mute silence hist along,
'Less Philomel will deign a song
In her sweetest, saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of Night;
While Cynthia checks her dragon-yoke,
Gently o'er th' accustom'd oak.
  Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy!
Thee, chantress, oft the woods among
I woo, to hear thy ev'ning song:
And missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wand'ring moon,
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Thro' the heav'ns' wide pathless way;
And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
Stooping thro' a fleecy cloud.
  Oft on a plat of rising ground,
I hear the far-off curfew sound,
Over some wide-water'd shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar.
  Or if the air will not permit,
Some still removed place will fit,
Where glowing embers thro' the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom;

Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or the bellman's drowsy charm,
To bless the doors from nightly harm.
Or let my lamp, at midnight hour,
Be seen in some high lonely tow'r,
Where I may oft out-watch the Bear,
With thrice-great Hermes; or unsphere
The spirit of Plato, to unfold
What worlds, or what vast regions, hold
The immortal mind that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook:
And of those demons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
Whose power hath a true consent
With planet, or with element.
Sometimes let gorgeous Tragedy
In sceptred pall come sweeping by,
Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,
Or the tale of Troy divine,
Or what (tho' rare) of later age
Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage.
But, O sad virgin, that thy power
Might raise Musæus from his bower;
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes as, warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made hell grant what love did seek.
Or call up him that left half-told
The story of Cambuscan bold,
Of Camball, and of Algarsife
And who had Canace to wife,
That own'd the virtuous ring and glass,
And of the wond'rous horse of brass,
On which the Tartar king did ride;
And if aught else great bards beside
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
Of tourneys and of trophies hung,
Of forests and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.
Thus, night, oft see me in thy pale career,
Till civil-suited morn appear;
Not trick'd and frounc'd as she was wont
With the Attic boy to hunt,

But kerchief'd in a comely cloud,
While rocking winds are piping loud,
Or usher'd with a show'r still,
When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the rustling leaves,
With minute drops from off the eaves.
And when the sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, Goddess, bring
To arched walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves
Of pine, or monumental oak,
Where the rude axe, with heaved stroke,
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt
There in close covert by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from day's garish eye,
While the bee with honey'd thigh,
That at her flow'ry work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring,
With such concert as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feather'd sleep:
And let some strange mysterious dream
Wave at his wings in airy stream
Of lively portraiture display'd,
Softly on my eye-lids laid.
And as I wake sweet music breathe,
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some spirit to mortals good,
Or th' unseen Genius of the wood.
But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloisters pale;
And love the high imbowed roof,
With antique pillars massy-proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light.
There let the pealing organ blow
To the full-voic'd quire below,
In service high, and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, thro' mine ear,
Dissolve me into ectasies,
And bring all heav'n before mine eyes.
And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,

The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell
Of ev'ry star that heav'n doth shew,
And every herb that sips the dew:
Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.
These pleasures, Melancholy, give,
And I with thee will choose to live.

MILTON.

WAR.

GREAT princes have great playthings. Some have played
At hewing mountains into men, and some
At building human wonders mountain-high.
Some have amused the dull, sad years of life,
(Life spent in indolence, and therefore sad)
With schemes of monumental fame; and sought
By pyramids and mausolean pomp,
Short-lived themselves, to immortalize their bones.
Some seek diversion in the tented field,
And make the sorrows of mankind their sport.
But war's a game, which, were their subjects wise,
Kings would not play at. Nations would do well
To extort their truncheons from the puny hands
Of heroes, whose infirm and baby minds
Are gratified with mischief; and who spoil,
Because men suffer it, their toy the world.
But violence can never longer sleep
Than human passions please. In every heart
Are sown the sparks, that kindle fiery war;
Occasion needs but fan them, and they blaze.
Cain had already shed a brother's blood:
The deluge wash'd it out; but left unquench'd
The seeds of murder in the breast of man.
Soon by a righteous judgment in the line
Of his descending progeny was found
The first artificer of death; the shrewd
Contriver, who first sweated at the forge,
And forced the blunt and yet unbloodied steel
To a keen edge, and made it bright for war.
Him, Tubal nam'd, the Vulcan of old times,
The sword and falchion their inventor claim;

And the first smith was the first murderer's son.
His art surviv'd the waters; and ere long,
When man was multiplied and spread abroad
In tribes and clans, and had begun to call
These meadows and that range of hills his own,
The tasted sweets of property begat
Desire of more; and industry in some
To improve and cultivate their just demesne,
Made others covet what they saw so fair.
Thus war began on earth: these fought for spoil,
And those in self-defence. Savage at first
The onset, and irregular. At length
One eminent above the rest for strength,
For stratagem, for courage, or for all,
Was chosen leader; him they serv'd in war,
And him in peace, for sake of warlike deeds
Reverenc'd no less. Who could with him compare?
Or who so worthy to control themselves
As he, whose prowess had subdu'd their foes?
Thus war, affording field for the display
Of virtue, made one chief, whom times of peace,
Which have their exigencies too, and call
For skill in government, at length made king.
King was a name too proud for man to wear
With modesty and meekness; and the crown,
So dazzling in their eyes, who set it on,
Was sure to intoxicate the brows it bound.
Inflated and astrut with self-conceit,
He gulphs the windy diet; and ere long,
Adopting their mistake, profoundly thinks
The world was made in vain, if not for him.
Thenceforth they are his cattle: drudges, born
To bear his burdens, drawing in his gears,
And sweating in his service, his caprice
Becomes the soul that animates them all.
He deems a thousand, or ten thousand lives,
Spent in the purchase of renown for him,
An easy reckoning; and they think the same.
Thus kings were first invented, and thus kings
Were burnish'd into heroes, and became
The arbiters of this terraqueous swamp;
Storks among frogs, that have but croak'd and dy'd.
But is it fit, or can it bear the shock
Of rational discussion, that a man,

Compounded and made up like other men
Of elements tumultuous, in whom lust
And folly in as ample measure meet,
As in the bosoms of the slaves he rules,
Should be a despot absolute, and boast
Himself the only freeman of his land?
Should, when he pleases, and on whom he will,
Wage war, with any or with no pretence
Of provocation given, or wrong sustain'd,
And force the beggarly last doit by means,
That his own humour dictates, from the clutch
Of poverty, that thus he may procure
His thousands, weary of penurious life,
A splendid opportunity to die? COWPER.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

I WOULD not enter on my list of friends,
(Tho' grac'd with polish'd manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility,) the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.
An inadvertent step may crush the snail,
That crawls at evening in the public path;
But he that has humanity, forewarn'd,
Will tread aside, and let the reptile live.
The creeping vermin, loathsome to the sight,
And charg'd perhaps with venom, that intrudes
A visitor unwelcome into scenes
Sacred to neatness and repose, th' alcove,
The chamber, or refectory, may die:
A necessary act incurs no blame.
Not so, when held within their proper bounds,
And guiltless of offence, they range the air,
Or take their pastime in the spacious field:
There they are privileg'd. And he that hunts
Or harms them there, is guilty of a wrong;
Disturbs th' economy of Nature's realm,
Who, when she form'd, design'd them an abode.
The sum is this; if man's convenience, health,
Or safety, interfere, his rights and claims
Are paramount, and must extinguish theirs.
Else they are all—the meanest things that are,
As free to live, and to enjoy that life,

As God was free to form them at the first,
Who, in his sov'reign wisdom, made them all.
Ye, therefore, who love mercy, teach your sons
To love it too. The spring-time of our years
Is soon dishonour'd and defil'd, in most,
By budding ills, that ask a prudent hand
To check them. But, alas! none sooner shoots,
If unrestrain'd, into luxuriant growth,
Than cruelty, most dev'lish of them all.
Mercy to him that shows it, is the rule
And righteous limitation of its act,
By which Heav'n moves in pard'ning guilty man:
And he that shows none, being ripe in years,
And conscious of the outrage he commits,
Shall seek it, and not find it in his turn. COWPER.

THE PASSIONS.

WHEN Music, heavenly Maid! was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
Throng'd around her magic cell;
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possess'd beyond the Muse's painting;
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Disturb'd, delighted, rais'd, refin'd;
Till once, 'tis said, when all were fir'd,
Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspir'd,
From the supporting myrtles round
They snatch'd her instruments of sound;
And as they oft had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each, for madness rul'd the hour,
Would prove his own expressive power.

First FEAR his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords, bewilder'd laid;
And back recoil'd, he knew not why,
Ev'n at the sound himself had made.

Next ANGER rush'd, his eyes on fire
In lightning's own'd his secret stings;
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept with hurry'd hand the strings.

With woeful measures wan DESPAIR—
Low sullen sounds his grief beguil'd;
A solemn, strange, and mingled air;
'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O HOPE! with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure?
Still it whisper'd promis'd pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail.
Still would her touch the strain prolong;
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She call'd on Echo still thro' all the song;
And where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close;
And Hope enchanted smil'd, and wav'd her golden hair:
And longer had she sung—But with a frown
REVENGE impatient rose;
He threw his blood-stain'd sword in thunder down,
And, with a withering look,
The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blast so loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe;
And ever and anon he beat
The double drum with furious heat;
And though sometimes, each dreary pause between,
Dejected PITY at his side
Her soul-subduing voice apply'd,
Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mien,
While each strain'd ball of sight seem'd bursting from his head.

Thy numbers, JEALOUSY, to nought were fix'd;
Sad proof of thy distressful state;
Of diff'ring themes the veering song was mix'd,
And now it courted LOVE, now raving call'd on HATE.

With eyes uprais'd, as one inspir'd,
Pale MELANCHOLY sat retir'd,
And from her wild sequester'd seat,
In notes by distance made more sweet,
Pour'd thro' the mellow horn her pensive soul;
And clashing soft from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels join'd the sound;
Thro' glades and glooms the mingled measure stole:

Or o'er some haunted streams with fond delay,
Round a holy calm diffusing,
Love of peace and lonely musing,
In hollow murmurs dy'd away.

But, Oh! how alter'd was its sprightly tone,
When CHEERFULNESS, a nymph of healthiest hue,
Her bow across her shoulder flung,
Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew,
Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,
The Hunter's call, to Fawn and Dryad known;
The oak-crown'd sisters, and their chaste-ey'd queen,
Satyrs and sylvan boys, were seen
Peeping from forth their alleys green;
Brown exercise rejoic'd to hear,
And Sport leap'd up, and seiz'd his beechen spear.

Last came JOY's ecstatic trial:
He, with viny crown advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hand address'd;
But soon he saw the brisk, awakening viol,
Whose sweet entrancing voice he lov'd the best.
They would have thought, who heard the strain,
They saw, in Tempe's vale, her native maids,
Amidst the festal sounding shades,
To some unweary'd minstrel dancing:
While, as his flying fingers kiss'd the strings,
Love fram'd with Mirth, a gay fantastic round,
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound:
And he, amidst his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.

O MUSIC! sphere-descended maid,
Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid,
Why, Goddess! why, to us deny'd,
Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside?
As in that lov'd Athenian bow'r,
You learn an all-commanding pow'r;
Thy mimic soul, O nymph endear'd,
Can well recall what then it heard.
Where is thy native simple heart,
Devote to virtue, fancy, art?
Arise, as in that elder time,
Warm, energic, chaste, sublime!

Thy wonders in that godlike age
Fill thy recording sister's page—
'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
Thy humblest reed could more prevail,
Had more of strength, diviner rage,
Than all which charms this laggard age;
Ev'n all at once together found,
Cecilia's mingled world of sound.
O! bid your vain endeavours cease,
Revive the just designs of Greece;
Return in all thy simple state;
Confirm the tales her sons relate. COLLINS.

THE FOUR AGES OF THE WORLD.

THE Golden Age was first: when man, yet new,
No rule but incorrupted Reason knew;
And, with a native bent, did good pursue.
Unforc'd by punishment, unaw'd by fear,
His words were simple, and his soul sincere:
Needless was written law, where none opprest;
The law of man was written in his breast:
No suppliant crowds before the Judge appear'd;
Nor court erected yet, nor cause was heard;
But all was safe, for conscience was their guard.
The mountain-trees in distant prospect please,
Ere yet the pine descended to the seas:
Ere sails were spread, new oceans to explore;
And happy mortals, unconcern'd for more,
Confin'd their wishes to their native shore.
No walls were yet, nor fence, nor moat, nor mound;
Nor drum was heard, nor trumpet's angry sound:
Nor swords were forg'd; but, void of care and crime,
The soft creation slept away their time.
The teeming earth, yet guiltless of the plough,
And unprovok'd, did fruitful stores allow:
Content with food which Nature freely bred,
On wildings and on strawberries they fed;
Cornels and bramble-berries gave the rest,
And falling acorns furnish'd out a feast.
The flowers unsown in fields and meadows reign'd;
And western winds immortal Spring maintain'd.

In following years the bearded corn ensu'd
From earth, unask'd, nor was that earth renew'd.
From veins of valleys milk and nectar broke;
And honey sweated from the pores of oak.
But when good Saturn, banish'd from above,
Was driven to hell, the world was under Jove.
Succeeding times a Silver Age behold,
Excelling brass, but more excell'd by gold.
Then Summer, Autumn, Winter did appear,
And Spring was but a season of the year.
The sun his annual course obliquely made,
Good days contracted, or enlarg'd the bad.
Then air with sultry heats began to glow,
The wings of winds were clogg'd with ice and snow;
And shivering mortals, into houses driven,
Sought shelter from th' inclemency of heav'n.
Those houses, then, were caves, or homely sheds,
With twining osiers fenc'd, and moss their beds.
Then ploughs for seed, the fruitful furrows broke,
And oxen labour'd first beneath the yoke.
To this next came in course the Brazen Age
A warlike offspring, prompt to bloody rage
Not impious yet———
Hard steel succeeded then;
And stubborn as the metal were the men.
Truth, Modesty, and Shame, the world forsook:
Fraud, Avarice, and Force, their places took.
Then sails were spread to every wind that blew,
Raw were the sailors, and the depths were new:
Trees rudely hollow'd, did the waves sustain;
Ere ships in triumph plow'd the wat'ry plain:
Then land-marks limited to each his right:
For all before was common as the light.
Nor was the ground alone requir'd to bear
Her annual income to the crooked share;
But greedy mortals, rummaging her store,
Digg'd from her entrails first the precious ore:
Which next to hell the prudent god had laid;
And that alluring ill to sight display'd.
Thus cursed steel, and more accursed gold,
Gave Mischief birth, and made that mischief bold
And double death did wretched man invade,
By steel assaulted, and by gold betray'd.

Now (brandish'd weapons glittering in their hands)
Mankind is broken loose from moral bands;
Nor rights of hospitality remain;
The guest, by him who harbour'd him, is slain:
The son-in-law pursues the father's life:
The wife her husband murders, he the wife,
The step-dame poison for the son prepares,
The son inquires into his father's years.
Faith flies, and Piety in exile mourns;
And Justice, here opprest, to Heaven returns.

DRYDEN.

ENGLISH LOYALTY.

——————————WE love
The king, who loves the law, respects his bounds,
And reigns content with them: him we serve
Freely and with delight, who leaves us free:
But recollecting still that he is man,
We trust him not too far. King though he be,
And king in England too, he may be weak,
And vain enough to be ambitious still;
May exercise amiss his proper powers,
Or covet more than freemen choose to grant:
Beyond that mark is treason! He is our's,
To administer, to guard, to adorn, the state;
But not to warp or change it. We are his
To serve him nobly in the common cause,
True to the death, but not to be his slaves.
Mark now the difference, ye that boast your love
Of kings, between your loyalty and our's.
We love the man, the paltry pageant you:
We the chief patron of the commonwealth,
You the regardless author of its woes;
We for the sake of liberty a king,
You chains and bondage for a tyrant's sake.
Our love is principle, and has its root
In reason, is judicious, manly, free;
Your's, a blind instinct, crouches to the rod,
And licks the foot that treads it in the dust.

COWPER.

THE CONTENTED PHILOSOPHER.

DEEP silence reign'd, and dewy Night
Her silver vestment wore;
The western gale breath'd calm delight,
And busy day was o'er:

To hail Reflection's hour I rose,
Each throbbing care at rest;
For sacred Peace in mild repose
Had lull'd my anxious breast.

The breezy mount, the misty vale,
Alternately I stray'd;
The Gothic spire, the lonely cell,
My wandering eye survey'd:

Till, where the trembling beams of night
O'er limpid currents play'd,
Meandering—fix'd my roving sight
On deep Retirement's shade.

The unambitious dome, conceal'd,
Fear'd no intrusive foes;
From deep-embowering trees reveal'd
The seat of calm repose.

'Twas Sophron's grove, an aged sire,
Who, vers'd in Wisdom's lore,
Now tun'd his consecrated lyre,
To close the silent hour.

The hallow'd strain inflam'd my breast,
I gain'd the rustic cell;—
The courteous father bless'd his guest,
Then gave th' instructive tale.

" How false the aim of erring life!
" How fruitless the employ,
" That treads the pompous maze of strife
" In quest of solid joy!

" The plumy tribes unceasing roam,
" Each verdant bough survey;
" But fix at last their leafy home,
" Where silence woos their stay:

" Where no alarming hinds invade,
" No fear their peace destroys;
" Remote in the sequester'd shade,
" They rear their callow joys.

" Thus restless Nature loves to range,
" Thro' life's gay scenes to rove;
" Till Reason prompts the happier change,
" To Contemplation's grove!

" When Fortune smil'd, when Pleasure woo'd
" How indolently gay,
" Life's transitory stream I view'd
" Unheeded haste away!

" The gay delusive dream once o'er,
" Calm Reason's thought arise;
" Obey the monitorial power,
" That whisper'd—' Now be wise!

" This silent grove my search survey'd,
" Where peace displays her charms:
" How free Contentment's humble shade
" From Fortune's wild alarms!

" How free from each fantastic strife,
" Untroubled and serene,
" I wait the closing hour of life,
" To leave its empty scene:

" For tides of bliss, that boundless roll
" Around th' Eternal throne,
" Shall waft the persevering soul
" To joys on earth unknown!

" But lo! the fading stars declare,
" The eastern herald blows
" The hour of rosy morn is near,
" And Nature claims repose!"

I sigh'd, and thought it soon to part
From Wisdom's ivy'd cell;
How ill my sympathizing heart
Could bid the sage, farewell.

For wealth, be smiling Peace my share!
With Friendship's generous love;
And, lost to each ambitious care,
Be mine the flowery grove!

There studious thought would wear the day
  In each instructive page;
Or happier speed the hours away
  In converse with the sage.

Taught by the awful voice of Truth,
  Life's syren snares to fly,
By Reason's chart conduct my youth,
  And like my Sophron die! CUNNINGHAM.

THE PRAISE OF PHILOSOPHY.

BUT now let other themes our care engage:
For lo, with modest yet majestic grace,
To curb Imagination's lawless rage,
And from within the cherish'd heart to brace,
Philosophy appears. The gloomy race
By Indolence and moping Fancy bred,
Fear, Discontent, Solicitude, give place,
And Hope and Courage brighten in their stead,
While on the kindling soul her vital beams are shed.

Then waken from long lethargy to life
The seeds of happiness, and powers of thought;
Then jarring appetites forego their strife,
A strife by ignorance to madness wrought:
Pleasure by savage man is dearly bought
With fell revenge, lust that defies control,
With gluttony and death. The mind untaught
Is a dark waste, where fiends and tempests howl;
As Phœbus to the world, is Science to the soul.

And Reason now thro' Number, Time, and Space
Darts the keen lustre of her serious eye,
And learns, from facts compar'd, the laws to trace,
Whose long progression leads to Deity.
Can mortal strength presume to soar so high!
Can mortal sight, so oft bedimm'd with tears,
Such glory bear!—for lo! the shadows fly
From Nature's face; Confusion disappears,
And Order charms the eye, and Harmony the ears.

In the deep windings of the grove, no more
The hag obscene, and grissly phantom dwell;
Nor in the fall of mountain-stream, or roar
Of winds, is heard the angry spirit's yell;

No wizard mutters the tremendous spell,
Nor sinks convulsive in prophetic swoon;
Nor bids the noise of drums and trumpets swell,
To ease of fancied pangs the labouring moon,
Or chase the shade that blots the blazing orb of noon.

Many a long-lingering year, in lonely isle,
Stunn'd with th' eternal turbulence of waves,
Lo! with dim eyes, that never learn'd to smile,
And trembling hands, the famish'd native craves
Of Heav'n his wretched fare: shivering in caves,
Or scorch'd on rocks, he pines from day to day:
But Science gives the word; and lo! he brakes
The surge and tempest, lighted by her ray;
And to a happier land wafts merrily away.

And ev'n where Nature loads the teeming plain
With the full pomp of vegetable store,
Her bounty unimprov'd, is deadly bane:
Dark woods, and rankling wilds, from shore to shore,
Stretch their enormous gloom; which to explore
Ev'n Fancy trembles in her sprightless mood;
For there, each eye-ball gleams with lust of gore,
Nestles each murderous, and each monstrous brood,
Plague lurks in every shade, and streams from every flood.

'Twas from Philosophy man learn'd to tame
The soil by plenty to intemperance fed.
Lo! from the echoing axe, and thundering flame,
Poison and plague and yelling rage are fled.
The waters, bursting from their slimy bed,
Bring health and melody to every vale:
And from the breezy main, and mountain's head,
Ceres and Flora to the sunny dale,
To fan their glowing charms, invite the flutt'ring gale.

What dire necessities on every hand
Our heart, our strength, our fortitude, require!
Of foes intestine what a numerous band
Against this little throb of life conspire!
Yet Science can elude their fatal ire
A while, and turn aside death's levell'd dart,
Soothe the sharp pang, allay the fever's fire,
And brace the nerves once more, and cheer the heart,
And yet a few soft nights and balmy days impart.

Nor less to regulate man's moral frame
Science exerts her all-composing sway.
Flutters thy breast with fear, or pants for fame,
Or pines to Indolence and Spleen a prey,
Or Avarice, a fiend more fierce than they?
Flee to the shade of Academus' Grove;
Where cares molest not, discord melts away
In harmony, and the pure passions prove
How sweet the words of truth breath'd from the lips of [Love.

What cannot art and industry perform,
When Science plans the progress of their toil!
They smile at penury, disease, and storm;
And oceans from their mighty mounds recoil.
When tyrants scourge, or demagogues embroil
A land, or when the rabble's headlong rage
Order transforms to anarchy and spoil,
Deep-vers'd in man the philosophic Sage
Prepares with lenient hand their phrenzy to assuage.

'Tis he alone, whose comprehensive mind,
From situation, temper, soil, and clime,
Explor'd, a nation's various powers can bind,
And various orders, in one form sublime
Of polity, that midst the wrecks of time
Secure shall lift its head on high, nor fear
Th' assault of foreign or domestic crime,
While public faith, and public love sincere,
And Industry and Law maintain their sway severe.

BEATTIE.

DESCRIPTION OF A PARISH POOR-HOUSE.

BEHOLD yon house that holds the parish poor,
Whose walls of mud scarce bear the broken door!
There, where the putrid vapours flagging play,
And the dull wheel hums doleful thro' the day;
There children dwell who know no parents' care;
Parents, who know no children's love, dwell there;
Heart-broken matrons on their joyless bed,
Forsaken wives, and mothers never wed;
Dejected widows with unheeded tears,
And crippled age with more than childhood fears;
The lame, the blind, and, far the happiest they!
The moping idiot, and the madman gay.

Here, too, the sick their final doom receive,
Here brought, amid the scenes of grief, to grieve:
Where the loud groans from some sad chamber flow,
Mix'd with the clamours of the crowd below;
Here sorrowing they each kindred sorrow scan,
And the cold charities of man to man:
Whose laws indeed for ruin'd age provide,
And strong compulsion plucks the scrap from pride:
But still that scrap is bought with many a sigh,
And pride embitters what it can't deny.

Say, ye oppress'd by some fantastic woes,
Some jarring nerve that baffles your repose;
Who press the downy couch, while slaves advance
With timid eye, to read the distant glance;
Who with sad pray'rs the weary doctor tease
To name the nameless ever-new disease;
Who with mock-patience dire complaints endure,
Which real pain, and that alone can cure;
How would you bear in real pain to lie,
Despis'd, neglected, left alone to die?
How would you bear to draw your latest breath,
Where all that's wretched paves the way for death?

Such is that room which one rude beam divides,
And naked rafters form the sloping sides;
Where the vile bands that bind the thatch are seen,
And lath and mud are all that lie between;
Save one dull pane, that, coarsely patch'd, gives way
To the rude tempest, yet excludes the day:
Here, on a matted flock, with dust o'erspread,
The drooping wretch reclines his languid head.
For him no hand the cordial cup applies,
Nor wipes the tear that stagnates in his eyes;
No friends with soft discourse his pain beguile,
Nor promise hope till sickness wears a smile. CRABBE.

THE PROGRESS OF POESY.

AWAKE, Æolian lyre, awake,
And give to rapture all thy trembling strings.
From Helicon's harmonious springs
A thousand rills their mazy progress take:
The laughing flowers that round them blow,
Drink life and fragrance as they flow.

Now the rich stream of Music winds along,
Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,
Thro' verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign:
Now rolling down the steep amain,
Headlong, impetuous, see it pour:
The rocks and nodding groves rebellow to the roar.

Oh! Sovereign of the willing soul,
Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,
Enchanting shell! the sullen Cares,
And frantic Passions, hear thy soft control.
On Thracia's hills the Lord of War
Has curb'd the fury of his car,
And dropt his thirsty lance, at thy command.
Perching on the scepted hand
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king
With ruffled plumes and flagging wing.
Quench'd in dark clouds of slumber lie
The terror of his beak, and lightning of his eye.

Thee the voice, the dance, obey,
Temper'd to thy warbled lay.
O'er Idalia's velvet-green
The rosy-crowned Loves are seen,
On Cytherea's day
With antic Sports, and blue-ey'd Pleasures,
Frisking light in frolic measures;
Now pursuing, now retreating,
Now in circling troops they meet:
To brisk notes in cadence beating,
Glance her many-twinkling feet.
Slow-melting strains their Queen's approach declare:
Where'er she turns, the Graces homage pay
With arts sublime, that float upon the air,
In gliding state she wins her easy way:
O'er her warm cheek, and rising bosom, move
The bloom of young Desire, and purple light of Love.

Man's feeble race what ills await!
Labour and Penury, the racks of Pain,
Disease, and Sorrow's weeping train,
And Death, sad refuge from the storms of Fate!
The fond complaint, my song, disprove,
And justify the laws of Jove.
Say, has he giv'n in vain the heav'nly Muse?
Night and all her sickly dews,

Her spectres wan, and birds of boding cry,
He gives to range the dreary sky:
Till down the eastern cliffs afar
Hyperion's march they spy, and glitt'ring shafts of war.

In climes beyond the solar road,
Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,
The Muse has broke the twilight gloom
To cheer the shiv'ring Natives' dull abode.
And oft, beneath the od'rous shade
Of Chili's boundless forests laid,
She deigns to hear the savage Youth repeat
In loose numbers wildly sweet
Their feather-cinctur'd Chiefs, and dusky Loves.
Her track, where'er the Goddess roves,
Glory pursue, and generous Shame,
Th' unconquerable Mind, and Freedom's holy flame.

Woods that wave o'er Delphi's steep,
Isles that crown th' Ægean deep,
Fields that cool Ilissus laves,
Or where Mæander's amber waves
In lingering lab'rinths creep,
How do your tuneful Echoes languish,
Mute, but to the voice of Anguish!
Where each old poetic mountain
Inspiration breath'd around,
Ev'ry shade and hallow'd fountain
Murmur'd deep a solemn sound:
Till the sad Nine, in Greece's evil hour,
Left their Parnassus for the Latian plains.
Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant Power,
And coward Vice, that revels in her chains.
When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,
They sought, oh Albion! next, thy sea-encircled coast.

Far from the sun and summer-gale,
In thy green lap was Nature's Darling laid,
What time, where lucid Avon stray'd,
To him the mighty Mother did unveil
Her awful face: the dauntless Child
Stretch'd forth his little arms, and smil'd.
This pencil take (she said), whose colours clear
Richly paint the vernal year:
Thine too these golden keys, immortal Boy!
This can unlock the gates of Joy;

Of Horror that, and thrilling Fears,
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic Tears.

Nor second He that rode sublime
Upon the seraph-wings of Ecstacy,
The secrets of th' Abyss to spy,
He pass'd the flaming bounds of Place and Time:
The living Throne, the sapphire blaze,
Where Angels tremble while they gaze,
He saw; but, blasted with excess of light,
Clos'd his eyes in endless night.
Behold, where Dryden's less presumptuous car,
Wide o'er the fields of Glory bear
Two Coursers of ethereal race,
With necks in thunder cloth'd, and long-resounding [pace.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
Bright-eye'd Fancy, hovering o'er,
Scatters from her pictur'd urn
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.
But ah! 'tis heard no more.——
Oh! Lyre divine, what daring spirit
Wakes thee now? Tho' he inherit
Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,
That the Theban Eagle bear,
Sailing with supreme dominion
Thro' the azure deep of air:
Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
Such forms as glitter in the Muse's ray
With orient hues, unborrow'd of the Sun:
Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
Beneath the Good how far!—but far above the Great.

GRAY.

THE END.

CONTENTS.

		Page
The Violet	*Cunningham*	1
To the Cuckoo	*Logan*	ib.
The Narcissus	*Cunningham*	2
Youth	*Anon.*	ib.
To a little Girl	*Cotton*	3
To a Redbreast	*Langhorne*	4
The common Lot	*Montgomery*	ib.
Day: a Pastoral. Morning	*Cunningham*	6
——— Noon	*Ditto*	7
——— Evening	*Ditto*	8
The Ant, or Emmet	*Watts*	9
The Drum	*Scott*	ib.
The Dying Kid	*Shenstone*	10
Providence	*Addison*	11
The Wish	*Merrick*	12
Virtue and Ornament	*Fordyce*	ib.
Reflections	*Robinson*	13
Pleasures of Sensibility	*H. More*	15
To the feathered Race	*Graves*	ib.
Ignorance of Man	*Merrick*	17
Rural Life	*Pope*	ib.
The Dying Christian to his soul	*Ditto*	18
False Greatness	*Watts*	ib.
Omnipotence	*Addison*	19
Divine Grace	*Dryden*	20
The Universal Prayer	*Pope*	21
Gratitude	*Addison*	22
Hope and Fear	*Johnson*	24
Verses, supposed to have been written by Alex. Selkirk, during his solitary abode in the island of Juan Fernandez	*Cowper*	ib.
The Solar System	*Barbauld*	26
The Field of Battle	*Penrose*	27
True Wisdom	*Logan*	29
Ode on the Spring	*Gray*	ib.
Lines from Seneca	*Polwhele*	31
The Hermitage	*Spenser*	ib.
The Boy and the Rainbow	*Wilkie*	32
Charity Schools	*Yearsley*	33
The Rose	*Cowper*	34
Life	*Spenser*	ib.
The Hamlet	*Warton*	35
The Winter Nosegay	*Cowper*	36
The Young Lady and the Looking-glass	*Wilkie*	37
The Shrubbery	*Cowper*	38

		Page
Farewell to Life	*Bruce*	39
The Raven	*Cowper*	40
To a Snow-Drop	*Langhorne*	41
The Muse; or, Poetical Enthusiasm ...	*Scott*	42
Oneydays' Descant	*Campbell*	43
Childhood	*Scott*	45
The Curate	*Penrose*	ib.
On a Shadow	*Pitt*	47
Human Frailty	*Cowper*	48
The Debtor	*Moore*	ib.
The Patriot and Warrior	*Cowper*	49
The Bee Flower	*Langhorne*	50
The Atheist and the Acorn	*Watts*	52
The Moralist	*Robinson*	53
Theron; or, The Praise of Rural Life ...	*Scott*	ib.
Inscription in a Hermitage	*Warton*	55
Remembrances	*Logan*	56
The Pleasant Evening	*Scott*	57
The Tempestuous Evening	*Ditto*	58
Man made to Mourn	*Burns*	ib.
The Messiah	*Pope*	60
The Negro's Complaint	*Cowper*	62
Monody.—Sung by a Redbreast ...	*Langhorne*	64
Edwin and Angelina. A Ballad ...	*Goldsmith*	ib.
Mental Improvement	*Southey*	68
Ode to Wisdom	*Carter*	69
Ossian's Hymn to the Sun	*Logan*	72
Ode to the Glow-Worm	*Walcott*	73
A Botany Bay Eclogue	*Southey*	ib.
Early Impressions	*Rogers*	74
Happiness	*Pope*	75
The British Poets from Chaucer to Johnson	*Lady Manners*	77
On the Death of Lady Coventry ...	*Mason*	81
Elegy to the Memory of an unfortunate Lady	*Pope*	84
Memory	*Rogers*	86
A Comparison	*Cowper*	ib.
To a young Gentleman leaving the University	*Mason*	ib.
An Ode	*Jones*	88
Life	*Robinson*	ib.
Elegy	*Shenstone*	89
Adam's Morning Hymn	*Milton*	92
The Hermit	*Beattie*	93
The Slave Trade	*Montgomery*	94
The worst of Ills	*Robinson*	95
Ode to Indifference	*Pennant*	96
The African	*Bowles*	97
To Prosperity	*Carter*	99
Bendemeer's Stream	*T. Moore*	ib.

		Page
Ode to Good-Nature	*Smart*	101
To Friendship	*Scott*	102
On Retirement	*Whatley*	104
The Tulip and the Myrtle	*Langhorne*	106
The Dead	*Ditto*	108
The Seasons. Spring	*Brerewood*	108
———— Summer	*Ditto*	109
————-Autumn	*Ditto*	110
———-Winter	*Ditto*	111
Youth entering on the World	*Bidlake*	112
The Violet and the Pansy	*Langhorne*	113
Flora and the Boy	*Anon.*	115
The Mouse's Petition	*Barbauld*	116
To a Friend in Affliction	*Collier*	117
Pious Memory	*Dodd*	119
The Indian Philosophers	*Watts*	120
Nosegay of Wild Flowers	*Smith*	122
The Bards of Britain	*Blacket*	123
The Nightingale and Glow-Worm ...	*Moore*	129
Ode to Youth	*Lovibond*	130
Friendship	*Penrose*	131
Death of a Good Man	*Dermody*	132
On hearing Music	*Scott*	ib.
Care and Generosity	*Smart*	133
The Slave	*Anon.*	134
For the Door of a Study	*Langhorne*	136
Spring: an Ode	*Johnson*	ib.
Midsummer: an Ode	*Ditto*	137
Autumn: an Ode	*Ditto*	138
Winter: an Ode	*Ditto*	139
The Evening Primrose	*Langhorne*	140
The Orphan Boy	*Opie*	142
Ode to May	*West*	143
The Cotter's Saturday Night	*Burns*	144
Lubin and his Dog Tray	*Anon.*	148
A Contemplation on Night	*Gay*	151
The Owl and the Glow-Worm. A Fable	*Ditto*	152
The Poet and the Rose	*Ditto*	153
Pleasures of a Forest	*Gisborne*	154
To the rising Sun	*Langhorne*	155
Eternity	*Gay*	156
A Father's Advice to his Son	*Cowper*	157
A Summer Evening	*Watts*	159
New Year's Day	*Fawcett*	160
Death and War	*Porteus*	ib.
Happiness consists in the Practice of Virtue	*Pope*	162
On the Deity	*Barbauld*	164
The Choice of Hercules	*Lowth*	ib.
The Falling Leaf	*Horne*	171

		Page
Life	*Cotton*	172
The Laurel and the Reed	*Langhorne*	176
Lessons of Wisdom	*Armstrong*	178
Prospect of Society	*Goldsmith*	180
Domestic Happiness	*Bishop*	182
English Liberty	*Cowper*	184
Picture of a Village Life	*Goldsmith*	185
The Bard: An Ode	*Gray*	189
Peace	*H.M.Williams*	192
Hassan: or, the Camel Driver	*Collins*	193
Winter in the Arctic Circle	*Phillips*	195
Contentment	*Parnell*	196
Progress of Time	*Pye*	198
Cooper's Hill	*Denham*	199
Sea-Bathing	*Bayley*	208
Reputation	*Cunningham*	ib.
Hymn on Solitude	*Thomson*	209
Ode to Pity	*Collins*	210
The Splendid Shilling	*Phillips*	211
The Morning Lark	*Thomson*	214
Search of Happiness in Foreign Climes	*Hastings*	ib.
Character of Women	*Ledyard*	216
The Golden Verses of Pythagoras	*Rowe*	217
The Butterfly's Ball and the Grasshopper's Feast	*Roscoe*	221
Content	*Cunningham*	222
A Winter Night	*Burns*	223
Invocation to the God of Nature	*Thomson*	225
The English Poets	*Addison*	226
A Storm of Thunder and Lightning	*Cririe*	229
To Peace	*Collins*	230
The Rose-Bud	*Broome*	231
An Ode	*Addison*	232
To-Morrow	*Cotton*	ib.
Conjugal Felicity	*Thomson*	233
The Pursuit of Happiness	*Carter*	23
The Distinction of Ages	*Hill*	23
The Patriot	*Walter Scott*	ib.
An Hymn	*Addison*	23
Love of Praise	*Akenside*	23
The Beggar's Petition	*Moss*	2
An Hymn	*Addison*	2
Bryan and Pereene	*Grainger*	2
Scenes of Childhood	*Coleridge*	2
Earth and Heaven	*Watts*	
The Happy Man	*Hill*	
Invocation to Peace	*Cowper*	
True Learning	*Watts*	
To the Moon	*Smith*	
Ode to Leven-Water	*Smollet*	

		Pa
To a Friend	*Shenstone*	2
On a present of three Roses	*Thomson*	2
True Wisdom	*Watts*	2
Grongar Hill	*Dyer*	2
To Night	*Smith*	25
Freedom	*Watts*	ib
On a Tear	*Rogers*	25
The Garden Window	*Hill*	25
Written in the Holy Bible	*Thomson*	25
True Riches	*Watts*	ib
The Alps at Day-break	*Rogers*	26
The Grave	*Blair*	ib
Home	*Rogers*	26
The Wish	*Ditto*	26
Hymn to Humanity	*Langhorne*	ib
Wonders of the Creation in minute Objects	*Thomson*	26
To Spring	*Smith*	2
Song	*Shenstone*	2
Lesson of Humility	*Thomson*	
Life	*Shenstone*	2
First of December	*Southey*	
First of January	*Ditto*	
Health: an Eclogue	*Parnell*	
Dispute between Nose and Eyes ...	*Cowper*	2
Folly of Pride founded on high Birth ...	*Shenstone*	27
Chelsea and Greenwich Hospitals ...	*Rogers*	28
Ode to Content	*Barbauld*	282
May Morning	*Milton*	283
The Shortness of Man's Life	*Cowley*	284
Hymn for Morning	*Parnell*	ib.
Eternal Providence	*Langhorne*	285
John Gilpin	*Cowper*	287
Dover Cliffs	*Bowles*	293
The World a Stage	*Shakespeare*	ib.
The Happy Man	*Thomson*	294
Cato's Soliloquy	*Addison*	295
Domestic Peace	*Coleridge*	296
On Sleep	*Shakespeare*	ib.
ration of Mark Antony over the Body of Cæsar	*Shakespeare*	297
vitation to a Friend at Court ...	*Pitt*	298
a Country Life	*Thomson*	299
Dreams	*Shakespeare*	302
Song for St. Cecilia's Day	*Dryden*	30
Ode for St. Cecilia's Day	*Addison*	30
e on St. Cecilia's Day	*Pope*	3
xander's Feast	*Dryden*	308
nity	*Bowles*	313
on	*Johnson*	ib.
... ...	*Hawksworth*	319

		Page
The Prison	*Darwin*	321
Hymn to Science	*Akenside*	ib.
The Butterfly	*Rogers*	324
The Fire-side	*Cotton*	ib.
The Happy Villager	*Langhorne*	326
To my Soul	*Harte*	327
The Vanity of Human Wishes ...	*Johnson*	328
The Last Minstrel	*Walter Scott*	336
Hymn for Noon	*Parnell*	337
Hymn for Evening	*Ditto*	338
Idleness	*Smart*	339
To the Bee	*Wolcott*	340
Description of a Ram	*Wordsworth*	ib.
To a Friend	*Month Mag.*	ib.
The Blind Beggar	*Wolcott*	343
The Muffled Drum	*Mayne*	345
The Way to Happiness	*Parnell*	346
On the Death of a Musical Friend ...	*Wolcott*	347
Elegy on a Blackbird	*Jago*	348
The Dying Bard	*Walter Scott*	350
Evening	*Month Mag.*	ib.
On a distant View of England ...	*Bowles*	351
Resignation	*Chatterton*	ib.
Truth, Honour, Honesty	*Hughes*	352
On Melancholy	*Neele*	353
Blindness	*Rushton*	354
To a Lady, on the Language of Birds	*Shenstone*	ib.
The Shepherd	*Anon.*	355
The Garland	*Prior*	357
A Garden	*Hughes*	358
The Christian Sabbath	*Graham*	359
The Shepherd and the Philosopher ...	*Gay*	ib.
Dirge in Cymbeline	*Collins*	361
Hymn to Light	*Cowley*	362
War	*H. More*	365
Written for a Beggar	*Mallet*	ib.
On Rural Sports	*Lovibond*	366
Inscription on a Rural Seat	*Shenstone*	368
The Chamelion	*Merrick*	369
The Insect Race	*Barbauld*	371
To Cynthia	*B. Jonson*	ib.
Charity	*Prior*	372
An Image of Pleasure	*Hughes*	373
Domestic Pleasures	*Month Mag.*	374
The Maniac of Victory	*Fawcett*	376
Hymn to the Morning	*Yalden*	377
The Shortness of Life, and Uncertainty of Riches	*Cowley*	379
The Golfinches: an Elegy	*Jago*	380
Elegy on Sir William Jones	*Maurice*	382

		Page
The Wish	*Green*	383
Presentiment of Death	*Bryce*	386
A Mother's Grave	*Amphleit*	387
Shortness of Life	*Cowper*	388
The Spirit of Music	*T. Moore*	ib.
Old Cicely	*Dr. Wolcott*	390
Hymn to the Brave	*Collins*	391
Epistle to a Young Gentleman, on his leaving Eton School	*Roberts*	392
John Barleycorn	*Burns*	393
Against Indolence	*Davies*	395
The Man of Ross	*Pope*	397
True Value of Life	*H. More*	398
Hymn to Adversity	*Gray*	399
The Hare and the Tortoise. A Fable	*Lloyd*	400
The Creator	*Thomson*	402
Ode on a distant Prospect of Eton College	*Gray*	405
The Balloon	*Darwin*	407
The Youth and the Philosopher. A Fable	*Whitehead*	408
On Time	*Milton*	409
To Health. Written in Sickness ...	*Cowper*	410
Heaven	*Campbell*	411
To Fancy	*Warton*	ib.
Elegy written in a Country Church-yard	*Gray*	415
The Night-Piece	*Cotton*	418
The Dying Christian	*Montgomery*	420
Edwin and Emma	*Mallet*	421
The Drowning Fly	*Anon.*	423
The Hermit	*Parnell*	424
The British Isles	*Thomson*	430
Ode to Education	*Roscoe*	434
The Dying Horse	*Blacket*	437
Sonnet on the departure of the Nightingale	*Smith*	439
Retirement	*Beattie*	440
The Three Warnings	*Thrale*	442
The Story of Lavinia	*Thomson*	444
L'Allegro	*Milton*	448
Il Penseroso	*Milton*	452
War	*Cowper*	456
Cruelty to Animals	*Cowper*	458
The Passions	*Collins*	459
The Four Ages of the World	*Dryden*	462
English Loyalty	*Cowper*	464
The Contented Philosopher	*Cunningham*	465
The Praise of Philosophy	*Beattie*	467
Description of a Parish Poor-house ...	*Crabbe*	469
The Progress of Poesy	*Gray*	470

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